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AN

ESSAY

ON

Mr. *Pope*'s ODYSSEY.

IN

FIVE DIALOGUES.

By Mr. SPENCE,

Fellow of New College, *and Professor of* POETRY *in the University of* OXFORD.

——— Each finding, like a friend,
Something to blame, and something to commend.
Mr. *Pope*'s *Miscel.* Vol. I.

The SECOND EDITION.

LONDON,

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THE PREFACE.

THERE is no Perſon more Odious than the Man who makes himſelf greatly Eminent. It is a ſort of tacit Reproach on the reſt of the Species: and every one feels his own meanneſs the more ſenſibly, when he looks toward thoſe exalted Genius's, who have gained a Superiority over the reſt of mankind. This may make it obvious to imagine, that the following Dialogues are partly deſigned as Invectives; and produced chiefly from that Blind-ſide in Self-love, which makes Men willing to derogate from every one, who has Merit enough to provoke, and Fame enough to make others think themſelves leſſen'd by the over-growth of his Character.

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Tho' this reaſoning be exceedingly true in general, it ought to be conſider'd, at the ſame time, that any diſlike to the Eminence of others naturally ariſes, only among ſuch perſons, as are got into the ſame paths of Fame. The Gentlemen of the Sword cannot bear to have others riſe over their head; the Men of Genius look maliciouſly on a prevailing poet: But *Pope*, I preſume, never envied *Marlborough* the Battle of *Blenheim*, any more than that Hero envied him his Tranſlation of the *Iliad*.

'Tis for this Reaſon I might almoſt ſay, that I cannot envy Mr. *Pope*. So far at leaſt I am unbiaſſed; I can hear the Applauſes, which are given that Great Man; I can admire the Paſſages, which contribute to the deſerving them: But I cannot be uneaſy at thoſe, or detract from theſe, out of any prejudices ariſing from this Paſſion. Give me leave to ſay farther, that in reading that Work of his, which occaſion'd this Eſſay, no one could be more delighted, than I was, in ſeveral parts of it.

it. Many Beauties I ſaw in it; and I imagin'd I ſaw ſome Faults. In ſome particular Converſations on this Head, I have found myſelf indifferent in the Caſe: and now I have here flung the Thoughts on both together, I hope, with ſome degree of Impartiality. But if ſome things ſhould be blamed without ſufficient Reaſon, or others commended too highly, and in a manner diſproportioned to what they deſerve, I ſubmit each to the many better judges, who may happen to meet with theſe ſheets. I ask pardon for any errors in them: I beg to be ſet right.

Prefaces, I think, are the only places in which a man may be allowed to talk freely of that worſt of ſubjects, Himſelf: I hope no body will deny one the uſe of ſo aukward a Privilege; and ſhall therefore go on without any farther Apologies.

To many it may perhaps ſeem arrogant to find fault at all with ſo diſtinguiſht and ſo noble a Poet as Mr. *Pope*. Indeed here are ſome things propoſed as faulty from his Tranſlation; but

they are only propoſed: the World is to judge of them. Where I have been miſtaken in any of theſe Points, it is not for want of a due deference to the merits of this Writer; but from a ſhortneſs of my own ſight. On the contrary, if any ſuch Criticiſms happen ſometimes to be right, the Eminence of the Poet will be ſo far from being a reaſon againſt them, that it makes any true Cautions the more proper, and in ſome ſenſe perfectly neceſſary.

Beſides: The learned World, as I take it, have ever allowed a Liberty of thinking and of ſpeaking one's ſentiments. That ſerene Republick knows none of the diſtance and diſtinctions which cuſtom has introduced into all others. There is a decent familiarity to be admitted between the Greateſt and the Meaneſt Perſon in it. This has often raiſed a Thought in me, which has ſomething wild, and, at the ſame time, ſomething very agreeable in it, when indulged to any degree. 'Tis in Relation to the peculiar happineſs of Men of Letters; in that they

can

can sit down in their closets, and converse with the greatest Writers of every Age, or of any Nation; and that in as much freedom and intimacy, as their neareſt Friends could ever use toward any of them, when living. What an illustrious Assembly is there on those Shelves? The Courts of *Augustus*, *Lewis* the Fourteenth, or *Charles* the Second, never beheld such a frequency of great Genius's, as stand round a Man in his own private Study. How large an Happiness is it for a Person to have it in his Power to say at any time, That he is going to spend the Afternoon with the most agreeable and most improving Company, he will chuse out of all Ages? If he is in a gay Humour, perhaps with *Horace*, and *Anacreon*, and Ld *Dorset*; or if more solid, either with *Plato*, Mr. *Locke*, or Sir *Isaac Newton*.

'Tis this ease of access, and the liberty arising from it, which constitute and preserve the felicity of the Republick of Letters. The meaner sort, which compose it, are all Free-voters; and

may ſpeak their real Opinion without reſerve: at the ſame time the Characters even of the greateſt and firſt Men in it, muſt be form'd and eſtabliſht on this openneſs of Judging, and that freedom of Obſervation.

But waving whatever has been ſaid of this Liberty in the Learned World, moſt people will be apt to help one to an Excuſe of another kind: for moſt, I think, are very ready to agree, that Mr. *Pope* is only the Maſter-hand in this Tranſlation. Be that as it will, Mr. *Pope* has recommended the whole with his Name; He gives the finiſhing ſtroke to every thing: and the Dialogues ſpeak of him, as if he were really the Author of the whole. It wou'd have been a confuſed thing, and often not practicable, to have ſpoken at every turn to the right Perſon. This has occaſion'd ſeveral applauſes of the Poet, which may ſeem too high for a ſtranger: But there is ſo good reaſon to think, that the other Gentlemen engaged are perſons of eſtabliſht Characters in the Poetick World; that after

ter all, those Compliments perhaps may still be allowed to stand as they are. I hope they are never wrought too high for Mr. *Pope* himself; and I believe they may generally be spoken very justly of his Seconds in the Work.

One Word more, and I have done. As to the manner of these Dialogues; 'Tis the old *Platonick* way, which *Cicero* brought from *Greece*, and used so happily in the *Latin* Tongue. It has had its Successes too among the Moderns: *Fontenelle* will always be read with the greatest Pleasure, where he has follow'd it; That Writer is peculiarly happy in all his Dialogues, of whatever sort; and, in general, may be said to talk as well with Pen and Ink, as any Man in the World. Mr. *Dryden* and Mr. *Addison* have recommended it among us by their Example. Indeed the method itself is more capable of variety; and hath something more of Action and Reality in it. Besides that the common way among us of merely keeping up a Discourse between two blind Names, is perhaps not very Com-

mendable: the Perſons of the Dialogue in ſuch Caſes are generally like thoſe Actors, who have no Character in the Play; and who only come into Talk upon the Stage. They have no more diſtinction, no other marks by which you may know one from another, than the two *Capital Letters*, which uſually ſtand for them. It is much otherwiſe, and much better, among the Perſons introduced by the Writers in the other method: whoſe Great Names I uſe only to authorize this Manner of Dialogue, as that is all which I can pretend to imitate in them.

TO

Mr. *SPENCE*,

ON HIS

ESSAY

On Mr. *POPE*'s

ODYSSEY.

'TIS done—Reſtor'd by thy immortal Pen,
The Critic's noble Name revives again;
Once more that *Great*, that *Injur'd* Name we ſee
Shine forth alike in ADDISON and Thee.

Like Curs, our Critics haunt the Poet's Feaſt,
And feed on Scraps refus'd by every Gueſt;
From the old * *Thracian* Dog they learn'd the Way
To ſnarl in *Want*, and grumble o'er their *Prey*.
As tho' they grudg'd Themſelves the Joys they feel,
Vex'd to be charm'd, and pleas'd againſt their Will.

---

* *Zoilus*, ſo call'd by the Ancients.

Such

Such their inverted Taſte, that we expect
For Faults their Thanks, for Beauties their Neglect;
So the fell Snake rejects the fragrant *Flow'rs*,
But every *Poyſon* of the Field devours.

Like bold *Longinus* of immortal Fame,
You read *Your* Poet with a Poet's Flame;
With *His*, *Your* generous Raptures ſtill aſpire;
The *Critic* kindles, when the Bard's on Fire.
But when ſome lame, ſome limping *Line* demands
The Friendly Succour of your healing Hands;
The Feather of your Pen drops Balm around,
And plays, and tickles, while it cures the Wound.

While POPE's Immortal Labour we ſurvey,
We ſtand all dazzled with Exceſs of Day,
Blind with the glorious Blaze; — to vulgar Sight
'Twas One bright Maſs of undiſtinguiſh'd Light;
But, like the tow'ring Eagle, *You* alone
Diſcern'd the *Spots* and *Splendors* of the *Sun*.

To point out Faults, yet never to offend;
To play the *Critic*, yet preſerve the *Friend*;
A Life well ſpent, that never loſt a Day;
An eaſy Spirit, innocently Gay;
A ſtrict Integrity, devoid of Art;
The ſweeteſt Manners, and ſincereſt Heart;
A Soul, where Depth of *Senſe*, and *Fancy* meet;
A *Judgment* brighten'd by the Beams of *Wit*,
Were ever *Yours*; — Be what *You* were before,
Be ſtill Yourſelf; the World can ask no more.

AN

ESSAY.

ON

Mr. *Pope*'s ODYSSEY.

EVENING I.

ANTIPHAUS manag'd his Affairs so as to get this Winter sooner than usual to the Country-seat of his Friend *Philypsus*. It is there that he passes his time, when ever he can clear himself from the hurry of Business, in a retirement every way agreeable; and in a full enjoyment of those Pleasures, which attend on a particular Friendship, in an open and improving Conversation. The Conversation there does not run in the present polite way of saying and saying

nothing; when alone, they usually fall into some Points of Learning; and as both of them are particularly fond of Poetry, their Disputes turn more frequently on that Subject, than any other. Indeed their differing in Sentiment can scarce be call'd Disputes; for whenever their Thoughts do not meet, each of them shews a diffidence in his own Opinion, and a willingness to submit to the Judgment of his Friend.

It is by this means that they fall into each others Sentiments, more than cou'd well be expected from Men of so different a Turn. The inlarged Genius of *Philypsus* always led him to dwell upon the most beautified Parts of a Poem with the greatest Pleasure; while *Antiphaus*, who has a very clear Head, and has given much into a strict way of thinking, is taken most with just Descriptions, and plain natural Ideas: The one was so possest with the Pleasure which he felt from fine Thoughts and warm Expressions, that He did not take a full Satisfaction in low Beauty, and simple Representations of Nature; the other, on the contrary, had such an Aversion to Glitterings and Elevation, that he was distasted at any the least appearance of either. If the latter was perhaps too much prejudiced for the Ancients, from the Purity and Justness, which

which we find in moſt of their Works; *Philypſus* had his Foible too, and was ſometimes caught by the Flouriſh and Colouring of the Moderns. In a word, if *Philypſus* wou'd ſometimes contemn a Point as low and mean, tho' in reality proper enough, and naturally expreſs'd; *Antiphaus*, in his turn, might happen now and then to blame a Paſſage which requir'd a good degree of Ornament, as being too glaring and artificial.

Among ſeveral other Topicks, one Evening, they happen'd to fall into a diſcourſe on Mr. *Pope*'s new Tranſlation of the *Odyſſey*. As they both found Beauties in that Piece agreeable to their particular Taſtes, they had read it over with a great deal of Pleaſure: however *Philypſus* was the Perſon who admired it the moſt. "There are ſome Lines, ſays he to *Antiphaus* (pointing to the *Odyſſey* which lay before them) there are ſome Favourites of mine in that Poem, which you muſt not look upon with your uſual ſeverity. Indeed, *Antiphaus*, you ſhou'd be a little more ſenſible to the Flame and Spirit of a Writer, who is evidently Our preſent Laureat in Genius, and the moſt enliven'd Tranſlator of the Age."

"I will very readily allow what you ſay of that Great Man, returned *Antiphaus*; and ſhall always pay a deference

to

to your more lively taſte of the Fine and Sublime in Poetry; but you muſt give me leave to diſſent from you in ſome Particulars: if I do not agree with your Sentiments, in relation to ſeveral Lines and Paſſages of that Tranſlation, 'tis perhaps becauſe I fall ſo much ſhort of you, in your *inward ſenſe* of the high and elevated Beauties of Language."

"As I cannot imagine that to be the reaſon, ſays *Philypſus*, I beg to hear thoſe Particulars you talk of; I am perſuaded, ſeveral of the Paſſages, which I have obſerv'd you to be leſs taken with in reading the Tranſlation, will upon a cloſer view appear to be really Beauties; to tell you the truth, I long to make a Convert of you; and beg you would be full and large in communicating whatever Remarks you have made on this Performance. The Evenings are long; we have ſufficient time upon our Hands; and I know not how we can paſs it away more agreeably.

Antiphaus paus'd for ſome time, and ſeem'd to be taken up in recollecting his Thoughts on this Point: at laſt taking a Tablet out of his Pocket, "Since you "deſire it, (ſays he) I will ſhew you "what Obſervations I made as I went "over the Work; they are the Thoughts "which ſtruck me at firſt ſight, and many

of

" of them will perhaps appear little and " trifling."

You will allow me, I believe, in the firſt place, That Lines very good in themſelves, may be bad when conſidered as a Tranſlation. The aim of a Tranſlator is to give us the *Spirit* of the Original; and where the Original is juſt, the very *manner* is to be obſerved. By the Manner, I would not intend the expreſs words, or the mere turn of a Period; but that the Imitation ought to be eaſy, ſimple, and unadorn'd, where-ever the firſt Writer uſes either of thoſe Styles with Judgment. You are well acquainted with that plain, humble manner of *Homer*, which is more particularly kept up by him in the *Odyſſey*: And as much as I admire ſeveral parts in this Tranſlation, I cannot but think there are places in it, which differ from the Manner of *Homer*, without ſufficient reaſon for a Change. The Poet, in ſeveral parts of that work, ſeems to me to have let fall ſome Lines that are forced; ſome of too much flouriſh, and ornament; and a few, even ſwelling, and unnatural; where the Original is with good reaſon plain, and natural, and unadorn'd.

Where we admire the Simplicity of *Homer* with Juſtice, we cannot avoid blaming the want of it in his Tranſlator. 'Tis intimated in one of the

(*a*) Notes,

(a) Notes, *That* no Reproach has ever fall'n upon *Homer*, in relation to his ſinking too Low, or being too familiar; That as to theſe Particulars he preſerves an univerſal Juſtneſs: and that there is not any one place in his Poem, which can be juſtly cenſur'd upon this account. If ſo, a Tranſlator of *Homer* has no occaſion for raiſing any thing, beyond what it is in the Original; If he follows his Maſter, it is ſufficient: All additional Flouriſh and Glitterings, where we ſhould meet with the plain and the familiar, are at beſt ſo many beautiful Excreſcencies.

There is one Caſe, which ſeems more particularly to lead this Tranſlator into a glaring Style: 'tis almoſt ever to be found in the Deſcriptions of *Day*, of *Light*, and of the *Morning*. 'Tis true, theſe are ſubjects which in themſelves may require ſome brightneſs in the language; but there is a great difference between giving one Light, and dazling one's Eyes. Beſide the conformity to the Original, there is another certain and eaſy way of judging, whether the Brightning in theſe or any other Points, be proper or not: that Light, we may be ſure, falls in a wrong manner, or an undue proportion, which does not make the thing more viſible.

(a) B. 14. 1.

There

There are of these Descriptions, *Philyp-sus*, which seem both to refine too much upon the Original, and to err from this Rule. Did you ever observe those lines on one of the most agreeable Images in the World, The break of Day? they are in the beginning of the third Book: If you will give me leave, I will read them to you.

The *sacred* Sun, above the Waters rais'd,
Thro' Heav'n's *eternal, brazen Portals blaz'd*;
And wide o'er Earth diffus'd his *chearing* Ray,
To Gods and Men, to *give the golden Day*.

Several of these Expressions seemed to me at first sight to take from the Nature and Simplicity of the Description; and when I turn'd to the Greek, I found those very Expressions to have no Foundation there. 'Tis the same Case in the following Lines:

(*a*) Soon as the Morn, *in orient Purple dress't*,
Unbarr'd the Portal of the roseate East, *&c.*
(*b*) —When the Morning-Star with early Ray
Flam'd in the front of Heaven, &c.—

You will find these short Sketches in *Homer* to be much more simple and natural: I leave it to your Judgment, whe-

(*a*) Translat. Book 4. V. 411. Orig. *v'*. 306.
(*b*) B. 13, 112. *v'*. 93.

ther

ther they appear better with these Colourings, or not. To add one Instance more of the same thing: Is it more proper for *Circe* to tell *Ulysses*, That he should stay that Night with her, and *set sail the next Morning?* or to give him leave to

(*a*) Spread his broad Sails, and *plough the liquid way*,
Soon as the Morn *unveils her Saffron Ray*.

I must own, says *Philypsus*, this would have been more fit for the Description of a Voyage, than for a Speech: in a Place too, when we only find Orders given for setting Sail at such a time.

To me, proceeded *Antiphatus*, there seems to be too much of this Spirit of Beautifying in several other Points, beside those Topicks we have been talking of: as where he calls the Nobles of *Phæacia*, (*b*) *A radiant Band* of Noblemen; and where he introduces *Helen* with (*c*) *a Gale of rich Perfume breathing before her.* If *Homer* mentions *Cups of solid Gold*; in the Translation

(*d*) The Gold gives *lustre* to the *purple* Draught:
(*e*) And in the *dazling* Goblet *laughs* the Wine.

(*a*) B. 12, 35. μ'. 24.——ἅμα δ' ἠοῖ φαινομένῃφι Πλεύσεσθ'——

(*b*) B. 6, 306. ζ'. 257. (*c*) B. 4, 158. δ'. 121.
(*d*) B. 1, 188. ά. 142. (*e*) B. 3, 601. γ'. 472.

You

You cannot but obſerve, by the way, that the Original here is deſigned to ſignify the *real* intrinſick Value; while only the *outſide* and more glittering Circumſtances are what the *Engliſh* dwells upon entirely: but to go on. —— The Horns of a Bullock are in this new Language, (*a*) *Budding Honours*; and thoſe of a Ram (if I am not much miſtaken) (*b*) *tranſlucent Creſcents*. *Pallas* is well known to have had *Blue Eyes* given her by the Ancients; now it is

(*c*) Celeſtial Azure brightning in her Eyes.

This heightning of things, by a ſevere Critick might be thought blameable; and indeed whenever it interferes, where the Paſſions ought to be touch'd, it certainly is ſo in an higher degree. The Reader is delighted when, after a melancholy Scene, he ſees *Penelope* reviv'd by a Meſſage from the Gods; and (*d*) ſecretly enjoying the Satisfaction of her Soul; but what Paſſion, what Idea has he, when inſtead of this he is told of her (*d*) *Heart's dilating, and glowing with florid Joy?* —— Paint to him that unhappy Princeſs in her Diſtreſs,

(*a*) B. 3, 493. γ'. 384. (*b*) B. 4, 107. δ'. 85.
(*c*) B. 1, 408. α. 314. (*d*) B. 4, 1096. δ'. 840.

retiring

retiring *silently*, and crying herself to sleep; only shew the Circumstances, and the Reader must be moved: Does her Behaviour and her Sufferings strike him so forcibly, when he finds it embellish'd into

(*a*) — *Echoing Grief*, and *Silver-streaming Eyes*?

But however these Passages may seem to be weaken'd by the finery and luxuriance of the Language, this certainly is not so much the fault of the Translator, as of the Age: We give much into an airy way: If a Verse runs off smooth, 'tis no matter for depth and clearness; and as the Ancients valued Thoughts more than Sound, we seem to be taken with Sounds more than Thought. To speak out, we are got into an idle manner of Versifying; and if Mr. *Pope* sometimes falls into it, we are not so much to blame him for those Particulars, as to wonder, that he does not do it more frequently, in so general a debauch of Taste among us.

Hold (interrupted *Philypsus)* if You go on at this rate, You will seem only to be got into the old Cant of running down our own Times: I do not believe, but that I cou'd name some Poet among us, to answer any of those who flourish'd in the

(*a*) B. 1, 462. *d*. 363.

Augustan

Auguſtan Age. As to the preſent Point, we rarely hear of any ſuch thing as *Tranſlation* among them: In *Satyr*, we have the great Names of *Rocheſter*, *Dryden*, and *Oldham*: (not to mention the new kind of Satyr, introduc'd among us by *Butler*; or that by which Dr. *Garth* got ſo much reputation.) In *Critical Poems*, there are, You know, two or three very good, beſide that incomparable Piece by Mr. *Pope*, all to weigh againſt *Horace*. As for *miſcellaneous* Subjects; think of Mr. *Pope* again, and of *Cowley*, *Waller*, and *Pryor*, to mention no more of them. In the *Epick*, *Milton* may diſpute the Laurel with either *Virgil*, or *Homer*, and in *Dramatick* Pieces of either kind, we have Writers that indiſputably exceed any of the Ancients.

Antiphaus was not inclin'd to enter into a diſpute of this nature. "I was only ſpeaking, ſays he, of our preſent Taſte of Poetry, and the prevailing manner of thoſe writers who are now upon the Stage. As to this, *Philypſus*, give me leave to ſay, that the language of our Writers, as well as the practice of the World, is much infected with a Deſire of appearing Smart and Pretty. I think 'tis Mr. *Locke* obſerves, *that the humours of a People, may be learnt from their uſage of words.* This ſymptom of the diſeaſe is very ſtrong in the preſent Caſe: thus to ſay that a verſe is

prettily

prettily turn'd, is the higheſt commendation among the French Criticks: as a *fine* Scholar, *polite* Literature, and the *Belles Lettres* are the leading expreſſions, when we would ſpeak of Learning in the beſt ſenſe. And I appeal to you, who are ſo well acquainted with all our Poets, whether their practice, in particular, does not fall more and more into the *Prettineſſes*, we have been complaining of. We may partly judge of this from ſome Lines in the Beſt of them, the Writer whoſe Works lie before us: I was juſt going to give you a few more inſtances of it, from the *Odyſſey*.

Is there any Figure ſo much abus'd by the Moderns, as what they call the *Antitheſis*? They run it into a downright playing upon Words. *Cowley*'s Poetry could not live without it: *Dryden* uſes it frequently, in his Tranſlation of *Virgil*; and was ridicul'd, You know, on that head by the late Duke of *Buckingham*. I have obſerv'd with pleaſure, that Mr. *Pope*, in his Tranſlation, very much avoids this little beauty, which the other affected ſo exceſſively; yet I have a place before me, where one of this kind has ſlipt from his Pen: It runs thus. (He is ſpeaking of a Stranger's Arrival at the Court of *Penelope*, diſorder'd ſo much by the riot of the Suitors.)

—When,

—— When, to taste her hospitable board,
Some Guest arrives, with rumours of her Lord;
(a) And these *indulge their want*, and *those their woe*;
And *here the tears, and there the goblets flow.*

Pardon me, says *Philypsus*, there you do not seem to do the Translator Justice; the Figure is countenanc'd by *Homer* himself: You see here is an *Antithesis* in the Original. "That (answer'd *Antiphaus*) seems rather to be a Contrast, to set the riot of the Suitors in a stronger light: But call it what you please, it is only single there, whereas you see it multiplied, and worn to Rags in the Translation. This overdoing a Point is observable in many other Cases, as much as in the former; and in some, is carried on to a degree which borders upon the *Forc'd*, and *Unnatural*.

Telemachus, bursting into Tears at the Name of his Father, endeavours to hide his Sorrow from *Menelaus*, who was then talking with him. *Homer* says only, that (b) *Menelaus observ'd him*; which words we find drawn out into this Couplet:

The Conscious Monarch pierc'd the coy disguise,
And view'd his filial love with vast surprise.

(a) B. 14, 416. ξ'. 376.
(b) B. 4, 154. δ'. 116.——νόησε δέ μιν Μενέλαος.

For

For an humble natural Deſcription of a Tripod (or Caldron) ſet upon the Fire, I wou'd recommend you to the following lines:

The Flames *climb* round it with a *fierce embrace*;
(*a*) The fuming Waters *bubble o'er the Blaze.*

But above all, in my Opinion, are theſe on a Perſon tired and quite ſpent:

— *Loſt in laſſitude lay all the Man,*
(*b*) Depriv'd of Voice, of Motion, and of Breath;
The Soul ſcarce waking, in the Arms of Death.

Or theſe:

(*c*) Ye Gods! ſince this *worn frame refection knew,*
What ſcenes have I ſurvey'd of dreadful view?

Wou'd you imagine, that all which countenances the latter in the Original, is a Paſſage in *Ulyſſes*'s Speech after his Shipwreck, in which he intimates, *That he had not bath'd for a conſiderable time?*

I find it ſo (ſays *Philypſus*) and own the Lines to be ſomewhat forc'd and unnatural; indeed thoſe you have repeated ſeem generally to draw too near to that Cha-

(*a*) B. 8, 474. θ'. 437. Γάστρην μὲν τρίποδος πῦρ ἄμφεπε, θέρμετο δ' ὕδωρ. (*b*) B. 5, 585. ε. 456. (*c*) B. 6, 262. ζ'. 220. —— δηρὸν ἀπὸ χροὸς ἐστὶν ἀλοιφή.

racter.

racter. But I cannot conceive by what means they sound so harsh to me at present: when I read the Piece, there was scarce a Line of them which gave me any offence. — Yes; it must be by your tearing them from the Body of the work, that they now seem not so agreeable. Really, *Antiphaus*, this is not fair usage of an Author: You rob them of their Order and Connection; and 'tis thence that they perfectly lose the Beauty, which they had in the Whole. Very true, reply'd *Antiphaus*; the warmth of Reading, the thread of the Story, and a general tunableness in the Verse, will carry a Man on strangely; and may sometimes cheat him into a false Pleasure. But then it is for this very reason, that I shou'd think, the justest method of forming a judgment on Particulars is, to consider them apart. However, let us try it for once in a more entire Passage, than any of the former. 'Tis where *Minerva* tells *Ulysses* that she will transform him into the figure of an Old Man; that he may view the posture of his Affairs unsuspected and unknown. The Lines in *Homer* may be thus read into English.

Od. ν'. 397, to 403.

" I will make you (says that Goddess " to the Hero) entirely unknown to all

" Men; the beauty and ſmoothneſs of " your Skin ſhall be taken away, your " Limbs bent, and the Hair of your Head " turn'd grey. I will then fling a Garb " over you that ſhall make you frightful " and odious to thoſe that ſee you. All " that flame and life in your Eyes ſhall " be loſt; I will ſo far deform them that " you ſhall look contemptible to all the " Suitors, to your own *Penelope*, and to " your Son, whom You left yet an In- " fant in your Palace."

You know that Mr. *Pope*, in comparing ſome Paſſages in the Prophecies of *Iſaiah* with the famous Eclogue of *Virgil*, turns the latter into Proſe: If we follow that Example in the preſent caſe, his Tranſlation of theſe Lines runs thus:

Od. 13. V. 453, to 464.

It fits thee at preſent to wear a dark diſguiſe, and walk ſecret, unknown to the Eyes of Mortals: For this my Hand ſhall wither every Beauty, and every elegance of Form and Face, *Spread* a bark of Wrinkles *over thy ſmooth Skin, turn* the auburn honours of thy Head *hoar, diſfigure with coarſe attire every Limb, and extinguiſh all the Fire in thy Eyes; add all the decays of Life, and all the wants of it, eſtrange thee from thy Own, thy Son and thy Wife*; every light

ſhall

shall turn from the loath'd object, and the blind suitors scorn their destruction.

Give me leave to go out of my way a little, to try the same Experiment on a Single Passage from the *Iliad*, which is flourish'd, and set off in an extraordinary manner. It is in the Nineteenth Book, where we have a poetical account of a fine Breed of Horses: The Original runs thus:

Ιλ. υ, 221, 225.

" Three Thousand Mares graz'd these " Meads, with their young Foals run- " ning by them; *Boreas* was enamour'd " of them as they fed there, and turning " himself into the shape of a fine black " Horse, accomplish'd his desires: Of " this breed, were twelve of the Colts."

Mr. *Pope*'s Translation, (only allowing equivalent Expressions to blind the Rhimes) runs thus:

Iliad, B. 20. V. 262, 270.

His spacious Pastures bred three Thousand Mares, and three Thousand *Foals fed beside* their Mothers: *Boreas enamour'd of the* sprightly train, *conceal'd his* Godhead in the Locks of Hair *that flow'd over his Shoulders*; *he* neigh'd *to his* Loves with dissembled Voice, *and* cours'd the dapple Beauties *o'er the Meadow: Twelve others*

of unrival'd sort *sprung hence*, swift as their Mother *Mares* and Father *Wind*.

This, if over-wrought, is the more blameable, because the matter is carried very far even in the Original, and so is the less capable of being stretch'd any farther. Mr. *Pope*, in his note upon the Place observes, *That* Homer *has the happiness of making the least Circumstance considerable*; *and that the plainest matter* shines *in his dress of Poetry*. It is true, it shines sufficiently in that. Some brightning is necessary in Poetry: but an excess of it, *Philypsus*, may dazzle, or may blind our Eyes; it can never assist, or delight them.

By comparing these Passages, You will see that which I intend; the difference of Manner in the Ancient and Modern Poetry: In the latter we find Expressions added, which seem to be added for beauties, and which in reality perhaps only turn the Plainness and Strength of the Original, into the *Fine* and the *Artificial*.

Upon *Philypsus*'s acknowledging that he thought the Point too much labour'd, and the Translation unequal; Yes, says *Antiphaus*, Mr. *Pope* himself seems to be sensible of it, in the former passage from the *Odyssey* in particular: for soon after, when the same Description is repeated in the (*a*) Original, he gives an entirely new

(*a*) *v*'. 430.

Turn to it in his (*b*) Tranſlation: And I believe, upon hearing the Lines, you will be of opinion that (excepting a word or two) it is render'd with a better grace and with more Juſtice, than we find in the former.

[Wand:

She ſpake. then touch'd him with her powerful
The Skin ſhrunk up, and wither'd at her Hand:
A ſwift Old-Age o'er all his Members ſpread,
A ſudden Froſt was ſprinkled on his Head.
Nor longer in the heavy Eye-ball ſhin'd
The Glance divine, forth beaming from the Mind;
His Robe with Spots indelible beſmear,
In Rags diſhoneſt flutters with the Air.

Mr. *Pope* without queſtion is happy in a great ſhare of Judgment, as well as Vivacity and Spirit in Writing: but it is next to impoſſible, in ſo long a Tranſlation, eſpecially as it is in *Rhyme*, not to give ſometimes into Sound and Ornament; when, to crown all, the Vogue of the World goes ſo ſtrong for both. Do not ask, whether I ſhould deſire to ſee both of them baniſht out of Poetry; far from it: Expreſſive Sounds are of uſe in the moſt natural; and a Variety in the management of them, is neceſſary to keep up Attention in the Reader: That, and Ornament, is what ſets Poetry above Proſe. All I wou'd ſay is this, that Sound

(*b*) B. 13, 497.

is not sufficient where we might expect Sense; and that in *humble* Passages, in *natural* Descriptions, or in moving most of the *Passions*, additional ornaments are so many blemishes. Dressing up the expressiveness of *Homer*, in such fineries, is much the same as if one shou'd throw a very gay modern dress over the *Hercules Farnese*, or any of the most Nervous Statues of the Ancients.

But You will allow Ornament, where the subject will bear it, and where the Original leads the Way? — In a translation (answer'd *Antiphaus*) it is proper perhaps, only in the latter Case; but allowing it in both, it should not be overwrought in either. Too much Finery is always Affectation: and I wish our Writers at present were not so generally given *to elevate and surprize, and all that*, as Mr. *Bayes* calls it.

The running into this excess so much, is what has unsinew'd our Poetry. 'Tis in Poetry, as it is in Buildings; the being vastly Studious of Ornament does not only take away from the Strength of the Work, but is a sure token of a vitiated taste in the Designer.

You are always blaming the Modern Refinements, says *Philypsus*; but will you not allow that this taste of the Age is a sufficient justification at least of Mr. *Pope*,

in

in thoſe caſes, where he complies with it, ——We muſt *write* ſo as to pleaſe the World, and *ſpeak* ſo as to be moſt eaſily underſtood: Cuſtom will often wear away the propriety of things of this Nature; and as for the propriety of language, that depends upon it entirely. I allow, to uſe your own thought, that a profuſion of Lace and Embroidery wou'd be a diſguiſe upon an Old Hero; but they are ſo far from being improper, that they are becoming on the Heroes of our Age.—

They may become the Heroes of our Age (replied *Antiphaus* ſmiling) perhaps on a far different account: there is another Character now wove into and blended with that of a Soldier, to which theſe things are very agreeable: How many are there of theſe Heroes, as you call them, whoſe Courage reaches no farther than their Sword-knot, and whoſe Conduct is taken up wholly in their Dreſs? But conſider a Man barely as a Soldier; think of him in the midſt of ſome warm Action, and theſe little Ideas of him will diſappear: Then it is *that* poſture, *that* preſſing on the foe, *that* graſping of his Sword, *that* fierceneſs in his Eyes, *that* ſerenity and *that* eagerneſs on his countenance, which ſtrike us wholly, and take up all our attention. Yes, *Philypſus*, if you view a real modern Hero in a true

light, thoſe fineries do not ſit well upon him: and I think, I never ſaw any thing more truly ridiculous, than the Piece we were laughing at the other Day, in your Picture-Gallery. — Good Heaven! The Duke of *Marlborough* in the heat of an Engagement, with a full-bottom'd Wig, very careſully ſpread over his Shoulders!

But to return to the preſent taſte in Poetry.——If this Corruption of the Age cou'd excuſe a Writer for what he compoſes now, muſt it be carried down as far as *Homer*'s Days? muſt his Heroes love, and talk, and fight *a-la-mode?* muſt his ſtrong, ſententious lines, be ſet to the new polite airs of *Handel* and *Bononcini?* Yet, were what you wou'd alledge of any force, it wou'd carry the matter thus far; and the whole *Iliad* and *Odyſſey* ought to be enervated down to the preſent taſte. No, whatever may be allow'd to any of the proper genuine productions of this Age, it ought not to make an inroad upon all others; let *Homer*'s *energy* and *pathos* be violated as little as is poſſible: Nature ought to rule in his Works, and thoſe of the Ancients; as ornament, and ſurprize, and elevation, have in their turn the Empire of the Modern World.

You ſee I begin to ſhew the old heat, that this ſubject (I think) always betrays me into. — I beg pardon, *Philypſus*; and will

will attend more to what I am about for the future.—I ſhou'd have given you ſome inſtances of this *Elevation* from the tranſlation before us. *A-propos*, What a glaring deſcription of a Sword have we in the Eighth *Odyſſey*?

——Whoſe blade of Braſs *diſplays*
A ruddy gleam; whoſe hilt *a Silver blaze*;
(*a*) Whoſe iv'ry ſheath *inwrought* with *curious pride*,
Adds *graceful terror to the wearer's ſide*.

Homer ſays, that *Hermione* was *as beautiful as Venus*; this is low and humble in compariſon of the New *Hermione*,

(*b*) On whom *a radiant Pomp of Graces* wait,
Reſembling *Venus* in *attractive ſtate*.

Where a prodigy is ſent to the *Ithacenſians* in Council, *Homer* ſays that *they were ſtruck at the ſight of it, and revolv'd in their Minds what it might preſage to them*: this is render'd after the following manner:

(*c*) The wond'ring rivals gaze with cares oppreſt,
And chilling horrors freeze in ev'ry Breaſt.

How mean is it, and how much like proſe, to tell us, that *Penelope heard the*

(*a*) B. 8, 437. δ'. 403.
(*b*) B. 4, 19. δ'. 14.
(*c*) B. 2, 183. β'. 156.

mirth of the Suitors? To elevate this ſufficiently, You muſt ſay

(*a*) *The ſhrilling Airs the vaulted Roof rebounds,*
Reflecting to the Queen the Silver Sounds.

This falſe way of *animating* Poetry, as no doubt many will be pleas'd to call it, grows particularly prejudicial and abſurd in any caſe, where the Paſſions are to be rais'd in the Reader, or deſcribed in the Perſons of the Poem. Where we wou'd move Pity, in particular, nothing is (*b*) *more odious than a ſhew of Eloquence.* Nature has provided a Sympathy in our Souls; She has put a biaſs into our Temper, that inclines us forcibly to Compaſſion; and we ſhou'd (*c*) leave her to her own work in ſuch points, without any of the impertinent aſſiſtances of Art.

The lines you have juſt repeated, interrupted *Philypſus*, are ſuch as I cannot admire: but I think you carry the point too far againſt Art in general. Is there not the greateſt Art required in moving the paſſions? Why then have *Cicero*, and

(*a*) B. 1, 425. *ad.* 328.

(*b*) Odi reum cui eſſe diſerto vacet. *Quintil.* Lib. 11. c. 1.

(*c*) Quicquid meris adjicietur affectibus, omnes eorum diluet vires, & miſerationem ſecuritate laxabit. *Quintil.* Inſtit. Lib. 11. c. 1.

all

all the Criticks of old, given us ſo numerous rules in this Caſe? Yes, reply'd *Antiphaus*, great Art, or rather a great Genius, is very neceſſary toward any excellence this way. But what I have ſaid was intended not ſo much againſt the *Uſe* of Art, as the *Appearances* of it. 'Tis the greateſt of Arts, to conceal the Art you uſe; and to have it very evident, is the greateſt of Blemiſhes. The Criticks, and *Cicero* in particular, ſpeak with the utmoſt plainneſs againſt any thing of that kind. Where the paſſions are to be touch'd, apparent art is apparent fraud; ſo that here particular care ſhould be taken, that nothing be over-wrought.

'Tis on this account, that when you compare the following lines with the Original, you will not, I dare ſay, be over-fond of them:

The *Soul of Friendſhip* to my hope is loſt,
(*a*) Fated to wander from his natal coaſt.

He ſaid: *chill horrors* ſhook my *ſhiv'ring Soul*,
(*b*) *Rack'd with Convulſive pangs* in duſt I roll.

And that entire Paſſage of *Penelope*,

Rolling Convulſive on the Floor, is ſeen
The piteous object of a proſtrate Queen.

(*a*) B. 4, 248. *fin.* 182.
(*b*) B. 4, 726. *fin.* 539.

Words to her dumb Complaint a pauſe ſupplies,
And breath, to waſte in unavailing Cries:
Around their Sov'reign wept the *menial Fair,*
(*a*) To whom ſhe thus *addreſs'd her deep deſpair,* &c.

I wiſh this falſe elevation and profuſion of Ornament does not carry the Tranſlator, in ſome few Caſes, into downright *Fuſtian.* (*b*) *A Man's being loſt in Laſſitude,* and *a Soul ſcarce waking, in the Arms of Death,* look'd very much that way. Do You remember where he talks of (*c*) *Princes on Princes roll'd,* and (*d*) *Gods being heap'd on Gods?* Or how in another place we are told, that

(*e*) ——— *The* Pharian *Iſle*
Fronts the deep Roar of diſemboguing Nile?

You know the Character of ſome of Sir *John Falſtaff's* Attendants, in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*; a ſort of Men, who are induſtrious in talking hard Words; and whoſe *Humour,* is to be *unintelligible.* One wou'd almoſt imagine the humble Account of ſhutting a Door, in the end of the Firſt *Odyſſey,* to be copied from thoſe illuſtrious Originals.

(*a*) B. 4, 957. &c. 721.
(*b*) See p. 14.
(*c*) B. 11, 151.
(*d*) Obſ. 27. on B. 11. Ver. 383.
(*e*) B. 4, 480.

——The

——— ——The Door *reclos'd*;
The Bolt, *obedient* to the silken Cord,
(a) *To the strong Staple's inmost depth restor'd,*
Secur'd the Valves.—

I own (says *Philypsus)* I cannot but give up those lines to you, and several of the other you mention'd before. The first lines, when you repeated them, I took to be the very worst you could pick out of the *Odyssey:* But I know not how it comes about, you rise gradually in your demands upon me; and are got insensibly from lines in that piece, which were forc'd and too much beautified, to things unnatural, and shocking. When I thought of making a Convert of you to an entire admiration of this translation, I fancy, I was much mistaken; at this rate, you will turn the Tables upon me: and to tell you the truth, I cannot but confess, that the Poet has, in some Cases, fallen into each of the faults you mention.

In some Cases doubtless (reply'd *Antiphaus*) this Translation is not to be commended: I take it to be as good, as any Translation of *Homer*, into *English*, and in *Rhyme*, cou'd be expected to be: In all probability, we might safely add, that no

(a) B. 1, 555. ά. 441. —— Θύρην ἐπέρυσε κορώνῃ
Ἀργυφέῃ, ——

other

other Writers of the Age cou'd, in the whole, have perform'd such a task so well. But a perfect Piece of this kind cannot be expected: If *Homer* himself is allow'd to Sleep a little, his Translator certainly may Nod sometimes.——

One thing I observ'd (interrupted *Philypsus*) in the lines you have repeated; that the faultiness of several of them was owing to an Excess in one of the greatest Beauties of Poetry, I mean, the *Metataphors* too frequent in them. I observ'd the same (says *Antiphaus*) as I was collecting these little Remarks: it occasion'd my using a particular Paper for that single point: If it did not grow so late, I wou'd shew it to you; but——No, let us have it now, cry'd *Philypsus*: I never knew any thing of yours too long, and if it be that Paper in your Hand, I shou'd think it much too short; were it not for my concern for the Poet, and the desire I have of finding as few Faults in his Writings as possible.

Metaphor, says *Antiphaus*, is certainly the most universal enlivener of Poetry. At the same time that it adds to the dignity of Verse, it gives it an agreeable variety; together with a power of Painting out all its Images, in the boldest and strongest manner in the World. 'Tis this which animates those objects, which must

otherwise be still and unaffecting: it flings every thing into Motion, Life, and Action: By this the Arrow is *eager* and on the Wing, by this the Sword *thirsts* for Blood, and the Spear *rages* in the Hands of the Warrior. *Metaphor* raises each subject out of the heavy narrative way: it creates new Beings; it represents the passions of Men, and even mere *Names*, as animated and embodied; and shews them in the posture and attitudes of Agents. Thus when the Battles are going to join, you see *Rage stalk* amidst the Combatants; pointing with one *Hand* to the Enemy, and in the other, shaking the *Torch of War*. By this, the Valleys and Mountains *rejoice*, when *Peace* once more *spreads* her downy Wings, and *Plenty* descends from Heaven upon the *happy* climate. 'Tis *Metaphor* which makes the Woods and Caves *answer* to the voice of the Poet, and the murmuring Stream *compassionate* his complaints: 'Tis this which makes the *Nile know Cæsar*; and *the Sea*, its present *Monarch*.

If Mr. *Pope* manages this powerful Figure frequently to the best advantage, sometimes he happens not to be so happy in the use of it. The force of *Metaphor* is to make things strong, clear, and sensible: any confusion destroys the very end of it; and yet a little inaccuracy may occasion

occasion gross errors this way. Sometimes what is just with the *Figurative*, may disagree with the *Proper*: sometimes again, an idea which might stand with the *proper* expression, will be inconsistent with the *figurative*. A misapplication either way is very obvious, and yet it gives a jar to the Ideas, and makes the sense of a line to be perplexed and in confusion.

It sounds but oddly to talk of a Person, and of his Picture, without any manner of distinction: To say, that *the piece, drawn by Sir* Godfrey Kneller *for Mr.* Pope, *is an excellent Poet, and Writes with the greatest Command imaginable*; Or, that *Mr.* Pope *is a very good piece, and his face very well colour'd, tho' he is but just recover'd from a fit of Sickness*; either of them wou'd carry a mixt incoherent sense with them: This I take to be partly the Case in the following Lines:

(*a*) Now from my *fond embrace* by Tempests torn,
Our other *Column of the State* is born;
Nor took a *kind adieu.* —
(*b*) They *sweep* Neptune's smooth *Face.*
(*c*) Declining, with his *sloping Wheels*
Down *sunk* the *Sun.*—

(*a*) B. 4, 962. δ'. 727: Παῖδ' ἀγαπητὸν ——
(*b*) B. 9, 210. ί. 180. Πολιὴν ἅλα τύπτον ἐρετμοῖς.
(*c*) B. 2, 437. β'. 388. Δύσετο Ἠέλιος.

To

To say *the God of Light was driving his Car, down the Steep of Heaven* (as Mr. *Pope* somewhere expresses it) is metaphorical; To say *the Sun is setting*, is proper: but shou'd one say, *The Sun is setting with sloping Wheels*, This wou'd be neither Metaphorical, nor Proper; nor cou'd it raise any thing in the Mind, but a confusion of Ideas.

Thus:

(a) Hear me, Oh *Neptune!* thou whose *Arms* are [*hurl'd*
From *Shore to Shore*, and *gird* the solid World.

I think, *Neptune* has the luck of it; for 'tis the same Deity, that in another place makes just such a Figue, as I have seen him in some *Mortlack-Hangings*.

(b) The raging Monarch shook his *azure head*,
And thus in secret to his Soul he said, *&c.*
(c) This said, his *Sea-green Steeds* divide the Foam.

Such confusions of the *Metaphor* and the *Proper* have a great resemblance to that absurdity of mixing *Fable* and *Reality* together, which appears so grosly in Mr. *Dryden*'s *Hind and Panther*; and which was the very thing, that provoked Lord

(a) B. 9, 618. l. 528. Κλῦθι, Ποσειδάον γαιήοχε—
(b) B. 5, 365. l. 285.
(c) B. 5, 480. l. 380.

Halifax

Halifax and Mr. *Pryor* to ridicule that Piece, with ſo much humour and good ſenſe. What thoſe Authors have ſaid on that ſubject, may give a Side-light to what I mean in the preſent Caſe. I think the Book is behind you. If you will be ſo good as to reach it down, I'll juſt read that Paſſage in their Preface to you, where they are ſpeaking of this odd Mixture. O, here it is. It begins with mentioning the antient Fabuliſts. "They wrote "(ſay they) in Signs, and ſpoke in Pa- "rables: all their Fables carry a double "meaning: The Story is one and entire; "the Characters the ſame throughout; "not broken, or changed, and always "conformable to the nature of the Crea- "tures they introduce. They never tell "you that *the Dog*, which *ſnapt* at a ſha- "dow, loſt his *Troop of Horſe*; that wou'd "be unintelligible. — This is his (*Dry- "den*'s) new way of telling a Story, and "confounding the *Moral* and the *Fable* "together." After inſtancing from the *Hind and Panther*, he goes on thus. "What relation has the *Hind* to our *Sa- "viour?* or what notion have we of a "*Panther*'s *Bible?* if you ſay, he means "the *Church*, how does the *Church feed "on Lawns, or range in the Foreſt?* Let it "be always a Church, or always the Clo-

"ven-

'ven-footed Beaſt, for we cannot bear 'his ſhifting the Scene every Line."

I had almoſt forgot to tell you, that upon conſulting the Original there was no *Metaphor* at all to be found, for either of the Lines, I laſt repeated from the *Odyſſey*. We have now *Metaphors* perpetually; the Tranſlator is vaſtly fond of them. I need not ſay that an Exceſs this way is very blameable; you know the Criticks ſpeak againſt it in a high ſtrain, and one of them goes ſo far as to ſay, that this (*a*) *Figure, when frequent, obſcures the Piece, and fatigues the Reader; when continual, 'tis no longer a Poem, 'tis all Allegory and Enigma.*

As a falſe Mixture of the proper and the figurative confuſes the ſenſe, the joining *Metaphors* together which do not agree, makes it ſtill more dark and perplexed. Theſe are like (what they call) *Medley-Pieces*; a huddled kind of Pictures, which ſhew a Variety of Objects, flung together without any order or deſign: As that in the beginning of *Horace*'s *Art of Poetry*, they join the Limbs of one Creature to the Body of another; and

(*a*) Frequens (*Metaphora uſus*) & obſcurat, & tædio complet: continuus vero in allegoriam & ænigma exit. *Quintil.* Inſtit. L. 8. c. 6.

confuſe

confuſe all the properties and circumſtances of an Action.

If the Poet be not very careful, he may by theſe means tye not only things improper, but even contrarieties, together. Do not the following Lines border on this? To me the *Metaphors* in them ſeem to be improperly united.

From *Elateus'* ſtrong Arm the *Diſcus* flies,
And *ſings with unmatch'd Force* along the Skies:
And *Laodame whirls high*, with dreadful ſway,
(*a*) *The Gloves of Death.*—

At the ſame Time, nothing can be more *Proper* and *Narrative* than the Original in that place. *Again:*

(*b*) From his Eyes *pour'd down the tender Dew.*
(*c*) But *Anticlus* unable to controul,
Spoke *loud* the *languiſh* of his yearning Soul.

In theſe the Action is deſcrib'd in words, that import a *violence*; while the Act to be expreſs'd, is plainly ſomething *ſtill* and *gentle.*

Nothing is more known in relation to

(*a*) B. 8, 140. θ'. 130.
Δίσκῳ δ' αὖ πάντων προφερέστατος ἦεν Ελατρεὺς,
Πὺξ δ' αὖ Λαοδάμας——
(*b*) B. 11, 486. λ'. 390.
——Θαλερὸν κατὰ δάκρυον εἴβων.
(*c*) B. 4, 388. δ'. 286.

the

the *Metaphor*, than that rule of *Cicero*'s; *(a) That it ſhou'd be ſo modeſt, as to ſeem to have been* handed *into the place of the proper Word, not to have forc'd its Way thither: it ſhou'd fall into it in a free*, voluntary *manner.* Otherwiſe it will make the ſenſe dark and intricate; and that abſolutely deſtroys all the uſe of it; for as *Metaphor* ſhould be the *(a) greateſt Light and Ornament of Language, Obſcurity is the moſt abſurd thing, and the moſt to be avoided in Metaphor.*

I deſire you would give me your Sentiments on a certain paſſage, in this view. What do you think of the Images in the following Line?

They cuff, they tear, their Cheeks and Necks they rend.

Do you remember whom 'tis ſpoken of? Really, ſays *Philypſus*, I cannot well determine, whether it is ſpoken of *Men*, or of a couple of *Beaſts* fighting. —— Of neither, anſwer'd *Antiphaus*: 'tis uſed of *Eagles* in the *(b) Odyſſey*; and in the *(c) Iliad*, of a couple of *Vulturs.*

There is an Obſervation ariſing from this, which ought to be conſider'd, in

(a) Verecunda debet eſſe Tranſlatio, ut deducta eſſe in alienum locum, non irruiſſe; atque ut precario, non vi veniſſe videatur. —— Eſt hoc magnum ornamentum orationis, in quo obſcuritas fugienda eſt. *Cicero* de Oratore, Lib. 3.

(b) B. 2, 179. *(c)* *Iliad* 16, 524.

tranſ-

transferring *Metaphors*: it may be said, that the word *Cheeks* in this Verse, is justified by the Original. Custom, *Philyppus*, is the great Rule of Words: and what is easy in one Language, will not bear in another; because usage may have soften'd in one, what in the other is yet harsh and unwarrantable. This is evident from the very Word in debate. Thus we use *Cheeks* in English of some Creatures beside Men; the Term is so far familiarized, and sounds very well: Yet to talk of the Cheeks of a *Pheasant*, or the Cheeks of a *Vultur*, will by no means sound the softer for its prevailing in those other particulars.

However, this is agreed on all hands; that a *Metaphor* is not to be used, unless it gives a greater light, and makes the thing more sensible to us. Are the Borrow'd terms, in this Case, *more* expressive than the Native? Nay, do they give you *as clear* Ideas, as the Native would? Do they give you as clear, where the Poet talks of (*a*) *assuaging Thirst with a generous Vintage*, or of *Polypheme*'s doing the same thing with a (*b*) *Milky deluge?* What do you think of an (*c*) *Ozier-fringed Bank*, of a *Voice* (just heard) (*d*) *wounding*

(*a*) B. 6, 298. (*b*) B. 9, 353. (*c*) B. 14, 533. (*d*) B. 5, 515.

the

the Ear, or of the Sea's being call'd *the (a) howling desart of the Main?* In the Notes to the *Odyssey*, 'tis (*b*) question'd *whether the nodding of a Mountain be a natural Image*; should not you be apt to think too, that *a Mountain (c) shaking the Forests on his sides*, is fitter for an Earthquake, than a *Metaphor?* What sort of Idea have You of a (*d*) *well-fought Wall*, or a (*e*) *thrice-ear'd Field?* In a Word, have You any Idea at all, of *Jove*'s (*f*) *rearing a Tempest*, or of *the (g) whistling Winds waking the Sky?*

Philypsus consulted his own Mind all along as these points were offer'd; and endeavour'd very fairly to discover, whether the Images were as clear and evident, as they ought to be: He knew that the great use and *(g) beauty of Metaphor, was to give Light and Perspicuity to a description*; to cloath Words (as he us'd to say) with Substance; and to make Language visible: But as, upon this View, he cou'd not answer fully what had been produc'd, he was willing to evade it as much as he cou'd. These Instances, says

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(*a*) B. 4, 748. (*b*) B. 14, 510. (*c*) B. 13, 400.
(*d*) B. 5, 395. (*e*) B. 5, 159. (*f*) B. 5, 391.
(*g*) B. 3, 213.

(*h*) Modus nullus est florentior; nec qui plus luminis afferat Orationi. *Cicero* de Oratore, L. 3.

he,

he, (turning to *Antiphaus*) tho' few for so large a Piece, when laid together, are apt to incline one's judgment to the prejudice of the Translator: it will not be fair to look only on the worst side of him; we owe it to Justice, and to the Excellencies of that great Man, to give one Evening to his Beauties, as well as this to his Defects. — Be so good then (interrupted *Antiphaus*) as to undertake that part for the next: You know me so well, I need not assure you, that I shall be as much pleas'd with hearing the Beauties, as I am uneasy in repeating the Faults of this Writer.

After some other discourse, *Antiphaus*, going for his own apartment, and reflecting upon what had pass'd between him and his friend, took occasion to observe; "How impossible almost it is for the "greatest Genius not to fail sometimes, "in an undertaking of this Nature: and "how unavoidable it will be for the "Reader, (in a Poem generally well "wrote) not to be led away from ob- "serving those faults, by the vast Power "of Ornament, the easy Fluency of the "Verse, and his Engagements to the "Beauties of a favourite Piece." *The best qualified* (added he) *will thus err, whenever they* write *for Fame; and the most judicious will be thus deceived, when they* read *for Pleasure.*

AN

AN

ESSAY

ON

Mr. *Pope*'s ODYSSEY.

EVENING II.

BETWEEN company and buſineſs, it was ſome time before *Philypſus* and *Antiphaus* cou'd get an Evening to themſelves; the latter had waited for it with ſome impatience; and did not fail, pretty early in it, to remind *Philypſus* of his promiſe. I long, ſays he, to ſee your Remarks; ſuch a method of viewing a Poem, is ſomething like the way of our favourite *Vertot* in writing Hiſtory: we have the material Parts of it, without paſſing thro' the dead Lines, which go toward the Narrative; or the leſs ſignificant Paſſages, which are to fill up the Chain of Events. You muſt not expect any great

Matters, anſwer'd *Philypſus*: Tho' I have had longer time than we talk'd of at firſt, it has been ſufficient only for collecting ſome of the ſcatter'd Beauties of this excellent Tranſlation.

Some of the Lines which you repeated the former Evening, ſhew'd that the Greatneſs of his Genius had led Mr. *Pope* ſometimes into an Exceſs; if things can be too much beautified, that fault does certainly belong to him. In a few lines, I confeſs, he diſcovers a greater love of Ornament, than is becoming. This is the fountain of all the ſeveral Peccadillo's which you obſerv'd from his writings; whatever there is to be found in them, either too *glaring*, or *forc'd*, or *figurative*, or too much *elevated*, may fairly be accounted for this way. You, Sir, produc'd ſome Paſſages, as I remember, under each of theſe Characters: But how pardonable is it, for ſo exalted a Genius, to run ſometimes into an exceſs of Ornament? And how admirable for ſuch, to excel often in the juſt, handſome, natural *Manner?*

Is not almoſt the entire (*a*) *Epiſode* of *Menelaus* and *Proteus* particularly juſt, and beautiful? What can have a greater ſhare of Nature, without any exceſſes,

(*a*) B. 4, 493. to Verſe 776.

than

than the Adventure with (a) *Nauſicaa*? How juſtly are the Paſſions preſerv'd in (b) *The Deſcent into Hell*; and before, in all the Speeches (c) of *Circe* and *Calypſo*?

Tho' theſe Paſſages are generally of too great a length to bear repeating in a ſingle Evening, you will indulge me with the reading ſome of the moſt finiſh'd Parts of them.

The whole *Epiſode* of *Menelaus* and *Proteus* is particularly well wrote; but the things chiefly to be admir'd in it are, the *Metamorphoſis* of *Proteus*; —— His Speech on the unhappy Curioſity of Men; —— the account immediately after, of the Deaths of *Ajax* and *Agamemnon*; and, above all that enliven'd Concluſion, in Relation to *Elyſium*, and the future Happineſs of *Menelaus*. You remember the various Transformations of *Proteus*; and, I believe, will allow them to be exceedingly well expreſs'd:

A Lion now, he curls a ſurgy mane;
Sudden, our bands a ſpotted Pard reſtrain;
Then arm'd with tuſks, and lightning in his eyes,
A Boar's obſcener ſhape the God belies:
On ſpiry volumes there a Dragon rides;
Here, from our ſtrict embrace a Stream he glides:

(a) B. 6.
(b) B. 11.
(c) Books 5 and 10.

'And laſt, ſublime his ſtately growth he rears
(*a*) A Tree, and well-diſſembled foliage wears.

The Lines are extremely good, ſays *Antiphaus*; but I had a Thought came into my Head, that poſſeſs'd me, all the time you were reading them: I cou'd not forbear thinking, what an happy Contrivance it would be in the Managers of the *Old Houſe*, to bring this Deity upon the Stage, in the ſame manner, that he appears in theſe Verſes. Such a Performance wou'd ſet their Character in the moſt eminent Light: They wou'd infallibly get the ſtart of their ingenious Rivals; and poor *Doctor Fauſtus*, and his *Dragon*, wou'd no longer be the higheſt Entertainment of the *Beaux Eſprits* of this Age.

I am got into another Part of the Poem, (ſays *Philypſus*) which might ſerve, in ſome meaſure, to arm their Rivals of *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, againſt ſo formidable an Undertaking. There are Paſſages in the *Deſcent into Hell*, capable of furniſhing out a great deal of the *Wonderful*, and *Surprizing*, in this way. But to return: can any thing be more Pathetick, than this whole Book? eſpecially, the

(*a*) B. 4, 615, to 622.

latter

latter part, when *the Heroes* come to make their Appearance. Tho' I am always loſt in the Variety of Beauties, which we find in it; I muſt ſingle out the Speech of *Agamemnon*; and read (at leaſt) the Concluſion of it to you:

When War has thunder'd with its loudeſt Storms,
Death thou haſt ſeen in all her ghaſtly forms;
In duel met her, on the liſted Ground,
When hand to hand they wound return for wound:
But never have thy Eyes aſtoniſh'd view'd
So vile a deed, ſo dire a Scene of Blood.
Ev'n in the flow of joy, when now the bowl
Glows in our Veins, and opens ev'ry Soul,
We groan, we faint; with Blood the dome is dy'd,
And o'er the pavement floats the dreadful tyde—
Her breaſt all gore, with lamentable cries,
The bleeding innocent *Caſſandra* dies!
Then, tho' pale death froze cold in ev'ry vein,
(*a*) My Sword I ſtrive to wield,—but ſtrive in vain.

Surely nothing in Nature can be conceived of greater Strength and Emotion, than this Circumſtance. We ſee the Hero weltring on the Floor, all cover'd with Blood, and in the laſt agonies of Death. It was then, that he heard the Cries and Shrieks of the Daughter of *Priam*, purſued by the Traitors, and ſtabb'd to the Heart by the barbarous *Clytemneſtra*: expiring as he was, he en-

(*b*) B. 11, 528. λ'. 423.

deavours to raiſe up his Arm, and at laſt gets his Hand upon the hilt of his Sword; which he had ſtrength only to graſp, with a look full of Rage, Compaſſion, and Revenge. Methinks, *Antiphaus*, I ſee him now expired, and dropt upon the Floor; but tho' expired, there is ſtill that Rage and Paſſion in his Countenance; he ſtill graſps his Sword, and ſeems to threaten the Traitors and the Adultereſs with his looks.

I know nothing finer (ſays *Antiphaus*) than theſe laſt Efforts of dying Heroes. They affect the Soul wonderfully: And the weakneſs of their Body, which will not permit their acting at ſuch times, in my Opinion ſets off their Courage, and their Deſire of Action, in the ſtrongeſt Light imaginable. There is nothing unnatural in this; tho' indeed it follows Nature to its laſt Pitch: The beſt Hiſtorians, as well as the firſt Poets, make uſe of ſuch Circumſtances very finely; and I remember Inſtances of it (*a*) in *Livy* and (*b*) *Salluſt*, that carry this Mat-

(*a*) Etiam quos vires ſanguiſque deſereret, ut intra vallum hoſtium *caderent*, nitebantur. *Liv.* vol. 3. p. 145. per *Hearne*.

(*b*) Catilina vero longe a ſuis inter hoſtium cadavera repertus eſt, paullulum etiam ſpirans, ferociamque animi, quam habuerat vivus, in vultu retinens. *Sall. Bell. Cat.* juxta finem.

ter

ter as far as *(a) Virgil* or *Homer*. But ſome Moderns, as uſual, ſtretch it ſo immoderately, that they go beyond nature; and the Moment it is ſo, it muſt be ridiculous. Some ſerious Writers (as well as ſome humorous ones) have carried this to the laſt Exceſs. It would be very well if their Heroes only *threaten'd in Death*, but they muſt *die (b) away, without being at all the Weaker:* others (in the heat of Battle, you may be ſure) *forge that they are (c) kill'd*, and ſo *keep on fighting:* like *Strada*'s *Soldiers*, who after *they are cut in Two, (d) ſurvive themſelves; and fight on with that half of their Bodies, that is left them; to revenge the other, which was knock'd on the Head an hour or two before.*

Such things as thoſe, when offer'd ſeriouſly (anſwer'd *Philypſus*) are not *Blemiſhes* in a piece; they are downright *falſities*; mere *outrages* againſt Truth, as well as common Senſe. Nothing can be invented more ridiculous. They are like the *incomprehenſible Lyes* of Sir *John Falſtaff*; and put one in mind of his *fight-*

(*a*) G. 4, 526. Æn. 9, 444.

(*b*) Minacciava morendo, e non languia. *Taſſo, Cant.* 19. *St.* 26.

(*c*) Il pover' huomo, che non ſen' era accorto,
Andava combattendo, ed era morto. *Berni.*

(*d*) Dimidiato corpore pugnabant ſibi *ſuperſtites*, ac *peremptæ* partis ultores. *Strad.* Dec. 2. Lib. 2.

ing with Percy *an hour by* Shrewsbury *Clock*, after that Gentleman had been kill'd before very heartily by *Prince Henry*.

On the contrary; *Homer* is as great a friend to Truth and Nature, as he is to Poetry: He knows how to raiſe every thing, as far as it will bear; he has always a Command of whatever is proper to be ſaid; and, which is yet greater, always underſtands when he has ſaid enough.

But we forget ourſelves, *Antiphaus*: this Digreſſion has carried us ſo far, that if we do not ſoon go on with this Speech of *Agamemnon*'s which occaſion'd it, we ſhall not know where it left off. After that pathetick account of his Death, and the barbarity of his Queen, he proceeds:

Nor did my traitreſs Wife theſe Eye-lids cloſe,
Or decently in Death my Limbs compoſe.
O Woman, Woman! when to ill thy Mind
Is bent, all Hell contains no fouler Fiend.
And ſuch was mine! who baſely plung'd her ſword
Thro' the fond Boſom, where ſhe reign'd ador'd!
Alas! I hop'd, the toils of War o'ercome,
To meet ſoft quiet and repoſe at home;
Deluſive hope! — O Wife, thy deeds diſgrace
The perjur'd Sex, and blacken all the Race;
And ſhou'd poſterity one virtuous find,
(*a*) Name *Clytemneſtra*, they will curſe the kind.

(*a*) B. 11, 540. λ'. 433.

The

The turn of Expreſſion in this, is much more lively and paſſionate, than the language of *Homer* himſelf. As you cannot value any delays, where we meet with ſuch improvements; I am ſure you will give me leave to read the Speech of *Ulyſſes* juſt after: That I mean, in which he gives *Achilles* an account of his Son *Pyrrhus*'s behaviour in the War.

—Hear with pleas'd Attention the renown,
The wars and wiſdom of thy gallant Son:
With me from *Scyros* to the Field of Fame,
Radiant in Arms the blooming Hero came.
When *Greece* aſſembled all her Hundred States,
To ripen Counſels, and decide Debates,
Heav'ns! how he charm'd us with a flow of ſenſe,
And won the heart with manly Eloquence!
He firſt was ſeen of all the Peers to riſe,
(*a*) The third in wiſdom, where they all were wiſe.--

Give me leave (ſays *Antiphaus*, interrupting him) —— that very Verſe I have formerly taken notice of; the Tranſlator ſeems to me to have uſed an unneceſſary Caution in it: He is tender of makeing *Ulyſſes* commend himſelf by Name, where *Homer* does it with the greateſt bluntneſs. ——

I know it, ſays *Philypſus*; but that I ſhould have put to the account of his

(*a*) B. 11, 626. λ'. 511.

Improvements on this Speech. Cou'd any thing have been more groſs, than to have imitated that line in its own coarſe, ruſtick Dialect? Is it not better on all Hands for ſuch a Sentiment to be imply'd, than to be expreſs'd?

Cuſtom and Prejudice (anſwered *Antiphaus)* have now render'd it unpolite, and even ſhocking, for a Man almoſt in any Caſe to commend himſelf: But it was not thus anciently. It is certain, that it was not thus in the times of thoſe Heroes, whom *Homer* deſcribes; and *Homer* therefore acts with Propriety, in making *Ulyſſes* ſay, that *Neſtor and Himſelf were the wiſeſt of all the* Grecians. Now, is the Tranſlator in this Caſe to follow his Author, or not? Is he to preſerve the Manners of the Ancients in the characters of his Heroes? or is he to modernize them, and to make *Ulyſſes* and *Achilles* appear the moſt accompliſh'd, fineſt Gentlemen in the World?

That will be carrying the Matter too far, replied *Philypſus*; I ſpeak it only as to this particular; and I own I am yet to be convinc'd, that this Humour of commending themſelves, was really ſo prevalent among the Ancients. Perhaps this is one of the Places where *Homer* nods: it might be a ſlip of haſte or inattention.——

No,

No, interrupted *Antiphaus*, nothing can be more certain, than the freedom and honesty of Speech us'd among the Ancients in this particular; not only before *Homer*, but very long after his time. ——If *Homer*'s *Ulysses* here calls himself the wisest of the *Grecians*, his *Achilles* does not stick at calling himself *the Best and most Valiant of them*; and that too, in a Council of all the *Princes*: *Virgil* has given us his Approbation of both the one and the other, in making *Æneas* talk frequently of his own piety and valour. I cou'd tire you with Quotations of this kind: *Socrates*, in *Plato*, is always brought in to his advantage; and yet there he does just the same thing with *Ulysses* in the present case: he himself quotes the Oracle, which pronounc'd him to be *the Wisest of Men*. *Xenophon* represents *Cyrus*, upon his Death-bed, as taking notice of the greatest Beauty of his own Character, his Humanity; in a Piece, which every one knows, was designed for the Character of a perfect Prince. In a word, whole Treatises have been wrote of this very thing, and in this very strain. *Cæsar*, and the great *Jewish* writer of his own Life, frequently commend themselves: the greatest Critick, as well as the greatest Orator, among the *Romans*, who so often reckons Modesty among the

things which are moſt neceſſary toward rendering a Man great in his Profeſſion; how open and frequent is he in praiſing himſelf, and in ſetting his own Merit in a true Light? But what puts this beyond diſpute, (and ſhews at the ſame time, that a juſt Commendation of one's ſelf, may be very conſiſtent with the *greateſt Modeſty)* is to be found in the ſacred Writings, in which *Moſes* ſays of himſelf, *that he was the* Meekeſt *Man upon Earth.*

Thus free were the Ancients in commending themſelves; and not to conſider here, whether we, or they were in the right; (whether their *Behaviour* may not be thought to have had more of *Veracity* in it; and our Method to have been grounded, in a great degree, on a *falſe Eſtimate* of things: however that be) I think enough has been ſaid, to ſhew that *Homer* was not Drowſy, when he wrote this line; and that *Ulyſſes* might uſe it, without any thing of a vitious Arrogance.

To confeſs the Truth (ſays *Philypſius)* I was really ignorant in this point of the Uſage of the Ancients, and had modelled their Manners too much by our own. I now ſee my error; and think the Tranſlator might have ſpared the excuſe, which

which he (a) makes for this Indecency in *Ulysses*'s behaviour; 'tis plain, it wou'd not have been so improper, before a People, less noted for Vain-glory, than the *Phæacians*. I thank you, *Antiphaus*, for this new Light; and shall go on with the Hero's Character of *Pyrrhus*, without thinking him so assuming, as he formerly appear'd to me to have been. After placeing the Son of *Achilles* next to *Nestor* and Himself in Wisdom, he proceeds to give an account of his Courage; and in that, sets him above all the *Grecians*, without Exception.

But when, to try the fortune of the day,
Host mov'd tow'rd host in terrible array,
Before the van, impatient for the fight,
With martial port he strode, and stern delight.—
When *Ilion* in the horse receiv'd her doom,
And unseen armies ambush'd in its womb;
Greece gave her latent warriors to my care,
'Twas mine on *Troy* to pour th' imprison'd war.
Then, when the boldest bosom beat with fear,
When the stern eyes of Heroes dropp'd a tear;
Fierce in his look his ardent valour glow'd,
Flush'd in his Cheek, or sally'd in his Blood;
Indignant in the dark recess he stands,
Pants for the battle, and the war demands;
His voice breath'd death; and with a martial air.
(b) He grasp'd his Sword, and shook his glitt'ring [Spear.

(a) Note on Ver. 626. B. 11.
(b) B. 11, 650. λ'. 531.

How

How well is the earneſt Spirit of a young Hero kept up throughout this whole Paſſage? How does the impetuouſneſs of his Soul appear, in theſe previous Actions of the warrior? Had one the poetical Liberty of making compariſons, I ſhou'd not ſtick at ſaying, that this has a great reſemblance to that admirable deſcription of a War-horſe, in the moſt finiſht Poem in the World.

— (*a*) *Tum, ſiqua ſonum procul arma dedere*;
Stare loco neſcit, *micat auribus, & tremit artus:*
Collectumque premens volvit ſub naribus ignem.

'Tis poſſible that Mr. *Pope* had this behaviour of *Pyrrhus* in his Eye, when he gave thoſe lively Strokes in the entrance of his *Ode for Muſick*. We ſee the Heroes there in the ſame Poſtures, when animated by the martial ſtrains of *Orpheus*.

(*b*) Each chief his ſev'nfold ſhield diſplay'd,
And half unſheath'd the ſhining blade;
And Seas, and Rocks, and Skies reſound
To arms, to arms, to arms!

By the ſudden flow of their Spirits, and the rapidity of their Imagination, they prevent the War: they ſhew a

(*a*) *Virgil*'s Georgicks, 3, 83.
(*b*) Stanza 3.

noble

noble forgetfulneſs of the Place and Circumſtances of things about them, and think themſelves already engaging with the abſent Enemy.

There is one Speech more of thoſe I mention'd at firſt, which I cannot forbear repeating to you; tho' I am ſenſible, that I have been too long upon this Head already. It is that of *Circe* to *Ulyſſes*, in the *tenth Odyſſey*.

Then wav'd the wand, and then the word was giv'n.
Hence to thy fellows! (dreadful ſhe began)
Go, be a Beaſt! — I heard, and yet was Man.
Then ſudden whirling like a waving Flame
My beamy faulchion, I aſſault the Dame:
Struck with unuſual fear, ſhe trembling cries,
She faints, ſhe falls, ſhe lifts her weeping eyes.

What art thou? ſay! from whence, from whom you came?
O more than human! tell thy race, thy name.
Amazing ſtrength theſe poiſons to ſuſtain!
Not mortal thou, nor mortal is thy Brain.
Or art thou he? the Man to come (foretold
By *Hermes* pow'rful with the Wand of Gold)
The Man from *Troy*, who wander'd Ocean round,
The Man, for Wiſdom's various Arts renown'd:
(*a*) *Ulyſſes*? — Oh! thy threat'ning fury ceaſe. —

What ſtarts? what terror, and amazement? What paſſionate breaks are there in theſe lines? How ſolemn is the be-

(*a*) B. 10, 395. *n*. 330.

ginning?

ginning? how emphatical the account of the action? and how lively the surprize and confusion of the Inchantress, upon finding the inefficacy of her Charms? Nature here appears in every Word that she says; if the Disappointment is great and shocking, the lines too are all impetuous and abrupt: if the passions strong and various, the Expressions in the Translation are instant and pressing, and the style often chang'd: How great and swift is the Alteration, from an imperious cruel Tyrant, to a poor weak helpless Woman? And how is it equall'd by that judicious shifting of the scene in this piece? There the change is as sudden and immediate; and nothing can be greater than the fall from the haughtiness of

Go, be a Beast! — —

to the meanness of the line just after;

She faints, she falls; she lifts her weeping Eyes.

You cannot but observe farther, my *Antiphaus*, that Mr. *Pope* has improv'd this description with all those Figures, which the Ancient *Criticks* have always look'd upon as the most proper to express an hurry of Passion. The *Transposition*, the *Omission* of Words, the pressing use of

Ex-

Exclaiming and *Interrogation*, and the general *Inconnection* which runs through it, are all apply'd in the moſt natural and poetical Manner. There is a Note on a Paſſage not long before this, which gives us in one view ſeveral excellent Obſervations of this kind, and which probably he had in his Eye here; for the rules of it are exactly follow'd in the preſent caſe. This Poet is the beſt Commentator on himſelf; give me leave therefore juſt to look back for the *(a)* Note on the Speech of *Eurylochus*; that you may ſee how exactly thoſe Obſervations tally with his performance here, in every particular Article.

"We have here (ſays he) a very lively "picture of a perſon in a great fright:— "the very manner of ſpeaking repre- "ſents the diſorder of the ſpeaker; he "is in too great an Emotion to introduce "his Speech by any Preface, he breaks "at once into it without preparation, "as if he could not ſoon enough deliver "his thoughts."——Again:

"There is nothing, which gives more "life to a Diſcourſe, than the taking "away *(b)* the Connections and Con- "junctions; when the diſcourſe is not

(*a*) Note on B. 10. Ver. 295.
(*b*) From *Longinus* de Subl. c. 17.

bound

" bound together and embaraſs'd, it " walks and ſlides along of itſelf. *Pe-* " *riods* thus cut off, and yet pronounc'd " with Precipitation, are ſigns of a lively " Sorrow; which at the ſame time hin- " ders, yet forces him to ſpeak."——

Again, in a like caſe.

" He ſpeaks ſhort, and in broken and " interrupted Periods, which excellently " repreſent the agony of his thoughts. — " Afterwards we ſee he breaks out into " Interrogations, which, as *(a) Longinus* " obſerves, give great motion, ſtrength, " and action to Diſcourſe. If the Poet " had proceeded ſimply, the Expreſſion " had not been equal to the occaſion; " but by theſe ſhort Queſtions, he gives " ſtrength to it, and ſhews the diſorder " of the ſpeaker, by the ſudden ſtarts " and vehemence of the Periods."

All theſe animated Figures, all thoſe Arts of expreſſing the Paſſions, are beautifully wove into this ſingle piece of Poetry: but there is one peculiar Excellence in it yet behind, which I admire beyond all the reſt. It is a Power almoſt unknown even to Poetry before, and the Criticks have not as yet found out any Name for it. The extraordinary Beauty

(a) De Subl. c. 17.

I mean, is that *Inſight* which the Poet gives his Readers into *Circe*'s *Mind:* We look into her Soul, and ſee the Ideas paſs there in Train. At firſt ſhe is ignorant; then dubious: and at laſt diſcovers gradually in her Thoughts the Character, and very Name of the Hero. *Circe*, skill'd as ſhe was in all the arts of Magick, is limited in her Knowledge and Diſcovery of things: and in the preſent Diſcovery of the Perſon of *Ulyſſes*, her Mind acts with Tumult and Rapidity, but at the ſame time with a ſeries and gradual Collection of Truths, at firſt unknown. Every one may perceive the Tumult, and the ſucceſſive Enlightnings of her Mind. We are led into a full View of the ſhifting of her thoughts; and behold the various openings of them in her Soul.

What art thou? ſay! from whence, from whom [you came?
Or art thou He? the Man to come foretold—
The Man, from Troy?—
The Man, for *wiſdom's* various arts renown'd,
Ulyſſes?———

I never read any thing which ſets the actings of another's Mind ſo diſtinctly to the view. *Circe*'s very Thoughts are made viſible to us; they are ſet full before our Eyes; and we ſee the different degrees

degrees, as it were, of Light, breaking in upon her Soul. — Every one muſt think this an extreme fine piece of Poetry. For my own part, upon turning it every way, and conſidering all its ſeveral perfections, I believe one might venture to pronounce it the moſt finiſht Piece, the moſt complete Beauty in the whole Tranſlation.

Theſe are the productions of a Sublime Genius, and ſpeak an uncommon Spirit, together with a firm extenſive Judgment, and an exact Senſe of things. But you, *Antiphaus*, chiefly complain of this Writer for his Refinements and Elevation: there is too much of the *Enflure*, as the *French* call it, in his Works; and you cannot bear with ſuch a profuſion of Glitter and Embroidery in the Language. I do not deny, that the Paſſages you repeated, are generally blameable on theſe accounts; but beg leave to produce ſome inſtances, which may ſhew the Tranſlator to be a maſter in the juſt and proper ſtyle; as the former convince us of his Excellence in the enlivened, and pathetic.

How humble are the lines in particular, (*a*) where *Ulyſſes* meets with *Minerva* in *Ithaca*, and how rural the

(*a*) B. 13.

(*b*) Scene

(*b*) Scene between him and *Eumæus* in that Iſland? So far, that for my own Part I muſt confeſs, I ſhou'd be more apt to imagine, that Mr. *Pope* on theſe Occaſions ſinks now and then into Lowneſſes, beneath the dignity of the Epic, than that he ſoars too high, or uſes any falſe Elevation.

As for the juſt and chaſte manner of expreſſing things, it is very frequent in theſe Paſſages: there is a place juſt come into my Head, in which this very way of ſpeaking is deſcribed; the lines are cloſe and expreſſive; and, according to Mr. *Pope*'s Method in his incomparable *Eſſay*, are themſelves the beſt example of the thing they treat of; they are (*b*) in the Eighth Book:

With partial hands the Gods their gifts diſpenſe;
Some greatly think, ſome ſpeak with manly ſenſe.
Here Heav'n an elegance of form denies,
But Wiſdom the defect of form ſupplies:
This Man with energy of thought controuls,
And ſteals with modeſt violence our Souls;
He ſpeaks reſerv'dly, but he ſpeaks with force,
Nor can one word be chang'd but for a worſe.

The Concluſion of *Tireſias*'s Speech to *Ulyſſes*, I dare anſwer for it, you will think excellent in this Way:

(*a*) B. 14. (*b*) Ver. 185. &c. 170.

—Peace-

—Peaceful ſhalt thou end thy bliſsful days,
And ſteal thyſelf from life, by ſlow decays:
Unknown to pain, in age reſign thy breath,
When late ſtern *Neptune* points the ſhaft with death;
To the dark grave retiring as to Reſt,
(*a*) Thy people bleſſing, by thy people bleſt.

By this we ſee, how Mr. *Pope* can enliven any thing of this kind with the greateſt Juſtice as well as Beauty: ſuch (to mention but one more) is that ſingle Paſſage, as I take it, in all *Homer*'s Works, which deſcribes the Regions of the Bleſt. The Lines are very beautiful in the Original; and the Tranſlation has expreſſed all the beauties of it in a lively proper fluency of Verſe:

Elyſium ſhall be thine; the bliſsful plains
Of utmoſt Earth, where *Rhadamanthus* reigns:
Joys ever-young, unmix'd with pain or fear,
Fill the wide circle of th' Eternal Year.
Stern Winter ſmiles on that auſpicious clime;
The Fields are florid with unfading Prime:
From the bleak pole no Winds inclement blow,
Mould the round Hail, or flake the fleecy Snow:
But from the breezy deep, the Bleſt inhale
The fragrant murmurs of the Weſtern gale.
This grace peculiar will the Gods afford [Lord.
(*b*) To thee, the Son of *Jove*, and beauteous *Helen's*

What can be more Juſt and Beautiful? The Thought proper and adequate; the

(*a*) B. 11, 169. λ'. 136.
(*b*) B. 4, 776. δ'. 564 to 569.

Words

Words glowing; and the Language alive: To me, the Verſes themſelves ſeem to run on with joy, and pleaſure. The delightful Softneſs of thoſe lines in *Homer*

Ἀλλ' ἀιεὶ ζεφύροιο λιγυπνείοντος ἀΰτας
Ὠκεανὸς ἀνίησιν ἀναψύχειν ἀνθρώπους,

is diffus'd thro' the whole Deſcription in the Tranſlation; and the latter has the advantage of the Original, in concluding with a full elaſtick line, that carries a Spring with it; inſtead of the heavineſs of

——Καί σφιν γαμβρὸς Διός ἐστι.

I entirely agree with you (ſays *Antiphaus*) as to the turn of the Lines; 'tis very fine and vigorous: but methinks even in theſe, what anſwers the two particular *Greek* Verſes you have repeated, are too much flouriſh'd, and more remarkable for their Sound, than for any other Idea they may give the Mind.

I ſhall not ſtand with you for that Couplet, anſwer'd *Philypſus*: what I chiefly admire is the general flow of the lines in the whole Paſſage.

This manner of writing, *Antiphaus*, is very aſſiſtant in expreſſing the Nature of the Subject: and indeed, tho' Mr. *Pope* may ſometimes go too far in the Florid and Artificial, we may ſay in general, that he is a very Natural Writer. His Imagi-

Imagination is lively, his Colours ſtrong, and his Hand maſterly in moſt of his ſtrokes. We ſhou'd loſe ourſelves in endeavouring to obſerve all that variety of Beauties of this kind, which are to be found in his Tranſlation: one Point I have particularly admired in it; the Poet's peculiar Air, and Happineſs in drawing Landſcapes; eſpecially hanging Woods, Slopes, and Precipices: Thus:

—High *Ithaca* o'erlooks the Floods, [Woods.
(*a*) Brown with o'er-arching Shades, and pendent

What Reader will be ſo unconcern'd, and ſo little taken with this Proſpect, as *Ueyſſes* is repreſented to be in another Part of the Poem? For 'tis the ſame place, that we have a deſcription of afterwards, when we are told, That he

—Deep-muſing, o'er the Mountains ſtray'd,
Thro' mazy thickets of the woodland ſhade,
And cavern'd ways, the ſhaggy coaſt along,
(*b*) With cliffs, and nodding foreſts over-hung.

In *Ulyſſes*'s firſt adventures in *Phæacia*, we are led on ſucceſſively, thro' ſeveral very beautiful Deſcriptions. Firſt we

(*a*) B. 3, 96. γ'. 81.
(*b*) B. 14, 4.

have

have a (*a*) rocky Coaſt, excellently pictur'd in two lines only: thence we are carried into a (*b*) thick dark Wood, for that Night. The next Morning, we have a (*c*) View of the City: The firſt things which offer to the Eye are the Caſtle, and the Senate-houſe, riſing above the other Buildings; at a diſtance, acroſs the great Road, appears the Port with the Ships at Anchor, and their Streamers fluttering in the Air: on the Shore, juſt by the Temple of *Neptune*, you ſee the *Phæacians* buſied in the Dock, all in their ſeveral Employments. After this View, you paſs thro' a (*d*) delicious Range of Groves and Meadow-ground, up to the Walls; while on this ſide, (*e*) appear the Gardens all in bloom; as the Vineyards of *Alcinous* cloſe the Scene on the other.

There can be nothing better imag'd, and more natural, than theſe Deſcriptions are in Mr. *Pope*'s Tranſlation: they exceed even the Original itſelf.

I beg leave to repeat another Deſcription to you, which lies not ſo diffus'd as

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(*a*) B. 5, 520, 521. ε. 402.
(*b*) B. 5, 613, to 622. ε. 480.
(*c*) B. 6, 310, to 320. ζ'. 262, 269.
(*d*) B. 6, 350. ζ'. 291.
(*e*) B. 6, 355. ζ'. 293.

the former; 'tis one ſingle View of *Calypſo*'s Grotto; and what an exact and beautiful Draught of it does it give us?

——— A various ſylvan ſcene
Appears around, and groves of living green;
Poplars and Alders ever quiv'ring play'd,
And nodding Cypreſs form'd a fragrant ſhade;
On whoſe high branches, waving with the ſtorm,
The Birds of broadeſt wing their manſion form,
(The Chough, the Sea-mew, the loquacious Crow)
And ſcream aloft, and skim the deeps below.
Depending Vines the ſhelving Cavern ſcreen,
With purple cluſters bluſhing thro' the green:
Four limpid fountains from the Cliff diſtil,
And ev'ry fountain pours a ſev'ral rill,
(*a*) In mazy windings wand'ring down the Hill.

Nothing can be more beautiful to the Eye, than theſe Landſcapes are in the Poem: they make every thing preſent to us; and agreeably deceive us into an Imagination, that we (*b*) *actually See, what we only Hear:* As the Poet may improve all his Circumſtances at pleaſure, what the Criticks have obſerv'd in this Caſe, is not ſo extravagant, as one wou'd imagine; we really ſee things more fully and with greater delight in the Poem, than we ſhou'd in the reality; the Picture im-

(*a*) B. 5, 92. ℓ. 71.
(*b*) Τὴν ἀκοὴν ὄψιν ποιεῖ. *Longin.* περὶ Ὑψ. κε'.

proves

proves upon Nature: and we might look on the Prospect itself with (*a*) *less pleasure, than we hear it described.*

Whoever is shock'd at this, may be pleas'd to consider *the Cave of the Nymphs*, in the Thirteenth Book: That alone may serve to shew, how largely Circumstances may be added, in describing the works of Nature, or in drawing poetical Prospects.

Mr. *Pope* shews an excellent Hand in several other Places; as in the first View of *Circe*'s Palace at a distance, and constantly in the appearance of Land off at Sea.

Ulysses gives us an account of the former at his landing upon the Island of that Goddess.

(*b*) From the high Point I mark'd in distant view
A stream of curling Smoke ascending blue,
And spiry tops, the tufted Trees above,
Of *Circe*'s Palace bosom'd in the Grove.

The other is very frequent: take a Description or two of it, that come into my Mind at present.

(*a*) Κρεῖττον γέγονεν ἀκουσθῆναι λεγόμενον, ἢ ὀφθῆναι νενόμενον. *Dionysius Hal.* Περὶ Συνθέσεως. γ'.
(*b*) B. 10, 173. κ'. 150.

(*a*) Like distant Clouds the Mariner descries
Fair *Ithaca*'s emerging Hills arise.

Again;

(*b*) The distant Land appear'd —
Then swell'd to sight *Phæacia*'s dusky coast,
And woody Mountains half in vapours lost;
That lay before him, indistinct and vast,
Like a broad Shield amid the watry waste.

Nothing hath furnish'd *Homer* (as well as *Virgil*) with such a variety of natural Images, as this Element; and in nothing has Mr. *Pope* more finely copied his Original. But all these Beautiful Pictures, are only Pictures of *still Life*; this Gentleman's Excellency reaches farther; he is as masterly in all his Motions, and Actions; he can teach his Pencil to express Ideas yet in the Mind, and to paint out the Passions of the Soul.

Sometimes we have all the *Imagery* in Motion: If a Ship is to set sail, the Canvas swells to the Eye, the Streamers float in the Air, and the Sailors are all full of Noise and Business: You see the Vessel move on, and hear the rushing sound of the Water: You behold the

(*a*) B. 13, 115. *v*'. 95.
(*b*) B. 5, 356. *v*. 279.

Rowers,

Rowers, drawing *(a) the Oar to their broad Breaſts*; and the different attitudes of them, as they *(b) bend*, or *(c) ſtretch* to the ſtroke.

(d) At once they bend and ſtrike their equal oars,
And leave the ſinking hills, and leſs'ning ſhores.

This Idea of the Land ſeeming to ſink and recede, is very beautifully added in another Place, where we have the Deſcription of a Perſon driving, very ſwiftly, in a Chariot: I believe you will hear the intire Paſſage with Pleaſure, as it is all very Juſt and Natural:

With haſty hand the ruling reins he drew:
He laſh'd the courſers, and the courſers flew.
Beneath the bounding yoke alike they held
Their equal pace, and ſmoak'd along the field.
The Tow'rs of *Pylos* ſink, its views decay,
Fields after fields fly back, till cloſe of Day,
(e) Then ſunk the Sun, and darken'd all the way.

Again;

Along the waving fields their way they hold,
(f) The fields receding as the Chariot roll'd.

(a) B. 12, 183. *v'*. 147.
(b) B. 12, 216.
(c) B. 12, 265.
(d) B. 13, 94. *v'*. 78.
(e) B. 3, 618. *γ'*. 435.
(f) B. 3, 628. *γ'*. 495.

Give me leave (interpos'd *Antiphaus*) to obſerve one thing by the way. Mr. *Pope* deviates here a little from the Truth, and chuſes rather to ſhew the *Poet*, than the *Antiquary*. As I take it, the Horſes in the Chariots of the Ancients were not *beneath the Yoke*. Do not their Medals, and all the Pictures of them repreſent it otherwiſe? And does not the Verſe here in the Original, ſhew its Poſition in reſpect of the Horſes, very particularly and diſtinctly?

However, this is a ſlip of a ſmall Nature: and had the thing been expreſs'd in exact Conformity to the *Grecian* faſhion in this particular, it might not have ſtruck the Reader ſo ſtrongly, as it does now by its Agreement with the preſent Idea of the ſame thing.

I am not concerned, ſays *Philypſus*, either in defending, or giving up that particular: I only inſtance this Paſſage, in general, for its expreſſiveneſs of ſuch an Action, and of the Ideas ariſing in the Mind upon it: As to that *End*, I believe it will hold very well. The Deſcription and Sentiment is very Natural, (replied *Antiphaus*) I beg you to go on without obſerving any little breaks for the future, which may be occaſion'd by ſuch Circumſtances, as do not affect

the

the chief Aim and Design of a Quotation.

If the *Poet*, proceeded *Philypsus*, can paint out the *Ideas* in the Mind with so much Justice, as he appears to do by this instance; and more particularly by another mention'd before (of the successive *Openings* and *Unfolding* of an unknown Truth, in the Mind of *Circe*) we shall find him to have been equally Happy in expressing the *Passions* of the Soul. Something of this has been mention'd already, and almost an infinite variety of Beauties of the same kind might be added. They abound every-where in the Translation, and are generally well touch'd. But there is the Description of one Passion in particular, which is preserv'd throughout the whole Piece: It is *Ulysses* his Love for his Country. Give me leave to repeat some of the first, and last Passages, in which it is express. How strongly does *Minerva* represent this, even in the very entrance of the Poem? She says the Hero is detain'd from *Ithaca*, by a Goddess (nothing human cou'd have forc'd him into so tedious an absence: by a Goddess)

Who sooths to dear delight his anxious mind—
Successless all her soft caresses prove,
To banish from his breast his Country's love;

To see the *Smoke* from his lov'd palace rise,
While the dear Isle in *distant* prospect lies,
(*a*) With what *contentment wou'd he close his Eyes?*

The first Appearance of the Hero is most excellently imagined. *Calypso* has just receiv'd orders to detain *Ulysses* no longer from his Country; she finds him sitting alone upon the Rocks, the Tears trickling down his Cheeks, and his Eyes fixt upon the Sea. It was thus that he pass'd his Hours, in the Island of that Goddess: He constantly,

In slumber wore the heavy Night away;
On Rocks and Shores consum'd the tedious Day:
There sat all desolate, and sigh'd alone,
With echoing sorrows made the mountains groan,
And roll'd his eyes o'er all the restless main, [again.
(*b*) Till dimm'd with rising grief, they stream'd

Pardon me, says *Antiphaus*; even here (tho' the Passion be strongly set out, yet) the Language of the two Passages, which you repeated last, is not intirely free from the old Fault: That *soothing an anxious Mind to dear delight*, falls short of the plainness and energy of the Original: — To make the *Mountains groan with echoing Sorrow*, is yet more overwrought. —— And *the streaming again of*

(*a*) B. 1, 77. *d*. 59.
(*b*) B, 5, 204. *i*. 154.

his

his Eyes, is not exactly right in the Translation, which does not mention his *weeping before*; at the same time that it varies from the Original, which says, that he *never ceas'd from weeping*.

We meet with another Image of this (reply'd *Philypsus*) in the Evening before *Ulysses* sets sail for *Ithaca*; which, I believe, you will allow to be better expres's'd. He was then in so delightful a Place, as the Court of *Alcinous*. They had a multitude of Diversions there: the *Phæacians* were the happiest People in the World; Races and Entertainments, Mirth, Wine and Musick, were the chief Business of their Lives. *Ulysses* appears among them with a quite different face: he looks like a Creature of an higher Make, of an Order above them; and his Mind is taken up with farther Views, and other Desires.

All, but *Ulysses*, heard with fixt delight:
He sat, and ey'd the Sun, and wish'd the Night;
Slow seem'd the Sun to move, the hours to roll,
(a) His native Home deep-imag'd in his Soul.

We are continually put in mind of this fondness of the Hero for his Country: and in the last Case, it is particularly

(a) B. 13, 38. v'. 30.

fixt upon the Reader by a very expreſſive (*a*) Simile. We may imagine the ardency of *Ulyſſes*'s Love for his *Ithaca*, his own *proper* Country, when we conſider his Affection for the *Greeks* his Countrymen in general. Upon an occaſional revival in his Thoughts of the Deſtructions and Miſery they underwent before *Troy*, the Hero's Diſſimulation (great as it was) is overcome; his Paſſion breaks through every reſtraint: we immediately ſee him all in Tears. This tenderneſs of his is painted in another Simile, the moſt pathetick that can be conceived, and the moſt expreſſive of his Affection for his Countrymen.

——— *Ulyſſes'* griefs renew;
Tears bathe his cheeks, and tears the ground bedew:
As ſome fond Matron views in mortal fight
Her Husband falling in his Country's right;
Frantick thro' claſhing ſwords ſhe runs, ſhe flies,
As ghaſtly pale he groans, and faints, and dies;
Cloſe to his Breaſt ſhe grovels on the ground,
And bathes with floods of tears the gaping wound;
She cries, ſhe ſhrieks: the fierce inſulting foe
Relentleſs mocks her violence of woe;
To chains condemn'd as wildly ſhe deplores,
(*a*) A widow, and a ſlave, on foreign ſhores.

(*a*) See Note on the Place.
(*b*) B. 8, 580. θ'. 530.

It

It would be endleſs to repeat every thing of this Nature; there are a Thouſand ſketches of it in the *Odyſſey*. 'Tis ſufficient at preſent to obſerve, that Mr. *Pope* generally gives them to us in very lively Colours; and excels almoſt everywhere in the *Pathetick*. 'Tis certain, (ſays *Antiphaus*) that he has an excellent Hand; his Images, which you have ſet before me, are as ſtrong as any of the Works of the Pencil. They are ſo, anſwered *Philypſus*; and on that account, you will Pardon me for borrowing ſo many Expreſſions from Painting in this Caſe; 'tis unavoidable. The deſigns of Painting and Poetry are ſo united, that to me the Poet and the Painter ſeem ſcarcely to differ in any thing, except the Mean they make uſe of, to arrive at one and the ſame end. Both are to expreſs Nature: but the Materials of the one are Words and Sound; of the other, Figure and Colours. *Poetry* can paint more particularly, more largely, and with greater Coherence: *Painting* is the more conciſe, and emphatical. If *This* may excel in ſhewing one View diſtinctly, *That* can ſhew ſeveral in ſucceſſion, without any manner of Confuſion. Any figure in *Painting* is confin'd to one Attitude; but *Poetry* can give as great a variety of Motion and

Poſtures, as the reality itſelf. What ſeems a Paradox of Art in either, is their Power of expreſſing two *oppoſite Paſſions* in the ſame face. Of this ſort (among a Multitude of like inſtances) is the Mother of *Lewis* the Thirteenth, in the Gallery of *Luxembourg*; and every Piece in that fine Epiſode, which concludes the ſixth *Iliad*. In that *Picture*, the Queen's Face ſtrongly expreſſes the Pain and Anguiſh of her Condition, mix'd with a regard toward her Son, full of the greateſt Pleaſure and Complacency. In the *Poem* we have the greater variety, and each piece is perfectly juſt and finiſh'd. *Hector* ſhews a fierceneſs for the War, and a tenderneſs that inclines him to ſtay for a laſt interview; little *Aſtyanax* has a Fondneſs and a Terror in his Eyes, at the ſight of his Father; while *Andromache*'s Face is all ſoften'd into a tender Smile; and, at the ſame time, wet with the Tears, that fall for her *Hector*.

I remember (ſays *Autiphaus*) it was to you that I was oblig'd for the firſt Obſervation I ever met with, on theſe *Double Paſſions*. I have ſince read ſeveral things (in the *Æneid*, as well as in the Works of *Homer*) with a pleaſure perfectly new, on account of the light you then gave me into this particular: And out of a Thouſand Places, that I have obſerv'd

obſerv'd it in ſince, I know none more beautiful than that of *Achæmenides* in *Virgil*, which you mention'd to me the firſt time we ever talk'd of this Subject.

That you know (reply'd *Philypſus*) to have been always my Favourite: I have read it over in *Dryden* ſo frequently, that I believe I can now repeat you his Tranſlation of it:

—From the Woods there bolts, before our ſight,
Somewhat betwixt a Mortal and a Spright;
So thin, ſo ghaſtly meager, and ſo wan,
So bare of Fleſh, he ſcarce reſembled Man:
This thing, all tatter'd, ſeem'd from far t'implore
Our pious Aid, and pointed to the Shore.
We look behind; then view his ſhaggy Beard;
His cloaths were tagg'd with thorns, and filth his limbs beſmear'd:
The reſt in mien, in habit, and in face,
Appear'd a *Greek*; and ſuch indeed he was:
He caſt on us from far a frightful view,
Whom ſoon for *Trojans* and for foes he knew;
Stood ſtill, and paus'd; then, all at once, began
To ſtretch his Limbs, and trembled as he ran;
Soon as approach'd, upon his knees he falls,
And thus with tears and ſighs for pity calls:
" Now by the Pow'rs above, and what we ſhare
" From Nature's common gift, this vital Air,
(a) O *Trojans*, take me hence.—

'Tis but too evident (continu'd *Philypſus*) that Mr. *Dryden* falls as much

(a) *Dryd.* Tranſl. Æn. 3, 788.

ſhort

ſhort of (*b*) *Virgil* in the chief turn that relates to our preſent purpoſe, as *Virgil* has exceeded that (*b*) Paſſage in the *Iliad*, which might poſſibly have given him the hint for drawing this admirable Image.

This Diſtraction of *Achæmenides* between ſeveral Paſſions at once, puts me in mind of the dubiouſneſs and ſhifting of thoughts, which is illuſtrated in *Homer* by a very apt and expreſſive Simile; than which (ſays Mr. *Pope*) "There (*c*) "is ſcarce any thing, in the whole com- "paſs of Nature, that can more exactly "repreſent the State of an irreſolute "mind, wavering between two different "Deſigns; ſometimes inclining to the "one, ſometimes to the other, and then "moving to that Point to which its Re- "ſolution is at laſt determin'd."

As when old Ocean's ſilent ſurface ſleeps,
The Waves juſt heaving on the purple Deeps;

(*a*) Æn. 3, 592.

——Subito è ſylvis macie confecta ſuprema,
Ignoti nova forma viri, miſerandaque cultu
Procedit, ſupplexque manus ad litora tendit——
—— Ubi Dardanios habitus & Troia vidit
Arma procul; paullum aſpectu conterritus *hæſit*,
Continuitque gradum: mox *ſeſe ad litora præceps*
Cum fletu precibuſque *tulit*.——

(*b*) Ιλ'. κ'. 358.

(*c*) Note on *Il.* 14, 21.

While

While yet th' expected Tempeſt hangs on high,
Weighs down the cloud, and blackens in the sky,
The maſs of waters will no wind obey:
Jove ſends one guſt, and bids them roll away.
While wav'ring counſels thus his mind engage,
Fluctuates in doubtful thought the *Pylian* ſage;
To join the hoſt, or to the Gen'ral haſte,
(*a*) Debating long, he fixes on the laſt.

There is ſomething of this *Mixture of Paſſions*, (and thoſe too the moſt beautiful in this Caſe, I mean of oppoſite *Paſſions*) in that line of *Milton*, where he ſays that Death

Grinn'd horrible a ghaſtly ſmile—

One wou'd almoſt be perſuaded, that *Homer* is the laſt Reſort of all the fineſt Thoughts in Poetry; for this likewiſe ſeems to have been copied from him, tho' it fails very much (as to the Point in hand) both of the Original, and of Mr. *Pope*'s Tranſlation of it. —— *Juno* makes a very mutinous Speech in an aſſembly of the Deities: The Infection took, as much as ſhe could deſire: and that ſucceſs, provok'd and inflam'd as ſhe was, forced her to be ſomewhat pleaſed, in ſpite of herſelf: Upon this ſhe ſhews a ſort of (*b*) uneaſy ſatisfaction, in ſuch a Smile,

(*a*) Iliad 14, 30.
(*b*) Il. 6. 103.

as

as *Ovid (a)* gives to his *Envy* in the *Metamorphoſis*.

To ſee the gath'ring grudge in ev'ry breaſt,
Smiles on her lips a ſpleenful joy expreſt;
While on her wrinkled front, and eye-brow bent,
(*b*) Sat ſtedfaſt care, and low'ring diſcontent.

There are many things in *Virgil*'s fourth *Æneid*, which might be produc'd on this Occaſion: but 'tis more to our preſent Subject to conſider that part of the *Odyſſey*, from which ſome of its fineſt ſtrokes are borrowed. *Calypſo*, when ſhe acquaints our Hero with the deſign of his departure from her Iſland; upon his doubting her ſincerity, ſwears very ſolemnly, that her Reſolutions are real: the next moment, ſhe falls into a Speech full of Inſinuations and Arguments to detain him: both theſe ſpeeches may rather be ſaid to be *enliven'd* and *improv'd*, than to be *well tranſlated* by Mr. *Pope*; this only wou'd be too narrow a Commendation of them: —— The firſt runs thus:

How prone to doubt, how cautious are the wiſe?
But hear, Oh Earth, and hear, ye ſacred Skies!

(*a*) Riſus abeſt; niſi quem viſi movere dolores. B. 2. 778.

(*b*) *Pope*'s Iliad, B. 15. 113.

And

And thou, Oh *Styx!* whoſe formidable floods
Glide thro' the ſhades, and bind th' atteſting Gods;
No form'd deſign, no meditated end
Lurks in the counſel of thy faithful friend;
Kind the perſuaſion, and ſincere my aim;
The ſame my practiſe, were my fate the ſame.
Heav'n has not curſt me with a heart of ſteel,
(*a*) But giv'n the ſenſe to pity, and to feel.

One wou'd think now that the Goddeſs was to do nothing but adviſe about his Voyage, and the Conveniencies for it: but her Paſſions immediately veer about; and the very next Page, the very next time ſhe ſpeaks, 'tis all in a ſtrain intirely oppoſite to what ſhe has been ſaying in this:

Ulyſſes! (with a ſigh ſhe thus began)
O ſprung from Gods! in wiſdom more than Man!
Is then thy hôme the paſſion of thy heart?
Thus wilt thou leave me? are we thus to part?
Farewel! and ever joyful mayſt thou be;
Nor break the tranſport with one thought of me.
But ah, *Ulyſſes!* wert thou giv'n to know
What fate yet dooms thee, yet, to undergo,
(*b*) Thy heart might ſettle in this ſcene of eaſe, *&c.*

I muſt not forget here, that one of the fineſt of the modern *Italian* Poets has expreſs'd this Mixture of oppoſite Paſſions,

(*a*) B. 5, 246. ℔. 191.
(*b*) B. 5, 265. ℔. 208.

on

on an occaſion which is attended with ſuch a Circumſtance as exceeds any of the other: The particular in which he ſhews it, ſhews at the ſame time the *ſwiftneſs* of the intervening Paſſion; and expreſſes the ſtrongeſt of any, how immediately one flow of Spirits ſucceeds upon a former and quite contrary emotion. *Armida*, deſerted by her *Rinaldo*, breathes nothing but fury and revenge; ſhe purſues him in the heat of the battle; forgetful of her former paſſion, ſhe aims an arrow at his heart: but ſee, while it is yet in its flight, how the paſſions vary on her face! her rage and fury ſoften into tenderneſs, and apprehenſion of his danger! in an inſtant her Love is too ſtrong for her Reſentment: in an inſtant, ſhe dreads leſt her Deſign ſhould be effectual, and longs to be diſappointed in her aim:

(*a*) Swift flies the ſhaft: as ſwiftly flies her pray'r,
That all its vehemence be ſpent in air.

How finely are the Paſſions blended in this piece? The Tranſition from the extremity of fury to an exceſs of love, is manag'd in ſuch a manner, as to be wholly imperceptible: as when two Colours are

(*a*) Lo ſtral *volo*; ma *con lo ſtrale* un volò
Subito uſcì, che vada il colpo a voto.
Taſſo's Ger. Lib. Cant. 20. *St.* 63.

loſt

loſt in the Shades of each other, the Eye is agreeably deceived; and we are delighted with the delicacy of their Union, tho' unable to diſcover where one commences, or the other ends.

In this particular there is not any thing that can equal Poetry, or bear to be compared with it, except its ſiſter-art of Painting; that might copy every inſtance I have mention'd here: And certainly what makes ſo beautiful a Figure in the fineſt Poets, might deſerve the imitation of the beſt Painters. Was not the *Dolon* and *Calypſo* of *Homer* worthy the hand of a *Zeuxis* or *Apelles?* Wou'd not the *Aruns* and *Achæmenides* of *Virgil* have been a fine deſign even for *Corregio* or *Raphael* to have work'd upon? If our *Shakeſpear* can give us the ſtruggle of Paſſions in the Breaſt of *Coriolanus*, *Wall* might trace the ſame, and ſpeak them as well with his Pencil: And if *Corneille* has ſtrongly expreſs'd the contrary deſires of the ſiſter of the *Curiatii*; his Countryman *Le Brun* might have had a much finer Subject in the various Paſſions of the *Sabines*, ruſhing in amidſt the two contending Armies, to prevent thoſe fatal Conſequences, in which the Victory of either party muſt neceſſarily involve them.

But what I have often thought of as one of the fineſt Subjects of this kind, either

either for Poetry or Painting, is the firſt *Brutus* on the Judicial-ſeat, juſt before the act of giving Sentence on his own Sons, for their treachery to the Commonwealth. What a noble ſtrife was there, between natural Affection, and the Love of one's Country? between Duty, and Deſire? between common Humanity, and the Spirit (perhaps the Pride) of a *Roman?* What a fine Groupe of Figures wou'd the Suppliants for the Criminals compoſe in ſuch a Piece? On one ſide of the Tribunal, the *Wife* of the Judge and *Mother* of the Offenders, and all the Relations divided in the ſame manner, between a deſire of moving Pity, and an abhorrence of the very Crime for the Pardon of which they wou'd intercede: The People of *Rome*, on the other ſide, with looks full of mixt Paſſions; ſome ſtruck with pity, amidſt all their ſeverity; ſome almoſt condemning and yet approving at the ſame time, the rigid juſtice of the Father; while others commiſerate the Youth of the Sons, and ſeem incens'd at the Unnatural Impartiality of the Judge.

'Tis a Misfortune, that *Virgil*'s Hand was with-held from launching farther (*a*) where he has touch'd upon this Sub-

(*a*) Æn. 6. 821.

ject:

ject: but it would be well made up to us, if any eminent Perſon, in the other Art, wou'd undertake it: It might certainly make a finiſht Piece; and Painting in this particular wou'd have the advantage of Poetry, as it could expreſs this Mixture of paſſions directly, and wou'd ſtrike the mind with them in their proper Union, all at once: whereas, when taken from the Poetical Picture, the combination is not ſo eaſy; and we ſcarce ever conceive it ſo cloſely as we ought.

Were you to give me full ſcope, I ſhou'd carry the reſemblance between theſe Arts much farther than it has ever yet been carried: There is perhaps ſcarce a *Figure* or *Manner* in Poetry which I ſhou'd not imagine to have its tally in the Schools of the Painters: I cou'd find it even in the very next point, which comes in my way, in the *Emphatical*. Natural Deſcriptions, as they are Pictures which take in the various Circumſtances of a place or action, give us generally ſeveral Groupes of finiſht Figures: This, on the contrary, is a way of expreſſing Nature in Poetry, not unlike Sketches and firſt Draughts in Painting: and as the lines in Sketches are *fewer*, but more *animated*; this muſt be always *conciſe*, and very *expreſſive*.

There

There are ſeveral maſterly ſtrokes of the *Emphatical* kind in the *Odyſſey:* Such is that Speech of *Telemachus*, where he ſays,

Prepar'd I ſtand. He was but born to try
(*a*) The *lot* of Man: *To ſuffer, and to die.*

Such is *Circe*'s whole ſpeech (*b*) which I repeated to you before, on account of its being ſo pathetical. Such, in an high degree, is the firſt rencounter of the Hero with that Goddeſs.

Hence to thy Fellows (Dreadful ſhe began)
(*c*) Go, be a Beaſt.—I heard; and yet was Man.

This *Manner* is neceſſary in all *Sententious* paſſages, and *moral* reflections; 'tis often ſtrong in expreſſing the *paſſions:* and peculiarly uſeful in the *Sublime.* Take an inſtance of each, from Mr. *Pope.*

(*d*)—Pirates and conquerors, of harden'd mind,
The foes of peace, and ſcourges of Mankind,
To whom offending Men are made a prey,
When *Jove* in vengeance gives a land away:

(*a*) B. 3, 119. γ'. 95, 96.
(*b*) B. 10, 387, to 392.
(*c*) B. 10, 382. κ'. 321.
(*d*) B. 14, 110. ξ'. 88.

Ev'n

Ev'n theſe, when of their ill-got ſpoils poſſeſs'd,
Find ſure tormentors in the guilty breaſt:
Some voice of God cloſe whiſp'ring from within,
"Wretch! this is Villainy, and this is Sin."

The reflection upon ſeeing *Agamemnon* in *Hades*, is of this kind.

(*a*) Now all *Atrides* is an empty ſhade!

Juſt after *Atrides* ſpeaks thus paſſionately in the account of his own Death, by the treachery of *Ægiſthus*:

(*b*) But not with me the direful Murder ends:
Theſe, Theſe expir'd!—Their crime they were [my friends.

In the *Sublime*, nothing can be higher than the language of his Gods, *Neptune* and *Jupiter*:

(*c*) If ſuch thy Will.—We will it, *Jove* replies.

This latter is that ſhort full way of Expreſſion, ſo frequent in (*d*) *Virgil* and (*e*) *Homer*, copied perhaps by both from

(*a*) B. 11, 490. λ'. 392.
(*b*) B. 11, 512. λ'. 412.
(*c*) B. 13, 177. ν'. 154.
(*d*) Naviget. Æn. 4, 237.
(*e*) Ἀπόπεμπε. Οδ. ε. 146.

the

the admired Example of it in (*a*) *Moſes*, and grown ſince into an (*b*) *Axiom* among the Criticks. It is the more to be commended in Mr. *Pope*, becauſe the turn he gives the Line, is perfectly his own: Indeed in every one of theſe inſtances, as I take it, the Chief of their ſtrength and emphaſis is owing to the Improvements in the Tranſlation.

Antiphaus cou'd ſcarce imagine, that theſe were all clear improvements upon *Homer*: He immediately conſulted the paſſages in the Original; and was ſurpriz'd to find, how far they fell ſhort of the Tranſlation; eſpecially in the lines that anſwer *Circe*'s *threat*, and the *complaint of Agamemnon*. I am pleas'd (ſays he) beyond meaſure, in conſulting theſe parts of the Poem, to ſee how much ſtrength and force there is added to them; have you not obſerv'd more inſtances of this kind? impart them to me, good *Philypſus*: 'Tis no matter for method or regularity; give them to me immediately. — Had I time (anſwer'd *Philypſus*) I cou'd find out ſeveral other places which have all their proper improvements; at preſent, I ſhall refer you

(*a*) The great *Fiat*.

(*b*) Πᾶς ὁ δεσπότης δέλῳ μονοσύλλαβος. *Dem. Phal.* ζ'.

to

to the beginning of *Menelaus* his ſpeech to *Telemachus* in the Fourth *Odyſſey*; *Neſtor*'s *(a)* in the Third; and in the Tenth, the ſpeeches between *Ulyſſes* and *Circe*. ——I was going to point out ſome paſſages in the *(b) Deſcent into Hell*: but 'tis difficult to ſingle out particular beauties from that book; the whole of it is ſo excellently Tranſlated, and (I believe I may ſay) ſo generally improv'd.

The mentioning *Circe* juſt now, puts me in mind of another paſſage: 'Tis where *Homer* deſcribes the Metamorphoſis of the companions of *Ulyſſes*. They had (ſays he) the Shape and the Voice of Beaſts, *(c) but their Mind remain'd firm and unalter'd*: this Mr. *Pope* improves into the following lines:

(*d*) Still curſt with ſenſe, their mind remains alone,
And their own voice affrights them when they [groan.

The addition here is very Natural, and full of Beauty; in ſuch changes,

(*a*) V. 125. γ'. 103.
(*b*) Book 11.
(*c*) κ'. 240. Αυτὰρ νῶϊ ἦν ἔμπεδος, ὡς τὸ πάρος περ.
(*d*) B. 10, 281.

particularities of this kind ſtrike us very much: *Virgil* touches them on a like Occaſion (*a*) with his uſual happineſs; and (*b*) *Ovid*, who has ſhewn a particular talent for ſuch ſubjects, has left us the very ſame thought with this of Mr. *Pope*.

I remember that Mr. *Pope* appear'd to me, upon my firſt reading his Tranſlation, to have improv'd much upon the Original in his *Poetical Repetitions* of the ſame word, the Figure in which he is moſt frequent. Thus is it us'd in the following lines:

A Scene, where if a God ſhou'd caſt his ſight,
(*c*) A God might gaze, and wander with delight.
(*d*) Never, *Never* wicked man was wiſe.

'Tis yet more beautiful, when the Repetition holds farther; as in this Paſſage:

(*e*) Tranſported with the ſong, the liſt'ning train
Again with loud applauſe demand the ſtrain:

(*a*) ——— Quamvis collo timuiſſet aratrum,
Et ſæpe in lævi quæſiſſet cornua fronte. *Ecl.* 6, 51.

(*b*) ——— Conata queri, mugitus edidit ore,
Pertimuitque ſonos, *propriaque exterrita voce eſt.*
Met. 1, 638.

(*c*) B. 5, 96. ε. 73.
(*d*) B. 2, 320. β'. 282.
(*e*) B. 8, 90. θ'. 92.

Again

Again Ulyſſes veil'd his penſive head,
Again unmann'd, a ſhow'r of Sorrow ſhed.

This ſometimes gives an additional ſolemnity, and riſes ſtronger and ſtronger each Line:

Celeſtial as thou art, yet ſtand deny'd:
Or ſwear that oath, by which the Gods are ty'd,
Swear, in thy ſoul no latent frauds remain,
(*a*) *Swear*, by the vow which never can be vain

This is ſometimes carried yet farther; and in *Virgil* particularly there is a fine Inſtance of this ſort of Repetition (*b*) being doubled.

But in nothing is this figure more beautiful, than in the (*c*) *Siren's Song:* That Piece of antient Muſick is greatly enliven'd in the Tranſlation; the whole flows on in a peculiar Harmony, and the Chorus is very happily added in the Concluſion of it:

Celeſtial muſic warbles from their tongue,
And thus the ſweet deluders tune the ſong.

(*a*) B. 10, 410. κ. 343. μέγαν ὅρκον ὄμοσσαι.

(*b*) Sævus amor docuit natorum ſanguine *matrem*
Commaculare manus; *Crudelis* tu quoque, mater:
Crudelis mater magis, an puer improbus ille?
Improbus ille puer; crudelis tu quoque mater.
Ecl. 8. v. 50.

(*c*) B. 12, 220. ψ. 184.

O *ſtay, oh Pride of* Greece! Ulyſſes, *ſtay!*
O ceaſe thy courſe, and liſten to our lay!
Bleſt is the Man ordain'd our voice to hear,
The ſong inſtructs the ſoul, and charms the ear.
Approach! thy ſoul ſhall into raptures riſe!
Approach! and learn new wiſdom from the wiſe.
We know whate'er the Kings of mighty name
Atchiev'd at *Ilion* in the field of fame;
Whate'er beneath the ſun's bright journey lies.
O *ſtay, and learn new wiſdom from the wiſe!*

The peculiar juſtice and propriety of this, is the manner in which theſe Goddeſſes apply to *Ulyſſes*; (*a*) by offering him knowledge; a thing the moſt oppoſite to their own Complexion; and a motive, the moſt likely to obtain upon that Hero. There is a great deal of Taſte and Judgment ſhewn in improving ſo finely upon this Circumſtance; but what runs through the whole, is that muſical enliven'd turn of the Verſes. This is the happineſs, which of all things I admire in Mr. *Pope:* either in proſe, or verſe, he has the fineſt flow that can be imagin'd. I have often heard a very good Critick ſay, That *whenever he is reading any Proſe of Mr.* Pope's, *he cannot help thinking that he ſhould never have wrote any thing elſe: and whenever he reads his Ver-*

(*a*) See Note on the Place.

ſes,

ſes, he is angry with him, for loſing any time from them, for Proſe. How often has the ſame Gentleman apply'd to this writer thoſe Lines in *Milton*, in which he ſpeaks of the firſt Poet, as well as the firſt of Men?

——(*a*) Such prompt Eloquence
Flows from his lips: In Proſe or num'rous Verſe
More tuneable, than needed Lute or Harp
To add more ſweetneſs.——

There are a Multitude of other paſſages, which deſerve to be mention'd on account of the fine *Repetitions* in them: theſe are what fell into my thoughts at preſent; and you have them in the ſame ſcatter'd manner, that they appear there: But one method of Improvement in this Tranſlation, I took particular notice of, and in that, I can be a little more full and diſtinct.

Mr. *Pope* has a very great happineſs in *Tranſplanting Beauties*. He often guides his Tranſlation of *Homer* by ſome fine thought, or good expreſſion in ſome other eminent writer; and this has been the occaſion of ſeveral improvements in that work.

(*a*) Paradiſe loſt, B. 5, 152.

Have you never obſerv'd how he intermixes the Elegance of *Virgil*, with the Majeſty of *Homer?* There are two (*a*) ſpeeches of *Circe*, which have much of the air of that of *Proteus* in the fourth *Georgick*, and that of the *Sybil*'s in the ſixth *Æneid*, The ſpeech of (*b*) *Tireſias* is improv'd from another of the *Sybil*; ſo alſo is the Prophetical ſpeech in the (*c*) ſecond *Odyſſey*.

There are ſeveral Imitations (in a ſhorter compaſs) of natural Images introduc'd into *Homer* from the ſame treaſury: Thus the following Lines:

(*d*) Down-ſunk the heavy beaſt.
(*e*) *Læſtrigonia*'s gates ariſe diſtinct in air.
(*f*) — The ſhores like miſts ariſe.
(*g*) And all above is Sky, and Ocean all around, *&c.*

Although the Tranſlator adds theſe fine ſtrokes from other Hands, they are brought in ſo naturally, that they ſeem to ſpring out of *Homer*'s ſentiment: And if an Inſtance or two ſhou'd be found

(*a*) B. 10, 385.
(*b*) B. 11, 130. Æn. 6, 87, *&c.*
(*c*) V. 203.
(*d*) B. 14, 572.
(*e*) B. 10, 93. Æn. 3, 206.
(*f*) B. 12, 201.
(*g*) B. 12, 474. Æn. 3, 193.

among

among them which may vary a little from the Original, it is only to add some appoſite Thought, that is not only finer, but at the ſame time perfectly agreeable to the Subject. In ſuch caſes a Tranſlator may demand the greater liberty of enlarging: as a *Flattering Reſemblance* is always allow'd to Painters. I like that very ingenious Friend of your's, who calls the *French* Tranſlation of *Tacitus*, *La belle Infidelle:* That piece, you know, tho' not very preciſe and conſtant to its Author, is the more beautiful, and the more engaging.

However 'tis ſeldom that Mr. *Pope* varies much in theſe additional Beauties; his Tranſlation is generally faithful, even where it improves upon *Homer:* And he keeps the chief mark ſteadily in his Eye, tho' at the ſame time it admits the ſide-glances of Light, from other objects. Thus you will ſcarce ever find him deviating from his Author in ſuch caſes; tho' this manner of improving him by imitation from others is vaſtly frequent; and often ſo plain, that one may trace it thro' whole ſcenes together: In particular, I cou'd almoſt imagine that Mr. *Pope* read over the *Eclogues* of *Virgil*, before he ſet about that Part of the Story, which lies between *Ulyſſes* and *Eumæus*; and I

fancy at leaſt that I can trace the ſame Paſtorals in almoſt every rural Scene in this Piece. If I am miſtaken in this, 'tis the (*a*). reſemblance of their beauties, which has deceiv'd me.

Sometimes we find the *Diction* beautified by ſuch Reſemblances, or the Sentiment improv'd from other hands. From the (*b*) *Sacred Writings* frequently; from parallel places in (*c*) *Homer* himſelf: From *Virgil*, *Horace*, &c. among the Ancients; and from (*d*) ſeveral of the moſt celebrated Moderns. In his *Speeches*, we meet with improvements from the Examples and Rules of the Orators of old; and many from our own Dramatick pieces. It wou'd not be difficult, for a Man of a good Taſte, to diſcern the Air

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(*a*) From *Virgil*, B. 14, 76. B. 5, 96. See alſo B. 2, 26. Æn. 3, 627. B. 2, 55. B. 3, 126. B. 4, 509. B. 6, 120, 197. B. 7, 309. B. 9, 313, 524. B. 10, 190, 226, 569. B. 11, 433, 434, &c.

(*b*) *Scripture*, B. 1, 483. B. 3, 424, 451. B. 4. 145, 438. B. 5. 288. B. 6, 235. B. 10, 591. B. 11, 239. B. 14, 109. And frequently in other places.

(*c*) *Iliad*, B. 11, 415. Ιλ'. 6'. 41, &c.
Ovid, B. 4, 808. B. 10, 282. B. 13, 193. B. 14, 224.
Seneca, B. 5, 573.
Horace, B. 10, 516, 556, 557. B. 14, 519.

(*d*) *Dryden*, B. 5, 80. B. 11, 531, &c.
Milton, B. 9, 66. B. 10, 331. B. 11, 725, &c.

ſome-

ſometimes of *Dryden*, ſometimes of (a) *Shakeſpear*, and at others of *Otway*, among the ſpeeches in the *Odyſſey*. But to go no farther, if you pleaſe only to compare ſome of the ſhorter paſſages with the Original, you will eaſily ſee how much they are improv'd by taking in theſe Sidelights.

Antiphaus, upon conſulting the paſſages, as *Philypſus* pointed them out to him, at firſt did not think they deſerv'd ſo much Commendation; but when he came to compare the original Lines from the *Odyſſey*, with thoſe of Mr. *Pope*, he was convinc'd of their beauty: It delighted him to ſee, what Foundation the Original gave for ſuch a turn, and yet how new that turn was in the Tranſlation; he found almoſt in every one of them ſome addition for the better, and ſcarce in any a deviation from the ſenſe of *Homer*: It was *Homer*'s ſenſe, but the Expreſſion of it was improv'd. I thank you, (ſays he turning to *Philypſus*) I thank you for this clearer view you have given me of the beauties of this Tranſlation: beſide theſe laſt, how many things have you repeated to me that are

(a) *Shakeſpear*, B. 9, 420. B. 10, 410, &c.

extremely juſt, pure, cloſe, and *emphatical?* how many perfectly true and *natural?* how many handſomely beautified and *enlivened?* what *Pictures* of Things? what *Deſcriptions* of Actions? and what beautiful Expreſſions, both of the *thoughts*, and of the *paſſions* of the ſoul? In a word, what *improvements*, in ſome ſtrokes, upon the greateſt Genius of the World? —— Yes, added *Philypſus*, upon the greateſt Genius of the World, aſſiſted by the native uſe of the moſt Noble, and moſt Poetical of all Languages. Then, were we to conſider the inconveniences on the other ſide; the general difficulties of Tranſlation, and the difficulty of this in particular: How hard is it for a Poet to keep up his ſpirit and flame in another's Work? and how natural to flag in repreſenting Thoughts not our own? To maintain the vigour of Language, and the poetic, warmth thorough ſo long a work, and to expreſs the Soul of *Homer*, what a Genius does it require? what Spirit wou'd not ſink under ſo large an undertaking? Yet does Mr. *Pope* hitherto ſuſtain his Character in a handſome, equal manner; and we may ſafely promiſe ourſelves the ſame of the remaining part of this work: As he enter'd upon this ſtage with the greateſt expectations of all Men,

I doubt not but he will leave it with Universal Applause.

But however excellent his performance is in the whole, I own with you that it has its faults, the common marks of Humanity: Yes, my *Antiphaus*, you convinc'd me the former Evening, that it is unavoidable for the greatest Genius not to fail sometimes. For my Part, (says *Antiphaus*) I shall make no Apologies for the freedoms with which I then us'd this excellent writer: Any thing of that kind might look odd to you from one, whose constant Sentiment you know to be this, *that* the kindest way of commending a writer, is to find fault with him now and then, at proper intervals. Does not this evince an Impartiality in your views, and add an air of Sincerity and Justice to those Commendations, which you give him? Your Criticks, who extol a Man Universally, and will not be satisfied with any thing under a perfect Character, without any the least defect, are a kind of *Romantick Criticks*; they are rather making an Hero, than describing a Man: They give you a Picture of something, which exists no-where but in their own Minds: and a complete Poet, according to their representations of such,

will after all be only (what the Earl of *Mulgrave* calls it)

A faultleſs Monſter, which the world ne'er ſaw.

Very true, ſays *Philypſus*; that ſort of Criticks fail as much on one hand, as our more Modern Criticks have exceeded uſually on the other: Indeed the former err on the good-natur'd ſide; yet both of them are very much to blame: For as it ſhews a miſchievous ſort of Frenzy to ſtart errors, where there are really none; ſo an Obſtinacy not to ſee faults where they are very evident, requires either a good degree of Ignorance, or a moſt inveterate Fondneſs.

I am intirely of your opinion, ſays *Antiphaus*; and ſince I find you in ſuch a temper for it, I cou'd almoſt offer to ſhew you ſome farther remarks on that ſide of the Queſtion. —— Have you any other then? (ſays *Philypſus.*) A few, anſwered *Antiphaus*; but I beg one Evening more on this Topick. At preſent I ſhall only add my wiſhes, that we may conſtantly uſe this fair method, in reading any of the celebrated Pieces, which come out among us: Let us keep up the true balance, and not ſuffer ourſelves to be prejudic'd, either by too great

great fondneſs, or too violent diſlike. This is the great Rule of Ancient Criticiſm: *Always to keep our Hearts open to the beauties of a Poem; and never to ſhut our Eyes againſt the defects of it.*

AN

AN

ESSAY

ON

Mr. *Pope*'s ODYSSEY.

EVENING III.

ALMOST all the next day *Philypſus* was taken up in reflecting on what had been ſaid at the cloſe of their laſt meeting: he began to be not ſo uneaſy as uſual, in thinking that the faults of a favourite Poet were to be lookt into that Evening; he did not value Mr. *Pope* leſs than formerly, but he was thoroughly convinced that there was

was not so much of severity in this Method, as he had once imagin'd. "No: (says he to himself) Let us view impartially, that we may rationally admire: Where before I was immediately in love with his Beauties, and fond of the Work, I now feel an equal Pleasure, and an equal Esteem; but it is in a different manner: I now seem to see the causes that move me to be pleas'd with those fine Passages, and feel a more just and manly Satisfaction in them: 'Tis true, the Soul is not hurried away with that vehemence of delight, as formerly; but the agreeable Sense I now have from them, is both more refin'd, and more lasting. How much is this Rational way of admiring to be preferred to the common, vulgar, passionate one? This is as a flash of Lightning; but the other is like the Light of the Day: 'Tis a serene, diffus'd, steady light, which at the same time that it discovers all Objects to us, is itself the most beautiful of any."

But then (continued he) how blind was I to the defects of this Poet? Has not *Antiphaus* shewn me several, which before I had no sense of, and which now appear evidently to be such? Indeed that over-sight was more excuseable in reading the Works of this celebrated Writer,

Writer, than it wou'd have been in any other: Reaſon may well loſe ſomething of her Liberty, when ſhe is taken up with an Object every way ſo agreeable and engaging: However, for the future, I reſolve to keep myſelf obſtinately from being over-pleas'd with any thing; and to read his, as all other the beſt Pieces, in ſpight of all their Beauty, by that Rule which *Antiphaus* has laid down.

With theſe Thoughts he open'd the Tranſlation which lay on his desk; and was very buſy in conſidering it, when Company came in, and interrupted him for that Night. The next Day he employ'd himſelf in the ſame manner; This ſort of view was new to him, and of courſe the more agreeable: Sometimes he met with a line or two, that diſguſted him a little; but much more frequently was he ſtruck with the Beauties of the Poem; and thoſe he enjoy'd with a full Delight, as he found that Delight to be rational and juſt. This ſearch drew him on ſtrangely; he did not know how to leave off: And tho' *Antiphaus* ſtay'd for the Evening before he wou'd diſturb him, he found him ſtill cloſely employ'd at it: "My *Philypſus*, (ſays he) I'm glad to ſee you engag'd thus in the *Odyſſey*: What new light ſhall we have into the excellen-

excellencies of this writer? Have not you been collecting other Beauties out of the Tranſlation? — I have met with ſeveral other, reply'd *Philypſus:* So many indeed, that it wou'd be almoſt endleſs to collect them. But to tell you the Truth, my buſineſs was quite contrary to what you imagine: I was upon a more difficult task; I was endeavouring to try what Faults I cou'd diſcover in it. That is by much the more difficult, ſays *Antiphaus:* The few Faults of that Piece are ſcarce diſcernible among ſuch a ſuperior number of Beauties: How ſeldom do we perceive the diſagreeableneſs of a ſingle feature, in a Face that is very taking in the whole? Well, but have you been able to overcome this Difficulty? Can you diſcover any thing farther of this kind in the *Odyſſey?* Very little, anſwer'd *Philypſus:* There is but one point yet, which has afforded me any number of Inſtances; and that is a Fault directly oppoſite to what you particularly inſiſted on in our firſt Converſation on this Subject.

It was then, you know, thut we conſider'd ſeveral Points in which Mr. *Pope* appears to Elevate and Flouriſh too much: Have you never obſerv'd, on the contrary, that there are a few *Low-*

neſſes

neſſes in his Writings; and that he ſometimes ſinks into a Diction, which borders upon the *Mean* and *Vulgar*? I have, reply'd *Antiphaus*, in ſome few lines: but if you have made any remarks of that kind, I beg rather to ſee thoſe of your obſervation.

The two Friends were always ready to comply with the deſires of each other: *Philypſus*, as uſual, without prefacing or debating the matter, immediately ſhew'd him the following Lines:

(*a*) A Gallant leader, and—*a man I lov'd.*

(*b*) The *old man* early roſe, walk'd forth, and ſat
On poliſh'd ſtone before his palace gate.

(*c*) Or has Hell's Queen an empty image ſent,
That wretched I might ev'n my joys lament?

(*d*) Struck at the word my very heart was dead.

(*e*) *Euryclea*, who, great *Ops*, thy lineage ſhar'd,
And watch'd all Night, all Day: a faithful guard.

(*f*) They led me to a good Man, and a wiſe.
(*g*) And ſure he will, for wiſdom never lyes.

(*a*) B. 10, 259. κ'. 225.
(*b*) B. 3, 523. γ'. 405.
(*c*) B. 11, 258. λ'. 212.
(*d*) B. 10, 588. κ'. 496.
(*e*) B. 2, 393. β'. 345.
(*f*) B. 14, 392. ξ'. 359.
(*g*) B. 3, 25. γ'. 20.

In

In the note upon this line (ſays *Philypſus)* we have a couplet repeated from the *Iliad*, which, I fear, is of the ſame ſtamp.

(*a*) Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My ſoul deteſts him as the gates of Hell.

I muſt confeſs, ſays *Antiphaus*, that the Lines you have repeated, carry a mean air with them; but poſſibly what looks like a fault, may really be a beauty in ſome of them.

Some ſubjects require a ſimplicity of ſtile: Beſide Mr. *Pope* is to follow *Homer*; and ſhou'd *Homer* uſe an humble ſtile in theſe places, even to appearance improperly, yet one ſhou'd be apt to look upon it, as a ſufficient juſtification of his tranſlator.

For my part (reply'd *Philypſus*) I have always thought, that there is a wide difference between an *humble* and a *mean* ſtile; but (not to urge any thing of that kind) in the greater part of the inſtances juſt repeated, I am certain, there is not a ſufficient likeneſs between the manner of the Original and the Tranſlation.

I ſhall only except the two laſt, which are indeed plain and proverbial in the

(*a*) Iliad 9, 412. *l.* 313.

Greek.

Greek. There is a ſimplicity, as Mr. *Pope* tells us in his notes, a noble ſimplicity, in the diction; and which, in my opinion, is not equally kept up in the *Engliſh:* but thoſe I ſhall not inſiſt upon.

As for the reſt, that mean cloſe of the firſt of theſe Lines, is in *Homer* an *(a)* handſome ſentiment, deliver'd in a ſounding verſe: and the meaneſt Expreſſion in the ſecond, *(b)* is poetical in the Original. The ſame will hold, in ſome degree, of the other Lines.

Indeed where *Homer* leads the way, the caſe is very different: I cannot ſay how far it might be juſtifiable, to blame a Tranſlator for following his Author: and it was for that very reaſon, that I ſhou'd not have taken any notice of the *delightful Hiſtory of the Coat and Cloak*, which is given us in one of the longeſt ſpeeches in the Fourteenth *Odyſſey.*

But we have ſeveral inſtances of *additional Lowneſſes:* I obſerv'd particularly that they were pretty frequent, when the Scene is in *Ithaca:* Thus:

His task it was the wheaten loaves to lay,
(*c*) And from the banquet take the bowls away.

(*a*) ——— Πολίτης ὄρχαμος ἀνδρῶν,
Ὅς μοι κήδιστος ἑτάρων ἦν, κεδνότατός τε. κ'. 225.
(*b*) ——— Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ. γ'. 405.
(*c*) B. 14, 507. ξ'. 455.

Again;

Again;

But if, to honour loſt, 'tis ſtill decreed [bleed.
(a) For you my bowl ſhall flow, my flocks ſhall

Again;

(b) Is this, returns the Prince, for mirth a time?
When lawleſs gluttons riot, mirth's a crime, &c.

The meanneſs here (interpos'd *Antiphaus)* is occaſion'd by a juſt deſign; that of writing in a ſtile agreeable to the ſimplicity of the ſubject: In ſeveral other places, it has a leſs excuſeable riſe; I mean, the labour and difficulty of Rhyme. The Poet's being in haſte to get this drudgery off his Hands, ſometimes draws him into the uſe of Expreſſions which are flat and contemptible. Thus, I believe, we may account for the Lowneſſes in theſe Couplets:

While with my ſingle ſhip, *advent'rous I*
(c) Go forth, the manners *of yon men to try.*
Mean while the Gods the dome of *Vulcan throng,*
(d) *Apollo* comes, and *Neptune* comes *along.*

(a) B. 1, 480. *δ.* 378.
(b) B. 2, 347. *β'.* 310.
(c) B. 9, 202. *ι.* 174.
(d) B. 8, 362. *θ'.* 322.

—When

——— When great *Alcides* roſe,
(*a*) And *Euritus*, who *bad the Gods be foes*.

You need only read over one ſingle paſſage, to gueſs how frequently the ſenſe may be leſſen'd and broke by this means; and how often we are put off with low, wretched words, merely for want of a more generous Rhyme.

You remember the Speech of *Ulyſſes*, when ſhip-wreck'd in his voyage from *Calypſo*'s Iſland; 'tis transferr'd, you know, by *Virgil* into his ſtorm; and both are very ſtrong, and animated. This is the paſſage which I beg leave to read to you from the Tranſlation before us.

(*a*) Happy! thrice happy! who in battle ſlain
Preſt in *Atrides'* cauſe the *Trojan* plain:
Oh! had I dy'd before *that well-fought wall*,
Had ſome diſtinguiſh'd day renown'd my fall;
(Such as was that when ſhow'rs of jav'lins fled
From conqu'ring *Troy* around *Achilles* dead)
All *Greece* had paid my ſolemn fun'rals *then*,
And ſpread my glory with the ſons of men.
A ſhameful fate now hides my hapleſs head,
Un-wept, un-noted, and for ever dead.
A mighty wave ruſh'd o'er him as he ſpoke,
The raft it cover'd, and the maſt it broke;

(*a*) B. 8, 256. θ, 225.
Οἱ ῥα ἀθανάτοισιν ἐρίζεσκον πεὶ τόξων.
(*b*) Od. 5, 393. ε. 306.

Swept

Swept from the deck, and from the rudder *torn*,
Far on the ſwelling ſurge the chief was *borne*:
While by the howling tempeſt *rent in twain*,
Flew ſail and ſail-yards ratling o'er the main.
Long preſs'd he heav'd beneath the weighty wave,
Clogg'd by the cumbrous veſt *Calypſo* gave;
At length emerging, from his *noſtrils wide*,
And guſhing mouth, effus'd the briny tide, *&c.*

The meanneſs of this paſſage, in compariſon either of the original *Greek*, or of *Virgil*'s imitation of it, appears to be in a great meaſure owing to a poverty of Rhyme. It has given a low turn to the whole paſſage; and that *lowneſs* is ſtill moſt evident in the *terminating* of the Lines.

There are a Thouſand other things (reſumed *Philypſus*) which contribute to the meanneſs of ſtile; even a deſire to avoid it, will occaſion it: 'Tis not uncommonly ſeen that the ſtraining to elevate a point, will make it really the more mean and ridiculous: as nothing ſhews the littleneſs of a dwarf, more than ſtrutting.

One wou'd be apt to ſuſpect this to be the caſe in the following verſes:

(*a*) There figs Sky-dy'd a purple hue diſcloſe—

(*a*) B. 11, 727. λ'. 588.

There

There *dangling pears* exalted ſcents unfold,
And *yellow apples ripen into gold.*

And in theſe other:

(*a*) Lur'd with the *vapour* of the fragrant feaſt,
In ruſh'd the ſuitors with *voracious haſte.*

Sometimes one ſingle word will leſſen the ſentiment, and break in upon the dignity of verſe. Thus, where the *Greek* calls *Memnon*, *The glorious Son of Aurora*, we find it in the Tranſlation only (*b*) *Swarthy Memnon.* This, by ſinking below the Original: it may be as faulty to ſtick too cloſe to it. (*c*) *Hog-herd and Cow-keeper* (ſays one of the Notes) *are not to be uſed in our Poetry, tho' there are no finer words, than thoſe which anſwer them, in the* Greek *language:* for the ſame reaſon I ſhou'd think that the uſe of the word (*d*) *Sty*, which occurs ſo often in the Tenth Book, might be varied; and perhaps ſome few other expreſſions of the ſame nature.

(*a*) B. 1, 190. ά. 144.
Ἐς δ' ἦλθον μνηστῆρες ἀγήνορες.——
(*b*) B. 4, 256. Ηὖς φαείνης ἄγλαος ἦος. δ'. 188.
(*c*) B. 14. Note 1.
(*d*) B. 10, 277, 338, 459, &c,

In general, what do you think (*a*) of *Scudding before the gales to* Pylos? of a (*b*) *ſore Soul?* and of (*c*) *Sacrificing throngs?* Are not theſe Expreſſions too low for verſe? And is it not too low and ruſtick even for proſe, to talk of *the* (*d*) ſwelling loins *of a Goddeſs*, or of *a Nymph's* (*e*) pacing *along the Sand?*

Your Inſtances, reply'd *Antiphaus*, ſufficiently ſhew, that (beſide the inconvenience of Rhyme) Mr. *Pope* does ſometimes, without that wrong Biaſs, deviate into a meanneſs of Expreſſion: They are directly contrary to his uſual Spirit. There is a caſe (ſays *Philypſus*) juſt come into my Head, which ought not to be forgot; we may ſee by it, on the other hand, how much this Gentleman can improve upon expreſſions in the Original, beyond the other tranſlators of *Homer*. That venerable old Poet uſes a phraſe which, tho' I do not believe it to have been mean in his times, does moſt certainly ſound ſo in the preſent: In ſpeaking of a Perſon intirely loſt in melan-

(*a*) B. 3, 221. γ'. 180.
(*b*) B. 3, 252.
(*c*) B. 3, 17. γ'. 12.
(*d*) B. 5, 296.
(*e*) Ibid. 192.

choly,

choly, he says, that he was continually (*a*) *eating up his own Mind:* So great a Man as *Cicero* has endeavour'd to give this in (*b*) *Latin*; but with that usual unhappiness, which attended him in his Poetry. In another part of *Homer*, we have the same manner of Expression; and it is as meanly translated by several Hands. The Passage is a part of *Jupiter*'s Speech to *Juno*; in which, to set out the violence of her hatred to *Priam* and his family, the God says, that *she wou'd* (*c*) *eat them, or swallow them up quick. Actius Labeo*, a wretched, tho' a Court writer, translated several Books of the *Iliad* into *Latin*; and if we may guess at the rest, by the only Verse left us of that Work (which, as it happens, answers this very Line) we have no great Reason to lament the loss of it: This an old Scholiast has preserv'd, for a taste of the Performance:

Crudum manduces Priamum, Priamique *pisinnos.*

Labeo, as Mr. *Pope* observes in his Note upon the (*d*) place, is equall'd by *Ogilby:*

(*a*) Ὃν θυμὸν κατέδων. Il. ζ'. 202.
(*b*) Ipse suum cor edens. *Tusc. Quæst.* lib. 3.
(*c*) Ὠμὸν βεβρώθοις Πρίαμον, Πριάμοιό τε παῖδας. Il. δ'. 35.
(*d*) Il. B. 4, 56.

Both King and People thou wou'dst eat alive:

As is *Ogilby* by *Hobbes*;

And eat up *Priam*, and his People all.

Such a general meanness in giving us this Expression of the *Greek* Poet, must make us look upon Mr. *Pope* with the greater regard, if he can keep it from sinking in *English*: This he has not only done, but gives it to us in an handsome poetical turn:

Let *Priam* bleed! if yet thou thirst for more,
(a) Bleed all his sons, and *Ilion* float with gore!

This expresses the full sentiment; and that, with an air of greatness and majesty in it: 'Tis now Language not unfit to be put into the mouth of *Jupiter*.

Antiphaus was extremely pleas'd to see so great a change in *Philypsus*; and that (sudden as it was) it had not affected him in the usual manner. As Men generally run from one extreme to the other, he was afraid, that the making him sensible of the Faults of the Transla-

(a) Il. B. 4, 56.

lator,

lator, might give him ſome diſtaſte to his beauties: but as he found he was fallen into the Indifferent juſt manner of Reading, he thought he might now ſafely go on with him farther in the ſame way. "The defect (ſays he) which you have prov'd in ſome particulars on the Tranſlator is ſufficiently recompenc'd by his Flame and Spirit, and the general beauty of his diction: 'Tis from this Quarter that I am ſtill the moſt apprehenſive of Faults in the Work before us. Surely, ſays *Philypſus*, you have nothing more to produce on that head! Yes, (reply'd *Antiphaus)* I have a word or two to add to what we obſerv'd upon it the other Night. There are a ſort of Verſes, very frequent in our modern writers, which run very ſmoothly off the Tongue; the ſtream is eaſy, but there is neither depth nor clearneſs in it: The truth of it is, they are undiſturb'd with Meaning; and their calmneſs is *as the calmneſs of the Night, which is* dark *withal.* If I might have leave, I ſhould call ſuch verſes as theſe, *Un-ideal Verſes*; and I fear there are ſome few of them to be met with in the *Odyſſey.*

Pray obſerve what an unthinking harmony there is in this couplet, which comes firſt into my Head;

(*a*) Soft he reclines along the murm'ring Seas,
Inhaling freſhneſs from the fanning breeze.

And what a Panegyrick in this?

—— Ev'ry Eye
(*b*) Gaz'd, as before, ſome brother of the ſky.

I will read you but a few more:

(*c*) The Royal Palace to the Queen convey.

And

(*d*) —— Plan with all thy arts the ſcene of fate.

(*e*) Of deathful arts expert, his Lord employs
The miniſters of blood in dark ſurpriſe.

But among all of them, upon compareing the Original and the Tranſlation, this ſeems to be the *non-pariel*:

(*f*) Then warp my voyage on the Southern gales,
O'er the warm *Lybian* wave to ſpread my ſails.

(*a*) B. 6, 284. ζ'. 236.
(*b*) B. 8, 18. Ἐθηήσαντο ἰδόντες. θ'. 17.
(*c*) B. 2, 378. β'. 336.
(*d*) B. 13, 442. ν'. 387.
(*e*) B. 4, 708.
(*f*) B. 4, 104. δ'. 85. Καὶ Λιβύην.

Mr.

Mr. *Pope* has had a Critique on ſome Lines of his *Iliad*, which is chiefly taken up in diſcovering, or making *Falſe Engliſh* of them: If this can neither darken the Line, nor affect the Senſe conſiderably, it ſeems to me not to be of any concern in Compariſon of the former *fineſſes*. The ancient Criticks were much kinder on this head: and 'tis hence that we owe many of our Figures in *Rhetorick*, to Peccadillo's againſt *Grammar*. I am the moſt unfit in the World to determine in this Caſe, becauſe I have always found myſelf as much averſe to the *Grammatical* ſort of Criticiſm, as I am fond of the *Poetical*: but I am apt to think, that there are not many faults of this kind juſtly chargeable on the *Odyſſey*. Of the few which I have by chance obſerv'd, the chief are to be met with in the cloſe of his verſes: Thus it occurs, if I remember right, twice or thrice in that ſhort paſſage, which I repeated to you the other Evening, on the Transformation of *Ulyſſes*. This Rhyme, *Philypſus*, is a terrible Thing: it has ſpoil'd more Lines——Good *Antiphaus*, (cry'd *Philypſus* haſtily) be not ſo inveterate againſt Rhyme: does not it ſoften and beautify verſe? and turn poetry into a ſort of muſick to a good Ear?—I am not univerſally an Enemy to Rhyme,

you know, (return'd *Antiphaus.*) It does very well in *Odes* and *Sonnets* to *Armida:* But for any thing very ſolid or pathetick, ſurely 'tis an Ornament too contemptible, as well as too much abus'd. One of the firſt Pieces in *Latin* Rhyme I know of, that famous *Stanza* of *Adrian*, does well enough; 'twas ſpoke out of pure Gaiety, and good Humour: but to introduce it gravely into poetry, as it was the effect of a miſerable deprav'd taſte, ſo will the productions of thoſe Ages ſhew how happily it ſucceeded. The *Runick* Lays (anſwer'd *Philypſus*) I do not pretend to admire: but ſurely you will allow it to have ſucceeded better in our Language, than it did in the hands of that monkiſh Clan of Poets. 'Tis true (ſays *Antiphaus* ſmileing) we have not improv'd it yet into *middle Rhymes*, and ſome other of their excellencies. Perhaps it wou'd have been happy too for our Poetry, if we had confin'd this *Muſick*, as you call it, to its proper ſubjects. How wretchedly does it ſound in ſome of our Tragedies? In ſuch, all the Actors to me ſeem rather to be *playing at Crambo* with one another, than endeavouring in the leaſt to affect the Audience. With all the violence that Mr. *Dryden* wrote in this cauſe, you ſee he was forc'd to recant at laſt: The

only

only true reaſon of his perſiſting in it at all is, I believe, very obvious, tho' the laſt he wou'd have given us: It was then the Humour of the Age; Mr. *Dryden*, every one knows, was but too often obliged to write for Money; and then his buſineſs was to pleaſe his Cuſtomers.

And now I have mention'd Mr. *Dryden*, it may be worth the inquiry, to conſider a little more particularly, what that writer has ſaid on this ſubject; as he muſt be allow'd, on all hands, to have been one of the niceſt Judges of Harmony, one of the greateſt Maſters of Verſification, and one of the beſt Poetical Criticks in general, that our Nation has ever produced.

In reading what he has given us in different places on this head, 'tis eaſy to ſee, that he very much obſerves a difference between *Rhyme*, in the *genuine* ſenſe of the word, by which he always intends the true Harmony of Verſe; and *Rhyme*, in the *loweſt* ſenſe, or that gingle and playing with ſounds, in which the Moderns have exceeded all the other Ages of the World; and which indeed, ſince the laſt revival of Letters, has bid fair for the *Univerſal Monarchy* in Poetry.

Tho' *Dryden* underſtood Rhyme in the firſt ſenſe, as well as moſt Writers, and

generally ſtoop'd to the uſe of it in the other: yet I am inclined to believe, that he always ſaw through the Defects and Inconveniencies, not to ſay the Barbarity and Childiſhneſs of it. Indeed one might be juſtified in ſaying even this; for *Dryden* himſelf follows *Voſſius* in calling it expreſly, (a) *A childiſh ſort of verſe*; and ſays, that ſome *Rhyming Hexameters*, which may be diſcovered in *Homer*, were probably the remains of a *Barbarous Age*: "*Virgil* (adds that writer) had them in ſuch abhorrence, that "he would rather make a falſe *Syntax*, "than what we call a Rhyme.——The "nicer Ears in *Auguſtus*'s Court cou'd "not pardon him for a Line, in which "he had only dropt ſomething like it: "ſo that the principal Ornament of Modern Poetry, was accounted *deformity* "by the *Latins* and *Greeks*."

After obſerving that the *Greek* tongue falls naturally into *Iambicks*, and the *Latin* into *Heroick* verſe, he calls all our little arts of Rhyming, *Barbarities*: And adds, that "As *Age* brings Men back "into the ſtate and infirmities of *Child-* "*hood*, upon the *fall* of their Empire, the "*Romans doted* into *Rhyme*."

(a) Preface to *Virgil*'s Paſtorals, p. 95.

What

What you have now read to me (interterpos'd *Philypſus*) ſhews ſufficiently, that Mr. *Dryden* cou'd give up an old Friend, and abuſe him heartily behind his back: That writer cou'd ſpeak the ſevereſt things of Rhyme, when he was got into a vein of Proſe-writing: But the preſent ill treatment he gives to it, may perhaps be on ſome particular Occaſion; and in ſome Caſes, I cannot deny that Rhyme may be a very improper Ornament.

No, (return'd *Antiphaus*) he is here ſpeaking of Rhyme in general: If you wou'd know his ſentiments of Rhyme, more particularly in relation to the preſent purpoſe, and its uſe in tranſlating an *Heroick Poem*; as it happens, there is a remarkable paſſage wrote by him on this very occaſion: it was in his more advanc'd Judgment; and particularly, as he himſelf informs us, when he was in his great Climacterick. He is ſpeaking of *Hannibal Caro*'s Tranſlation of the *Æneid*: "The performance, (*a*) ſays he, is very "mean, tho' that Poet took the *advantage* "of writing in Blank-verſe, and freed "himſelf from the ſhackles of Modern

(*a*) Dedication to his *Æneid*, p. 417.

" Rhyme. I will not make a digreſſion " here, (proceeds that writer) tho' I am " ſtrangely tempted to it: but will only " ſay, that he who can write *well* in " Rhyme, may write *better* in Blank-" verſe. Rhyme is certainly a conſtraint " even to the *beſt* Poets, and thoſe who " make it with *moſt eaſe*: —— What it " adds to *ſweetneſs*, it takes away from " *ſenſe*; and he who loſes the *leaſt* by it, " may be call'd a *Gainer*. It often makes " us *ſwerve* from an Author's meaning: " as if a mark be ſet up for an Archer " at a great diſtance, let him aim as ex-" actly as he can, the leaſt Wind will " take his Arrow, and divert it from the " White."

Thus far Mr. *Dryden*. And his opinion weighs the more with me in this caſe; becauſe, if any thing, we might expect that he ſhou'd be prejudic'd in favour of Rhyme; but the reaſon of the thing, you ſee, prevailed over all other conſiderations: He goes ſo far as to condemn his own manner of Writing, rather than ſuffer ſuch a corruption to paſs without a ſevere Cenſure; and to that end, very generouſly gives up his Practice to his Judgment.

Indeed I know of but one Argument (and that the mereſt *Circle* in the World)

to

to support the present practice of writing in rhyme; we must *use* it, because 'tis all the *fashion*. We who were never so far infected, can laugh heartily at some of the *French* for rhyming throughout their Comedies; yet Rhyme in Tragedy was very becoming among us, in an Age not the least knowing and polite. Disuse has made us see the flatness and inconvenience of that Ornament; and nothing reads more insipid, than the best Pieces left us in that way. Tell me, *Philypsus*, why do we so much dislike those Beauties of their kind in our Age?

I believe, says *Philypsus*, 'tis as you observe. Now the taste is alter'd, and the fashion worn off; we can look back, and perceive with ease the prejudice of that beauty, where the end is to stir up the Soul by true representations of Nature: To *raise (a) Terror or Compassion, is the business of the tragick Poet*; and to endeavour to raise either with Rhyme, and all its Harmony, seems to me more

(a) La Tragedie roulât sûr deux passions: Scavoir la terreur, qui doivent donner les suites funestes du vice; & la compassion, qu' inspire la vertu persecutée & patiente. *Archiev. de* Cambray, *Sur l'Eloquence, Dial.* 1.

proper

proper for an *Italian* Opera, than an *Engliſh* Tragedy.

Very true, ſays *Antiphaus*; and do you not judge it as abſurd, where any other Paſſions are to be mov'd, as well as Terror and Compaſſion?—Undoubtedly, reply'd *Philypſus*.—— And is it not the buſineſs of the Epick, to awake the Soul? to raiſe in it an eſteem for Virtue, and an hatred to Vice? In a word, to move the Paſſions, particularly thoſe very Paſſions you have mention'd? Why then is Rhyme, which you diſallow in Tragedy, to be thought uſeful and commendable in the Epick?—As for moveing the Paſſions, (ſays *Philypſus*) Rhyme, I allow you, is of no uſe in either; but it is a fine Ornament, which may be more proper in the one than in the other: In Dramatick Pieces the Perſons ſhould be ſuppoſed to ſpeak extempore; but there can be no ſuch thing conceiv'd in an Epick Poem.—I beg your Pardon, (ſays *Antiphaus*) tho' not ſo ſtrongly, yet this is often ſuppos'd in an Epick, as well as in Tragedy: Do you think that *Homer* is telling you a ſtory, or *Ulyſſes*, when we are got into *Phæacia*? In the 2d *Æneid*, have you not ſeveral intermediate Ideas, which agree not with a Reader, but a Spectator?—Yes, Sir, in all

all active Poems, as well as Tragedy, the Author is to disappear, as much as possible: the greatest Art of them is to deceive us into an imagination, that we hear the very persons speaking, and see them acting before us. *In ipsis Omnia sunt oculis.* Every Poem the nearer it comes to this, the more perfect it is. Consider too, how much of any good Epick piece is purely Dramatick: 'tis scarce to be imagin'd, for Instance, how small a number of Lines in the *Æneid* are properly *Virgil*'s: they almost all belong to the Persons engag'd in the Poem; and where the Lines are spoke, we see the attitudes and behaviour of the particular Persons, and receive the words from their Mouth.

Much of what you urge is true (answer'd *Philypsus*); but yet you must allow, that Rhyme sounds unnatural in Tragedy, and agreeable in pieces of the other kind. That is, as we were just saying, (reply'd *Antiphaus*) because in these 'tis at present all the Mode: let the fashion alter, and this beauty will look as false in one, as it has already in the other. This Taste, which had been too much establish'd by the Revivers of Poetry in *Provence* and *Tuscany*, led away the first Poet of our Nation, who attempted

tempted any thing toward an Epick; and probably we ſhou'd to this Day have thought it the only proper for our Language, had it not happily been diſdain'd by the great Genius of *Milton*, who choſe rather to follow the true old *Roman* manner. It was *Milton* who flung off our Fetters; and we may venture to ſay in the prophetical manner of a very good Writer now living, *that* (*a*) *He* ſhall *for ever be honour'd as our deliverer from that bondage.* What a pity it is he did not ſuffer us ſtill to continue in it, ſince we are ſo fond of our Chains! How happy wou'd it have been to have given up the Nervouſneſs and Majeſty of his Poem, for *Prior*'s Eaſe, or the Sweetneſs of *Waller*! I know not what the world may ſay to it; but, for my part, when I read in the Biſhop of *Sarum*'s Hiſtory, *That* Paradiſe Loſt *is a noble Piece*, (*b*) tho' *the Author affected to write it in blank verſe*: it always puts me in mind of the Gentleman in the monkiſh Ages of Poetry, who ſaid of *Virgil*'s Æneid, that *it was really a very good Poem, and* wanted *nothing but the* (*c*) *Sweets of Rhyme, to*

(*a*) Mr. *Watts*'s Horæ Lyr. Pref. p. 31.
(*b*) Biſhop *Burnet*'s Hiſt. of his own Times, p. 163.
(*c*) See the *Spectator*, Vol. I. Numb. 60.

make

make it the moſt perfect Work in its kind.

Well, (ſays *Philypſus*) I own, there is the greater majeſty in blank verſe; but you will own too, that the other is the more beautiful. Yes, (reply'd *Antiphaus*) but for that very reaſon is Blank-verſe undoubtedly the more proper for the *Epick*; as that is the moſt majeſtick kind of Poetry imaginable. And even as to the Sound, thoſe muſical returns (if allow'd to be true Beauties) are more than balanc'd by the *Dead Manner* introduc'd with them into Poetry; what I mean, is that *perpetual likeneſs* in the cadence and turn of the Periods: How frequently do they fall in ſeveral repeated Couplets, without any variety, or relief to the Ear? You will ſometimes meet with a Rhyme-Poem, all the Lines of which run off intirely with the ſame pauſes; the ſtream always equal, and ſo level that you can ſcarce perceive it to move: What do you think of each Couplet, chiming on in the ſame ſtops and meaſure, with the moſt tedious uniformity of ſound imaginable? —— That is the fault of the Poet, not of the uſe of Rhyme, ſays *Philypſus:* I could name ſeveral of our Poets who drop that Uniformity. To go no farther, the Poem

we

we were dipping in t'other day, with Mr. *Oldiſworth*'s name to it, has a good deal of variety in its periods. I own it, ſays *Antiphaus*, in that and ſeveral other pieces. You muſt have heard me commend the Tranſlator of *Vida*'s *Poeticks*, for this, among his ſeveral other Excellencies. But after all, let our Poets manage the cadence and ſtructure in Rhyme-verſe never ſo artfully, it will fall vaſtly ſhort of Blank in theſe particulars: Indeed Rhyme is a natural Enemy to them; it breaks and diſturbs both the ſtructure and the cadence. The very ſound of any periods the beſt contriv'd, will convince one of this: when a perſon of a good Ear is reading them, you may obſerve, that he endeavours to drop the Rhyme, and loſe the gingle of it, as much as poſſible: and when the ſound of it is not ſufficiently kept under, you will find, that it ſpoils the continuance, and occaſions too great a break in the period.

You may ſee by what I have been ſaying, that this charge is not deſign'd againſt *ſingle Couplets*; the corruption in this reſpect evidently ceaſes, where there are no periods to be varied. To determine preciſely where it will grow prejudicial, wou'd be difficult, and is not very material:

naterial : Tho' I know not but what it night be uneasy to a very nice Ear, to nave only four Lines together with regular Rhyme : and possibly on this very account, the Stanza but of two Couplets has generally unequal Rhymes, (the Second Line answering the Fourth) and that of Three varies in the last Couplet. However forc'd or delicate this observation may be thought, one thing I cou'd assert with some degree of Confidence : I dare say, any one of a good Ear, who reads only ten Lines of the best Rhyme-Versification, and an equal Number of *Milton*'s true harmonious Verses, upon this view, will find a nobler sound, and that variety (which is necessary to the beauty of Periods, and to the pleasure of a Reader) much stronger, and much fuller in the latter.

What has been said of *Couplets*, may in a great Measure be said of *Odes*, which consist of proper *Stanzas* : As these come next to Couplets for shortness, they have scarce room, singly, for the tedious Uniformity we have been complaining of: and unless the *Ode* be long, they do not produce it by their *Number*. There may be a variety too of singular use in this sort of Poetry, where a person can run these *Stanza*'s artfully into one another ;

ther; if the interweaving of them be not so frequent and equal, as to bring in that very Satiety we wou'd avoid. Thus qualified, Rhyme is, at least, very tolerable in *Odes*: And even in *Pindaricks*, the most extensive and lofty of any, the prejudice of it is not pressing: There is so great a Liberty (I mean, in our common *Pindaricks*) of varying the Numbers, and of fixing or deferring the Rhyme at pleasure. But above all, in single Couplets, Rhyme is most allowable; and in them indeed, I should think, it deserves the preference to Blank-verse: it may please the Ear more, and cannot do that mischief, for which it is chiefly to be avoided in all large Pieces, and all compositions of a nobler sort. In this respect, it is with Poetry, as it is in Building; a Pile (*a*) compos'd of Stones, cut just alike, all equal and uniform, and disposed alike, without any thing either great or beautiful in the whole, will yield to one of a good design, form'd of materials various and unequal, and perhaps ruder, or less exactly polish'd: At the same time, the particulars of which it is made taken singly, will evidently exceed

(*a*) See Dr. *Trapp*'s Preface to his *Æneid*, p. 45.

the

the others. Thus we find, in a walk of Trees, that the two Oppoſites, when cut to anſwer each other, look better, than if they were in diſagreeing Figures; but a Wood, or a Garden full of Trees, all in one Figure, wou'd be rather diſpleaſing to the Eye than otherwiſe: In the two ſimilar Figures, we ſhould have a pleaſing *Uniformity*; but in this large repeated view of the ſame thing, we ſhou'd loſe that *Variety*, which a late very ingenious Writer has ſhewn to be inſeparable from the Idea of Beauty; and which the mind ſeems to require the more, as the number of Objects is increas'd.

It is a known Rule in verſification, that the Second Rhyme ought not to reſemble the ſound of thoſe in a preceding Couplet. When it is carried to the fartheſt, it will not bear beyond the Third Line; and even that is run generally into an *Alexandrine*, that in ſome degree the turn of the Period and the Numbers may be varied. Now why ſhou'd it not be as diſagreeable to have a perpetual uniformity of Periods, as a continued likeneſs of Rhyme? The latter no Man in the World will allow to be proper; nay, it cou'd not be borne with, only for three Couplets together.

But,

But, ſuppoſing Rhyme a real beauty in Poems of an higher kind, which I am perſuaded it is not; (to ſpeak nothing of its uniform returns, and the havock which it makes in the Periods, nor even of the *diverſion* it gives the thoughts of the *Reader*, and its general diſſervice to pieces that ſhould be ſolid and pathetick: to omit all this) the ſingle reaſon which introduc'd this queſtion is, as I take it, ſufficient to determine it. If Rhyme is exceedingly apt to miſlead a *Writer*, often to cramp, and ſometimes to ſpoil his ſentiments; its benefits, as being only benefits of Sound, will be far from balancing thoſe inconveniencies of ſo much ſuperior a nature. This at leaſt is the Caſe with Rhyme: it gives either an impertinent pleaſure, or an unneceſſary trouble to a writer; and at the ſame time that it diſtracts his attention, it increaſes his difficulties: in a word, 'tis a falſe bent put upon the thoughts of the Poet; and, in the beſt, proves frequently a counter-biaſs too ſtrong for their good Senſe.

I own, it is with a ſtrange readineſs that people fall generally into this taſte; it has almoſt *univerſal conſent* on its ſide: and the few Aſſertors of the Liberty of Verſe meet with little Praiſe, or even Coun-

Countenance, from the World. How many Persons would fly into unreasonable Heats upon hearing half that I have said to you? I should beg the favour of any such Person, who wou'd please to be disobliged in it, to ask himself what argument there is for this practise, which has so generally obtained in the modern World? If he can find none, 'tis easy to bring the matter more home, and to ask farther, whether he thinks Rhyme wou'd be proper in the *Odyssey* and *Æneid?* and then I should be glad to hear what Reasons can be assigned, why it should be improper in a *Latin* or *Greek*, and not so in an *English Epick?*—Yes, *Philypsus*, I am persuaded it is nothing but use, which makes it supportable at present; and whenever the world recovers itself from this *agreeable Stupor*, it will then appear as ridiculous to the Reader, as it has been inconvenient to the Poet. This I really imagine, that in future, and perhaps far distant Ages, the Criticks, when they look back on any of the best Poems of this sort, (which may be deliver'd down to them from their Ancestors) will be at a loss to give any account of their Manner of Writing. When they read Mr. *Pope*'s *Iliad* or *Odyssey*, they will often applaud the greatness of his thoughts, and often admire the

the happineſs of his diction, as far as the preſent Language ſhall be preſerv'd to them. They will honour his remains; and when they look towards his Aſhes with veneration, " There (will they ſay) " lies the Great Man, who in ancient " Days is ſaid to have ſhewn the no- " bleſt Genius for Poetry in the World: " what beauties do we diſcover in him, " thro' all this ruſt of time, and ſo much " obſolete language? He is every way " to be commended as far as any of our " ancient Poets are; only he fell into " the common fault of thoſe Ages, and " always ſhews that trifling labour of " making the laſt ſyllable of every alter- " nate line, ſound like the cloſe of the " foregoing: Bating this inſignificant " taſte of thoſe times, how much is he to " be praiſed, and how much to be ad- " mired?"

Might it not have been much better, and much more for their honour, for Mr. *Dryden* in his time, or Mr. *Pope* in ours, to have broke thorough this tedious Slavery; and to have freed the World from a taſte ſo irrational and barbarous? —— I own it to you, I have ſomething of an Impatience in me to ſee this great Reformation in Poetry ſet on foot: I wiſh it cou'd be brought about in our Time; and

and if not, almoſt envy thoſe, who in future Ages ſhall be ſo happy, as to ſee Men awake from this Lethargy of Verſe: when all the Poets ſhall conſpire to reſtore ſtrength to their Sentiments, and nerves and variety to their Numbers: when the Writers ſhall throw aſide all thoſe idle Arts and Tricks, which we now play with Sounds; and *true Harmony* ſhall flouriſh, without incroaching upon *true Senſe*.

(*a*) O might I live to hail the glorious day,
And ſing loud *Pæans* thro' the crowded way,
When in triumphant ſtate the *Britiſh* Muſe,
True to herſelf, ſhall *barb'rous* aid refuſe;
And in the *Roman* Majeſty appear,
Which none know better, and none come ſo near!

Philypſus began to be moved by what his friend had urg'd on this head: I confeſs (ſays he) you are a powerful adverſary to Rhyme; but you muſt allow one ſome time to get a thorough diſlike of a thing, which has once been ſo agreeable. There are ſome allowances too to be made in the preſent caſe; I believe, no man is leſs embaraſs'd by the uſe of

(*a*) Concluſion of the *Earl* of *Roſcommon*'s Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe.

Rhyme than Mr. *Pope*; and his command in Writing will take off much of your objection at present: tho' I own your reasoning against this Fashion in general, to be very strong and forcible. However, this Writer has a peculiar happiness in it, and his Language flows with the greatest ease in the World. The whole work seems to be uniform in this respect: and I believe you can scarce instance a verse in it, which does not run off smooth and handsomely. 'Tis true, (says *Antiphaus*) there are very few in it that are harsh, or any way faulty, either in Sound or Composition: two or three which I remember of that kind, are scarce worth repeating.—Yes, (interrupted *Philypsus*) if you have observ'd any such, let us have them. What do you think of this? says *Antiphaus*:

(*a*) And to the deaf Woods wailing breathes her woes.

Or of these;

(*b*) Rich Tapestry, stiff with in-woven gold.

(*c*) By what strange fraud *Egysthus* wrought, relate,
(By force he cou'd not) such an hero's fate.

(*a*) B. 6, 138.
(*b*) B. 4, 406.
(*c*) B. 3, 311.

No

No bird of air, no dove of swiftest wing
Shuns the dire rocks: in vain she cuts the skies,
(*a*) The dire rocks meet, and crush her as she flies.

(*b*) I climb a cliff—
To learn if ought of *mortal* works appear,
Or chearful voice of *mortal* strike the ear.

(*c*) *Deem* not unjustly by my *doom* oppress, *&c.*

These Lines are somewhat faulty in the sound, or position of the words; but I only mention them; it wou'd be frivolous to make particular remarks on them: You may see, *Philypsus*, that my stock is quite out when I sink so low: my task this Evening was difficult enough to me; and indeed 'tis not easy for any one to find many faults in a Piece which comes from such excellent hands. Have you nothing farther to observe on it? (says *Philypsus*) I think I have heard you speak formerly of some Contradictions.——That particular I had forgot, says *Antiphaus*; there are indeed some *seeming Contrarieties* in this work; these are of two sorts; one, in which the Translator is *contrary* to his Original:

(*a*) B. 12, 78.
(*b*) B. 10, 172.
(*c*) B. 1. 86.

and the other, when the Tranſlation ſeems to have ſome little Circumſtances in it contradictory to one another.

Since you mention the thing, I believe I can recollect a paſſage or two, in which the ſenſe is preſs'd ſo far, or ſo much alter'd from what it was, that they ſeem directly oppoſite to the Original. When the *Grecian* Commanders were drawn into *Troy*, in the famous Wooden Horſe; the Enemy, upon ſuſpicion of the deſign, us'd an artifice to make them *cry out* by ſurprize, if there were really any perſons conceal'd in it. *Homer* tells us, that all of them *ſat very ſilent*: only *Anticlus*, one of the Officers, was juſt *ready* to anſwer; when *Ulyſſes*, who ſat by him, *ſtopt his mouth by force*, prevented his making any noiſe, and ſo preſerv'd all their Lives. Inſtead of which the Tranſlation ſays, that this *Anticlus*,

(*a*) —— Unable to controul,
Spoke loud the languiſh of his yearning ſoul.

In another place, where in *Homer* we hear of an Hero falling in the defence of

(*a*) B. 4. 388. N. 287.

his

his Country, *under the Walls of his native City*; the Tranſlator, in drawing out the Circumſtances of it, ſpeaks as if it was (*a*) *on a foreign ſhore.* In the Second Book, we meet with three or four particulars of this kind. —— There *Telemachus* deſires the ſuitors (as it is in *Homer*) to leave him, and be quiet; as in Mr. *Pope*, to (*b*) *riſe in his aid.* —— There the ſame Prince is ſaid to *draw his hand* gently *out of that of Antinous*; inſtead of which the Tranſlation, I think, tells us that he *frown'd*; caught away his hand (*c*) *ſternly*; and *ſtrode away* in a paſſion. 'Tis the ſame Caſe with *Mentor* in the Council: he roſe to make a ſpeech to them, with (as the *Greek* ſignifies) a *wiſe* or *friendly* air; but in the *Engliſh*,

(*d*) *Stern* as he roſe, he caſt his Eyes around,
That *flaſh'd with rage*; and as he ſpoke, he *frown'd*.

Theſe look like contrarieties between *Homer* and his Tranſlator; there ſeem

(*a*) B. 8, 580. θ'. 524. —— ἑῆς πρόσθεν πόλιος ——
(*b*) B. 2, 77. β'. 70.
Σχέσθε φίλοι, καὶ μ' οἶον ἐάσατε πένθεϊ λυγρῷ
Τείρεσθαι. ——
(*c*) B. 2, 362. β'. 321.
—— ἐκ χειρὸς χεῖρα σπάσεν Ἀντινόοιο
Ῥεῖα, ——
(*d*) B. 2, 259. β'. 228.

to be a few others, between passages in the Translation itself.

There is a part of *Mercury*'s speech in the *Fifth Odyssey*, and another point in the description of *Lachæa*, an uninhabited Island, which (I remember) I mention'd to you formerly, as Examples of this Inconsistency. Such indeed they appear'd to me, even after a second and third Reading: but upon consulting the Original, I at last found them to be capable of a consistent Meaning. However it is to be wish'd, that the Translator had set them in a clearer light: for in one, the reader will be apt to imagine, that the Poet speaks of (*a*) *Inhabitants, in a desart Country*; and in the other, that *Mercury* is said to have been (*b*) *vastly delighted* with the sight of *Calypso*'s Island, and *not to have been delighted at all* with the sight of it.

In another place (I take it to be in the very first Book of the *Odyssey*) *Telemachus* says, that his Father is (*c*) *Dead*, and that he is *wandering* from Country to Country, at the same article of time:

(*a*) Book 9. Compare Verse 143 with 147.
(*b*) Book 5. Compare Verse 98 with 124.
(*c*) B. 1, 299 and 309.

Thus

Thus too we hear the Sea call'd *the (a) foaming Flood* in one Line; and in the very next, 'tis the *Level ſurface of the deep.*

As for *mere Miſtakes*, (where a Verſe carries ſomething of *Blunder* in the ſound of it) I have taken but little notice of them; and ſhall only mention two or three, juſt to ſhew, that the *greateſt Writers* are capable of falling into ſuch Errors, as will be diſcernible to the *meaneſt Readers.*

(*b*) *I anſwer'd,* Goddeſs! human *is thy breaſt*——

——is a Line of this kind: and the Expreſſions in it will appear to every one that looks upon it, to be improperly put together, on the ſame account, as thoſe in the following Couplet:

(*c*) Some other motive, *Goddeſs!* ſways thy mind,
Some cloſe deſign, or turn of *Woman-kind.*

There is a Verſe juſt come into my head, in which the Tranſlator may be

(*a*) B. 5, 65.
(*b*) B. 10, 451.
(*c*) B. 5, 224.

thought to talk of (a) *seeing a Sound*; and in another we are told of *a place so* (b) *deep, that you cou'd not shoot to the bottom of it.*

I know not whether a severe Critick would not think that there is a jar between the Expressions, where *Ulysses* is said to be

——— Doom'd to mourn,
(c) Bitter *Constraint, erroneous* and forlorn.

And where *Halitherses* speaks of

(d) *Deeds then undone.*

But these, and such like trifles, I shall leave to those, who are fond of finding faults; and whom I can own without envy to have a greater Niceness, and Curiosity in verbal Criticism, than ever I desire to have.

These, tho' less considerable blemishes in a *poetical* Character, are much more

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(a) B, 6, 40.
See, from their thrones thy kindred Monarchs *sigh*.
(b) Nor the fleet arrow from the twanging bow,
Sent with full force, cou'd reach the depth below.
B. 12, 102.

(c) B. 1, 102.
(d) B. 2, 201.

obvious

obvious to every Eye, than the greater defects of a Poem; and are generally obſerv'd upon with more ſcorn and contempt, than any other: they border on *Ridicule*; and that is a thing, which will ever be agreeable to *little* Minds. That Verſe in the *Britiſh Princes*, which deſcribes (*a*) the *Veſt* of a *naked Pict*; and that in one of Mr. *Dryden*'s Tragedies, which ſpeaks of (*b*) *Silence invading the Ear*, has probably been repeated many times more, than the beſt Line even *Dryden* ever wrote. This is low enough o' conſcience, tho' it has been a very faſhionable way of Criticiſing of late Years: it ſhews how ill-natur'd the World is; but people will have their Laugh: and 'tis vaſtly eaſier to *Ridicule*, than to *Admire*.

It is this ſort of Men, *Philypſus*, and a clan of others, equally malicious, and more gloomy than the former, who have brought the name of *Critick* into ſuch contempt among us: While thoſe have imagin'd, that Sneering and Malice are the beſt titles to Wit; and theſe were

(*a*) A painted Veſt Prince *Voltager* had on,
Which from a Naked Pict his Grandſire won.

(*b*) What horrid ſilence does invade my Ear?

of opinion, That *to find fault, is to Criticise.* How different from this was the method of the Ancient Criticks of *Greece* and *Rome?* Indeed Criticism, as first instituted by *Aristotle*, was design'd for a Standard of judging well; to give an insight into the Excellencies of Authors, and to discern their Faults. There was a time, when it was a study highly rational; far from borrowing its force from Ridicule and False Wit, it shou'd proceed upon known Rules and establish'd Measures. I do not say but that the best Criticks may have approv'd of particular Lines, without being capable of assigning the Reasons why they pleas'd them so greatly. You often see a Face which is very taking, without any regularity of Features: such an one as pleases every body, tho' no body can give the Reason of his being pleas'd with it. Eloquence has its *Je ne scai quoi's*, as well as Beauty. However most commonly we can specify the particular *features*, which are so agreeable; or know that our pleasure is founded on the Symmetry of the *whole.*

But it is not enough that Criticism is rational; it shou'd ever be Humane and Good-natur'd. Where the Design is great, the Disposition just, the Descriptions

tions lively, and the Language generally good and poetical, that work is in general to be commended; tho' the Poet, in particular Points, may have fallen into many faults; nay into some, which look very gross, when they are consider'd singly. The greatest Critick among the *Roman* Poets lays it down for a Rule, That *where there are* more *Beauties than Faults in a Poem, that Piece is to be pronounced good:* And one of the greatest Criticks among the *Greeks*, carries it yet farther: He shews at large, (*a*). *That* there is often a *negligence*, that is *becoming*; ——*That* a greatness of Soul will carry a Man above the observation of little Circumstances; —— And *That* a Poet of a generous Spirit with faults, is greatly preferable to a low, wary Writer without them.

Agreeable to this was the behaviour of these great Men, in laying down rules, or making observations: their intention was to distinguish the beauties of Language or Sentiments, from the defects and vices of either. You find them to have been in Love with the Charms of Eloquence, and the true Spirit of Poetry,

(*a*) *Longinus*, περὶ ὕψους, λγ', &c.

where-ever they meet with them. They take not that ſnarling Satisfaction in finding faults, which many of their pretended Succeſſors are ſo full of in their writings. Indeed they very freely pointed out the miſtakes and vices of the greateſt Writers; but their chief deſign in this was, that ſuch of their remarks might ſerve as *Buoys* to ſhew where former ventures had miſcarried, and to prevent others from running upon the ſame Shallows. This was the Spirit of the Ancient Criticks. Their Fate was according to their Merit: they ſtill remain among us, and are read with pleaſure and applauſe: whilſt *Zoilus*, the only *Modern Critick of the Ancients*, has left nothing behind him, except the odious memory of his Impotence, and his Malice.

Our modern *Zoilus's* (interpos'd *Philypſus*) are very eaſily known. They run down the performances of the beſt writers with heat and noiſe: every thing is a fault with them. They will go regularly thorough a Poem, with a conſtant frown upon them; and think themſelves obliged to find miſtakes or nonſenſe in every Line of it: they condemn by Tale, and cenſure by the Sheet. Nothing is more probable, than that from the *Poem*, they come to quarrel with the

Perſon

Perſon of the Author. Blemiſhes in his moral Character, and even natural Imperfections, have a ſhare in their obſervations: and in a word, they labour hard to convince you, that they are bad Chriſtians as well as bad Criticks. The beſt of it is, their attacks are as weak, as they are violent; they have but little of Courage, tho' they make ſo great a Noiſe with it: and are like a ſort of Curs that bark moſt, and run the ſooneſt. The Character that has been ſo often given of the *French* as *Warriors*, is true of theſe People, as *Writers*: They behave themſelves fiercer than Men, in the onſet; and in the ſhock, are feebler than Women.

I think you cannot be too ſevere upon them, reſum'd *Antiphaus*: they are a Contradiction to true Criticiſm; as they always ſhew the greateſt malice againſt every thing, that deſerves the moſt to be commended. Mr. *Pope* has had the fate to be attack'd by theſe Animals: and indeed I do not ſee how he could avoid it. He has too many excellencies to let them ſleep in quiet.

'Tis certain that the faults of a Writer (and never was any Writer without faults) ought to be obſerved; and the more excellent an Author is, the more neceſſary

neceſſary is ſuch a Work. But this is the Drudgery of Criticiſm: the Pleaſure and the Profit are on the other ſide.

We ought to ſhew faults, but we ought never to ſhew malice. And beſide the general good Nature which is owing to thoſe Great Men, who have eminently oblig'd the World by their Labours; there are particular allowances to be made in this laſt work of the greateſt Poet of our Age. Nothing in the World is more laborious, than Tranſlation; and eſpecially when the Piece is engag'd for, and muſt go on. 'Tis extremely difficult to keep up the Spirit of Poetry in another's Compoſitions, tho' you catch all the (a) *apteſt Moments*; and never employ the Mind, but when there is an *Impetus* comes upon it toward that particular buſineſs: and this Difficulty is greatly increas'd, where a Man cannot well ſit down to it, only at ſuch times as his Muſe is in a good Humour; but may be obliged, in a manner, to write by the Hour, and upon fixt returns. I know not how far this was the Caſe with Mr. *Pope*, in this performance: but where-ever it was, the Poet will be little

(a) Mollia tempora fandi.

more

more than a common Man: He is, at ſuch times, much the ſame as a Prophet without his *Afflatus*.

Beſides this, I muſt repeat, what I have ſaid ſo often: The conſtant returns of Rhyme unavoidably unnerve a Poem: The Age is in Love with this Weakneſs; and Mr. *Pope*, in indulging their humour, has perhaps taken much from the ſtrength of his Genius: had he been leſs obliging to the taſte of his Readers, his performance might have been more ſinewy, and more complete. This ought certainly to be taken into the account; and wherever the Tranſlation falls ſhort of the force and nervouſneſs of *Homer*, we ought conſtantly to ask ourſelves this queſtion; Whether *Homer* himſelf cou'd have carried it farther, had he wrote (as Mr. *Pope* does) in *Engliſh*, and in *Rhyme?*

'Tis true, all this may be ſaid of his Tranſlation of the *Iliad*; but if that Piece exceed this of the *Odyſſey*, it is very natural upon many Accounts that it ſhou'd do ſo. *Homer* exceeds himſelf in that Poem. —— Great Actions ſtrike the Soul with rapidity; while all the things that relate to lower life, are leſs vigorous and affecting: — The deſcription of Warriors and moral Precepts have a very

very different effect on the writers themselves; those assist the Poetical flame, while these fling the Mind into a more sedentary Posture. — 'Tis natural almost for People to sleep at Sermons: But a Battle rouzes and animates the Spectators, as well as those who are engaged in it. Thus there must be less spirit in the Writer, as well as less attentiveness in the Reader of the *Odyssey*: and a Translation of it, even from one and the same Hand, could not fairly be expected to equal a Translation of the *Iliad*. The Reader and the Poet have both of them the disadvantage of a cooler and more unactive Subject: A *Poet* (as Age always is) vastly talkative, a *Fable* laid infinitely lower, and a *Diction*, almost perpetual in moral Sentences and Reflections, give a pattern very different from *Homer* in all his vigour, describing the fatal Effects of the Passion of *Achilles*, and sounding out the Wars of the *Greeks* with an air the most martial and animated that can be imagined.

Here *Antiphaus* rose up from his seat; and as *Philypsus* perceiv'd that he had finish'd; "I was unwilling to interrupt you, (says he) otherwise I shou'd have observ'd on a verse or two, which you repeated as rough, and of a bad turn. What

What were thoſe Lines of *the Rocks*, which you mention'd juſt now? — Of the Rocks? (ſays *Antiphaus*) let me ſee — Oh, I remember them;

No Bird of air, no Dove of ſwifteſt wing,
Shuns the dire rocks: in vain ſhe cuts the skies,
The dire rocks meet, and cruſh her as ſhe flies.

The ſame, ſays *Philypſus*: theſe and that other verſe,

Rich Tapeſtry, ſtiff with in-woven gold,

ſound indeed rough; but to me their roughneſs is their beauty: the turn of them ſeems deſign'd; and their manner, to be expreſſive of their ſenſe. If that be the Caſe, I beg pardon, ſays *Antiphaus*: Were I the greateſt enemy in the World to mere harmony, and the ſtated returns and gingle of ſyllables; I ſhou'd be one of the firſt among the admirers of Sound, when ever it is made ſerviceable to Nature and true Senſe. That is the Art, (ſays *Philypſus*) and the Maſtery, for which I particularly admire Mr. *Pope*: It is he who took up that great Rule of *the Sound's being a comment on the Senſe*, and enforc'd it beyond any of the Criticks, who went before him. To this Writer we chiefly owe the revival of the nobler art of Numbers;

bers; and the method of ſignifying motions, and actions, and all that vaſt variety of our paſſions, by *Sounds*. In his incomparable *Eſſay on Criticiſm*, this Writer has given us the beſt Advices, and interwoven the moſt beautiful Examples into them, in a manner that will always be admir'd. The firſt *Stanza*, in his *Ode* on St. *Cæcilia*'s Day, is the fulleſt Piece of this kind perhaps extant in any Language: 'tis itſelf a perfect Concert. In the Tranſlations of *Homer* we find him very frequent, and very juſt, in the ſame manner of Expreſſing things: I call it ſo; and cou'd almoſt be perſuaded to think it a better way of Expreſſing, than in the common way of *Words*. Theſe have a Senſe affixt to them by Cuſtom: while the other ſpeaks by the Idëas of things. That is a flowing, variable help; this is the Voice of Nature, and a ſort of *Univerſal* Poetical *Language*.

Mr. *Pope* affords us infinite Examples of this Beauty in his Tranſlation of the *Odyſſey*; it would be endleſs to repeat them all, or to admire them as they deſerve. But amidſt all this variety, there is a ſingle Point, which I have obſerv'd more than any of the reſt: Whenever the Poet is ſpeaking of the watry Element, or any thing belonging to it, his manage-

management of Sounds is particularly frequent and beautiful.

Tho' it might not be much obſerv'd at the firſt view, I know no place where a greater variety of things are expreſs'd this way, than in the Twelfth *Odyſſey*: 'Tis where *Ulyſſes* is giving an account of his ſetting ſail from the Iſland of *Circe*:

(*a*)——We ruſh'd into the Main;
Then bending to the ſtroke, their oars they drew
To their broad breaſts, and ſwift the Galley flew.
Up ſprung a brisker breeze: with freſh'ning gales
The friendly Goddeſs ſtretch'd the ſwelling ſails;
We drop our oars: with eaſe the pilot guides;
The veſſel light along the level glides.
Then riſing ſad and ſlow, with penſive look,
Thus to the melancholy train I ſpoke.

The objects ſhift perpetually in theſe Lines; and yet there is not a ſingle period or pauſe in them, the ſound and turn of which does not agree perfectly with the ſentiment: I do not intend to enlarge much upon them; but had it been wrote in the Days of *Dionyſius Halicarnaſſeus*, 'tis poſſible he might have given us a whole Diſſertation, on a paſ-

(*a*) B. 12, 189.

ſage

ſage which ſo variouſly expreſſes that Art, of which he was particularly fond. That is the Critick, I think, ſays *Antiphaus*, who firſt (*a*) obſerv'd this Beauty in the noted Deſcription of *Siſyphus* his Stone. Yes, anſwer'd *Philypſus*; and every one knows how perfectly well the excellence of that Paſſage is preſerv'd (*b*) in the Tranſlation.

Words give us the bare Ideas of things; but words, thus managed, impreſs thoſe Ideas very ſtrongly and ſenſibly upon the mind. Do you not perceive the Storm riſing, (*c*) *When the wild Winds whiſtle o'er the main?* and are you not in the midſt of it when (*d*) *Eaſt, Weſt together roar, And South and North roll mountains to the Shore?* Then are we hurried o'er the Deep, and ſee all the Rocks and dangers of it:

(*e*) Dire *Scylla* there a ſcene of Horror forms,
And here *Charybdis* fills the ſea with ſtorms;
When the tide ruſhes from her rumbling caves,
The rough rock roars, tumultuous boil the waves;
They toſs, they foam.—

(*a*) Περὶ συνθέσεως ὀνομ. p. 29. Ed. *R. Steph.*
(*b*) B. 11, 735. λ'. 593.
(*c*) B. 12, 379.
(*d*) B. 5. 380.
(*e*) B. 12, 280.

The

The next moment, if the Poet pleaſes; (like the *Dæmon* he ſpeaks of) he can make all as gentle and ſerene, as it was before rough and boiſterous.

(*a*) Sunk are at once the winds: the air above,
And waves below, at once forget to move:
Some *Dæmon* calm'd the air, and ſmooth'd the deep,
Huſh'd the loud winds, and charm'd the waves to ſleep.

Did you ever ſee a more perfect calm? Yet, ſmooth and huſh'd as theſe Lines are, you may eaſily perceive a difference between the deſcription of a ſtill Sea, and the eaſy, beautiful current of a River.

(*b*) Smooth flows the gentle ſtream with wanton pride,
And in ſoft mazes rolls a ſilver tide.

How happy is the hand of the Poet, and what a Command has he of Nature, to make the numbers of his verſe ſpeak his Sentiments! Thus to paint even ſounds; and to draw by Meaſures, what does not come under the power of the Pencil! In this Writer,

(*a*) B. 12, 202.
(*b*) B. 11, 286.

Sir

Sir *John Denham*'s Wish is effected: His Lines always flow as his Subject;

Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;
Strong, without rage; without o'erflowing, full.

I thank you (says *Antiphaus* bowing) I thank you, my dear *Philypsus*, for this unexpected view of one of the greatest Beauties in Poetry. I cou'd willingly stay to hear you farther on this Head, and am perfectly angry with the Night for wearing away so fast. I hope we shall soon find an opportunity of resumeing the Subject (answer'd *Philypsus*) I need not tell you how agreeable it is to me, even to be convinc'd of my Errors by *Antiphaus*; and I'm satisfy'd that you take a delight in any occasion of admiring Mr. *Pope*. I beg you wou'd tell me, *Antiphaus*; do you not approve of him in some points, more than you have formerly? I do not know how it is, (says *Antiphaus*) but I seem to be both more pleas'd, and more displeas'd with him, than I was before this inquiry: his Excellencies, from the light in which you have set them, strike me more agreeably than ever; but then this looking so closely into his Defects, has made those too the more gross and visible. However

ever (concluded *Philypſus*) you will ſtill acknowledge with me, *That his faults are the faults of a Man, but his beauties are the beauties of an Angel.*—You don't ſeem to like the word: it may ſound perhaps too high; but I mean only of a *Great and Uncommon Genius.*

AN

ESSAY

ON

Mr. *Pope*'s ODYSSEY.

EVENING IV.

AFTER having engag'd themselves so far, we may imagine, that *Antiphaus* and *Philypsus* waited with a good deal of Impatience for the remaining Part of the *Odyssey*. As it happen'd, they were both in Town before it appear'd in Publick; and *Philypsus*, who was the warmer of the two, us'd to inquire almost every day at *Lintot*'s, how the Press went on? He grew still the

more eager, as the time drew nearer: and the first moment he cou'd procure it *in Sheets*, he sat down to them with all the Pleasure, and all the Severity, that *Antiphaus* had preach'd up to him in their former Inquiries.

In the time that was taken up by this agreeable Search, he call'd often upon that Friend, with whom he shar'd his Studies, as well as his Affections. This was rather a Dividing, than Leaving his Pursuits: for he scarce ever saw *Antiphaus*, without mentioning something of the *Odyssey*, and hearing his Sentiments in return. When he had gone intirely thorough the Poem, he went immediately to desire a Meeting in some place where they might talk more at large upon that Head. By good luck *Antiphaus* was perfectly disengag'd: "'Tis a fine "Evening, says he; and if you please, "we will take a turn together in the "Gardens of *Horatio:* since we cannot "enjoy his Company, at least let us "make use of that Liberty he has left "with us. There we shall be retir'd "from the Noise and Bustle of the Town, "and safe from every sort of Interrup-"tion." *Philypsus* was extremely pleas'd to find him so ready: they stept together into his Coach, which drove immediately to *Horatio*'s, and set them down at the Gates

Gates which lead into the Great-Walk of the Garden.

After a turn or two there, they ſat down by the ſide of a Fountain, full in ſight of the *Thames*, which paſſes at the bottom of the Walk. The Walk itſelf makes a fine Viſta in its Deſcent to the River: at a diſtance, you ſee the Fields and Hills; at firſt in an eaſy Aſcent varied into Paſture and Arable, and then riſing unequally, and cover'd here and there with Woods, till they are inſenſibly loſt in a bluiſh Caſt of the Clouds. The agreeableneſs of the Place made *Philypſus* forget himſelf for a few Moments: he was taken up wholly in wandering with his Eye, ſometimes over thoſe beautiful Gardens, and ſometimes over the irregular Proſpect that lay before him. At laſt recollecting himſelf, and turning to *Antiphaus*, "There is a difference (ſays he) "in the agreeable Senſe I feel at preſent "from the delightful Views on all ſides "of us, which may partly confirm what "we were talking of juſt before we ſat "down." Does not this Work of Art, with all its Symmetry and Juſtneſs of Proportions, ſtrike the Mind in a feebler manner, than that Landskape of Nature in its infinite Irregularity? Theſe meaſured Riſes and Falls, in Slopes an-

ſwering each other, Thoſe Groves terminating every way in an exactneſs of figure, Theſe Walks intercroſſing without confuſion, and uniting ſo happily, cannot fail of pleaſing the Eye very much: Yet that Wildneſs and Variety abroad, the River, Lawn, Fields, and Woods, ſo beautifully interſpers'd, compoſe a Scene much finer and more engaging. For my part, I ſhou'd be apt to prefer that ſingle Grot yonder, and the hanging Precipice over it, to a whole Scenary of natural Objects laid out in any regular manner whatever. There is ſomething of this in the Pleaſure which is given us by the greateſt Writers. A noble, natural Genius, however irregular and unconfin'd, delights us in a much higher degree, than the moſt uniform and correct: And the Writer who enjoys this freedom of Soul, amidſt all his Starts and Errors, is greatly to be preferr'd to the Juſtneſs of one, who is too ſevere to commit a Fault, and too cool and phlegmatick to be a Poet.

Such a temper (reply'd *Antiphaus*) can never produce any thing truly Great. The nobleſt Poet in the World has not the feweſt Faults: and the ſame Spirit which qualified *Homer* to be ſo, is what at the ſame time might hurry him away from a nicer Obſervation of ſome little Parti-

Particulars. The very Negligences of *Homer* ſhew the Greatneſs of his Spirit: and where there may be any like Negligences in the Verſion of *Homer*, methinks, it wou'd be but Juſtice to attribute them to the ſame Cauſe: at leaſt where the Spirit of that Poet is ſo diſcernible, as it is in this late Tranſlation.

I cannot but ſmile ſometimes, when I hear a ſeverer Reader very gravely condemning a Poem for a few Faults, which may be evident in it here and there. Nothing can be plainer than that our Judgments ought to be form'd upon the Whole, and not upon Particulars: the Superiority of Beauties or Defects is the only thing that can determine the Character of the Piece. 'Tis poſſible that Mr. *Hobbes* may have expreſs'd a word or two correctly, where the New Tranſlation has deviated into a Metaphorical or licentious Expreſſion: but what a ſtrange method of Compariſon wou'd it be, to ſettle our opinion of the Writers from hence? By ſuch a way of proceeding, we might prefer one, who loſes the Life and Vigor of Poetry throughout, to others who preſerve it ſo ſtrongly in the general Turn of their Compoſitions.

As we go on, *Philypſus*, with our uſual freedom of ſpeaking our Sentiments on each particular Paſſage; I dare ſay, that even all thoſe, which may ſeem faulty to us, will make but a ſmall figure, when compar'd to the ſeveral Excellencies of this Piece. As for my part, after a Reſearch of ſome care thro' the whole Tranſlation, I find no reaſon at all to alter my Opinion, "That the Beauties "of it are far more numerous, and far "more conſiderable, than its Blemiſhes: "even taking all thoſe things for *real* "Blemiſhes, which we may only *imagine* "to be ſuch."

If the faſhionable Choice of *Verſe* be juſtly blameable, it may as juſtly be ſaid, that no one moves with more freedom in his Fetters. In particular Lines, there may be ſome farther diſagreeable *Likeneſſes* of Sound; but the *Variety* of Numbers in general is great and handſome: What Smoothneſs and Harmony do we find thro' the courſe of the Poem; and how ſeldom are they interrupted either by the *Littleneſs*, or the *Vaſtneſs* of the Words; by the *Openneſs* of the Vowels, the *Claſhing* of Conſonants, or any other Roughneſſes whatever. Not to mention againſt theſe, that *Significance* of Sound, which is more frequently and more happily

pily practis'd by Mr. *Pope*, than by any other of the Modern Poets.

As to the *Diction*; not only the Poem, but our Language itself is enrich'd by it. Where it is once Mean, it is in many instances Great, Noble, and Solemn. Where a Simplicity beyond our Taste is to be preserv'd, we may expect some Flatnesses: And, it may be, to these perhaps we owe that Justness and Purity, which in so many places makes us imagine, that we are conversing with Persons of those First Ages of the World, in all their Plainness and Honesty of Behaviour. At other times the Narration is rais'd, and the Images strengthen'd, by a figurative way of speaking, tho', no doubt, in some cases, to excess: but these Excesses may well be pass'd over, when we consider, that they proceed from Liberties, which are highly useful in rendering the Style the more various and poetical; so far, as frequently to improve upon *Homer* himself.

Above all, is that *flame* and *spirit* diffus'd thro' the whole Poem; and oftentimes so well kept up, as to make us forget, that we are reading a Translation. When we are engag'd in the Piece, do not the *great* and *generous* Sentiments we meet with perpetually, make a few Thoughts, which have something

cold or *little* in them, appear inconsiderable upon the first Comparison? What *Openings* have we, and how little *Obscurity!* What a number of natural Thoughts, Images, and Descriptions might be produc'd, to over-balance such Lines in it, as may seem to be Affected, or too Artificial!

Thus, which ever way we turn ourselves, whether we consider the *Poetical Spirit*, the *Language*, or the *Versification*; in each of them the Beauties far exceed the Defects. It is with this Notion we ought to proceed in our Inquiries: we must carry this Thought all along with us. Let us remember, *Philypsus*, "That "all human Excellence stands merely on "Comparison: That no one is without "Faults, and that very few arrive in "any tolerable degree towards Perfec-"tion: That Mr. *Pope* does not only "appear among the Few, but that his "Superiority is every way visible: If we "compare his Compositions in general "with those of our other Poets, the "Disproportion is as great, as when we "compare the Blemishes of his own "Poetry, with the Beauties which every-"where abound in it."

Some of these we are now to consider; and we may enter on this View with the greater Pleasure, as we have the advantage

tage of Mr. *Pope*'s own Obſervations in ſeveral Points, both as to thoſe things, in which he met with the greateſt difficulty; and the Methods he has taken of raiſing his Language, and improving the Verſification.

One of the greateſt Sources of raiſing, as well as enlarging the Poetical Language, is by inventing New Words, or importing old Ones from a foreign Soil. Words, when they are us'd vulgarly, grow mean: Like other Faſhions, when their uſe is once got among the Populace, they ſoon begin to be rejected by the politer Part of the World. This it is (as (*a*) the *Gentlemen* of *Port-Royal* very juſtly obſerve) which neceſſitates the introducing of New Words into every Language; it occaſions a continual Decay, and demands continual Supplies. Thus, whoever has a Felicity this way, is a Benefactor to the Publick: he adds ſo much to the Bank; and gives his Aſſiſtance in ſupporting the preſent Credit of Language among us.

It wou'd be equally trifling and laborious, to give all the particular Inſtances of this Verſion's enriching our Language. It is every-where viſible;

(*a*) *Art de bien Parler*, Part 1. Chap. 4. Sect. 5.

there is no reading a Book in the *Odyſſey*, without obſerving it frequently. You will almoſt conſtantly find Mr. *Pope*'s new Words to be apt, eaſy, and poetical. Sometimes he introduces the Expreſſions, and even the *Peculiarities* of other Languages into our own: Theſe, when unforc'd, pleaſe us very particularly, by the Variety and Novelty they bring along with them. We admire the Stranger in our Habit; and are extremely taken to ſee him look as free and eaſy as if he were a Native, and had been always truly *Engliſh*.

The Poet has the ſame Art and Delicacy in *Connecting* two Words into one, a thing much more difficult than *Inventing*: The Union is proper and inſenſible; there is no Knot, where they are ingrafted: in ſhort, they *(a)* may be ſaid rather to grow into one another, than to be brought together by Art. I do not ſay, that this hits ſo naturally in all the Inſtances; there may be *(b)* ſome Words leſs tractable, or leſs harmonious than others: But in general

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(*a*) Thus: *Melliſluous, attemper'd; ever-ſhady, ill-perſuading, ſerpent-mazes*; and ſeveral others in this Tranſlation.

(*b*) Thus perhaps: *Sea-girt, end-long, love-dittied, woman-ſtate*, &c. in the ſame.

we

we may affirm, that as his Tranſlation is wrought off from a Language, which, in this reſpect, greatly exceeds all that ever were; ſo the Imitations of it, this way, are unuſually Beautiful and Harmonious.

To deviate from the ſtrict Rules which Grammarians wou'd impoſe on Words, either ſingle, or as they ſtand in their relations to one another, gives an agreeable uncommon Air to Language; but in the very Notion of it carries ſomething of difficulty and niceneſs along with it. Mr. *Pope* ſeems to have thought it the ſafeſt way in ſuch Caſes to follow or reſemble thoſe Deviations, which have been already authoriz'd by ſome Maſterly hand: and where he ſtrikes more boldly into any new Freedom, he is generally careful of giving things ſuch an Openneſs, that they may neither perplex the Senſe, nor embaraſs the Period.

A thing more uſeful and agreeable than either of theſe, is to turn the ſtream of Words out of their common Channel. ——There is a good deal of Stiffneſs, which yet attends our Language, from the ſtated order of Words in ſuch a repeated Succeſſion; and tho' we are much freer than our Neighbours the *French* in this particular, I ſhou'd be glad to ſee our Poets, at leaſt, go yet farther to-

wards the Liberties of the old *Greeks* and *Romans*. Mr. *Pope* has ſome ſtrokes towards this: he is ſometimes bold in varying the expected range of Words, to give his Sentences a new and agreeable air; he tranſpoſes their order, often by his own Judgment, and often in imitation of ſome of our beſt Poets, who have ſucceeded in it before.

I wou'd not have a certain Grammarian, or two, over-hear me commending theſe Liberties ſo freely: it wou'd certainly coſt one a Diſpute. You know the Men: they are as ſtrict in the Punctilio's of Words, as ſome formal People are in the little Points of Behaviour. I warrant you, your Neighbour, the Doctor, wou'd ſtand as ſtrictly upon the *Nominative Caſe's going before the Verb*, as *Wicquefort* wou'd for the Precedence of an Ambaſſador: 'Tis certain he can ſettle all the Rules of Place from undeniable Authorities; diſpoſes of the Upper-hand with perfect Oeconomy; and, upon the whole, would make an Excellent *Maſter of the Ceremonies* among Words and Syllables.

However, with this Gentleman's leave, there are ſeveral juſt *Liberties* which may be allow'd for varying the Poetical (*a*) Style;

(*a*) Style; and many Aids, proper to enliven and elevate it in the more noble Parts of a Poem.

Among the latter, Mr. *Pope* has made very good use of Antiquated Words; and no less of Expressions borrow'd from our Translation of the Sacred Writings. The Language of Scripture, as it is receiv'd from the first with a certain religious Awe, will still retain something venerable and august: it may therefore be of signal Service in giving to the Heroick Muse that Majesty, which so well becomes the Sublime Air she ought to assume. 'Tis much the same in the revival of old Words: Antiquity always carries a sort of Solemnity with it, in its very Roughnesses and Decays: The *Rustick* strikes the Mind as strongly as any thing in Architecture; and Ruins themselves have often something awful and majestick in them.

I wou'd not willingly interrupt you (says *Philypsus*); but the humour of heaping superannuated Words in some late Poems, is too provoking to be pass'd by. How have our *Miltonick* Writers, in par-

(*a*) Plurimæ sint locutiones *apud Poetas usitatissimæ*, & in primis *elegantes*, quæ scriptis Prosaicis usurpatæ etiam Grammaticæ leges violant. See *Trapp's* Præl. Poet. p. 49, *&c.* to p. 53.

ticular,

ticular, proſtituted them on all occaſions! in what an undiſtinguiſhing manner do they labour to draw into their Works any word, which their great Maſter has adopted into his *Paradiſe Loſt!* —— *Erſt*, *Nathleſs*, *Beheſts*, *Welkin*, and a Thouſand other Expreſſions of equal beauty and agreeableneſs of Sound, are repeated ten times in every Sheet of theirs: in ſhort, theſe Gentlemen have made me quite ſick of People's going two Hundred Years backward for their Language; and furniſhing out half their Poems from the Vocabularies annex'd to *Spencer* and *Chaucer*.

As for ſome of thoſe Writers (reply'd *Antiphaus* calmly) you have reaſon to be angry with them; but if we may reject any thing merely for the *abuſe* of it, there is nothing of the greateſt *uſe*, that we may not fairly reject. *Virgil* made particular uſe of this method in his Poems, and was (*a*) admir'd by his Countrymen on that account: What is your Opinion of our *Milton?* Are you diſpleas'd with the antiquated Words in his Writings? No, *Philypſus*, I know your Taſte too

(*a*) Cum ſint verba propria, ficta, tranſlata; Propriis dignitatem dat *Antiquitas: eo ornamento* Virgilius *unicè eſt uſus. Quintil. Inſtit.* Lib. 8. Cap. 3. *Again*, Lib. 9. Cap. 3.

well

well to imagine any thing of that nature. And even of those, that have follow'd his Example, there is one or two who make good use of them. This we see in *Philips*'s pieces; not to mention the new (*a*) Poem we were reading the other Day: the Author of which, beside several other Beauties, is by no means unhappy in his Management of this sort of Words. I agree with you, the *Abuse* of them is frequent, and much to be condemn'd: If perpetual, they run into a mere Barbarism; and indeed where-ever they are thrust in, without any other reason except their being Ancient, they give a Roughness and Disorder, instead of the proper Solemnity: But when they are plac'd here and there with Judgment, they support the greatness of our Ideas, and reflect a venerableness on the subject. Were the Old Oaks, that are left standing in the Gardens of *Blenheim*, more numerous, that Design might have too much of the Forest in it: but as they are, they serve to communicate the nobler air of Antiquity to the things about them; and appear in a Majesty of Years, equal to the Grandeur of the Place.

I wou'd desire you to commend the insertion of Solemn Words, only as they

(*a*) *WINTER.* By Mr. *Thomson.*

are

are proper to the Places in which they are us'd. We ſee by Mr. *Pope*'s Obſervations on this Head, that he underſtands the Benefit of them perfectly well; as his Works ſhew that he practiſes up to his own Rules; and ſcarce ever inſerts either the Words of former Centuries, or the Language of Scripture, but where the Subject demands a ſolemn and venerable Turn.

As theſe are the chief Methods of *ennobling* the Poetick Style; ſo the chief to *enliven* it, is the free and various uſe of *Epithets*. No one thing is of greater ſervice to the Poets for diſtinguiſhing their Language from Proſe. This has occaſion'd that (*a*) large and unreſtrain'd uſe of them, ſo much beyond what we find in Oratory: And tho' *Homer* is more bold and frequent in this, than any of the Poets who have wrote ſince, I know not any of the *Ancient* Criticks who have ever blam'd him on that account. 'Tis partly from his uncommon liberties this way, that Mr. *Pope* looks upon his Epithets, as one of the (*b*) *Diſtin-*

(*a*) Eo (*Epitheto*) poetæ & frequentiùs & liberiùs utuntur: Namque illis ſatis eſt convenire verbo, cui apponitur: & ita *Dentes albi*, & *Humida Vina* in his non reprehenduntur. *Quintil. Inſtit.* Lib. 8. Cap. 6.

(*b*) Pref. to *Il.* p. 21.

guiſhing

guiſhing Marks of that Poet. In *Homer* they have, on ſeveral accounts, a peculiar air: and this Tranſlation not only preſerves their proper beauties, but ſhews many Methods of improving upon them. Sometimes the Old are ſet in a ſtronger light, and ſometimes New ones added with a peculiar grace: Sometimes ſeveral are applied to the ſame thing, without (*a*) that ſtrictneſs of connexion, which wou'd (*b*) flatten the energy of them; and where the poverty of our Language will not convey their full Senſe in the Conciſeneſs of the Original, they are enlarged upon in the Tranſlation, and laid more open to our view.

Epithets, *Philypſus*, like Pictures in Miniature, are often intire deſcriptions in one Word. This may be either from their own ſignificance, or by their immediate connexion with ſome known object. We ſee the thing, when the Poet only mentions the *Nodding Creſt* of an Hero; and form a larger Idea of *Jove* from the ſingle Epithet of *Cloud-compelling*, than we might find in a Deſcription more diffuſe. It was chiefly from (*c*) *two*

(*a*) Huge, horrid, vaſt! *Od.* 5. 227,——175.

(*b*) Τὸ τοιοῦτο, κυρτὰ, φαληριόωντα, τῇ ἐξαιρέσει τοῦ συνδέσμου μεγαλειότερον ἀπέβη. *Dem. Phal.* ξδ'.

(*c*) See Mr. *Pope*'s Note on *Il.* 1. 683.

Poetical

Poetical Epithets, that *Phidias* deſign'd the countenance of his *Olympian Jupiter*; as, in Reverſe, we often ſee the Perſon in his Epithet, from our being acquainted with ſome Statue, or Picture, to which it refers: Thus when *Apollo* is call'd the *Archer-God*, it recalls to our memory the repreſentations we have ſo often ſeen of that Deity: the complete Figure is rais'd up in the Mind, by touching upon that ſingle circumſtance.

'Tis by the ſame means, that one ſingle Epithet gives us the Idea of any Object, which has been common and familiar to us. Meadows, Fields, Woods, Rivers, and the Sea itſelf, are often imag'd by one well-choſen Word. Thus in that (*a*) beautiful Deſcription of *Calypſo*'s Bower, you ſee the Groves *of living green*; the Alders *ever quivering*; the *nodding* Cypreſs, and its high Branches, *waving* with the Storm: 'Tis by Epithets that the ancient Poets paint their *Elyſian Groves*; and the Modern, their *Windſor-Foreſts*.

Where our Language will not admit of this conciſeneſs, we find the Image preſerv'd by a Deſcription more full and diffuſive: Thus,

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(*a*) See Od. 5, 85.

—The

—The Morning Sun increaſing bright [light.
(*a*) O'er Heav'n's pure Azure ſpreads the growing

I ſhould think that the Opening of the Senſe in a larger Compaſs may often be approv'd, even where we are not driven to it by the poverty of our Language. *Homer* himſelf, who has the advantage of ſingle Words ſo much ſtronger and more ſignificant, often chuſes to draw out his Sentiments into ſeveral Lines, and ſometimes (*b*) the very ſame Sentiment, which upon other Occaſions he has expreſs'd in one word only. May not the ſame Liberty be allow'd to his Tranſlators? Is it not a fine Enlargement, for Inſtance, where *Homer* is ſpeaking of *Penelope*'s *Veil* with the Epithet of *Pellucid* only, to ſay that "the Tranſpa-
"rent Veil

"(*c*) Her beauty ſeems, and only ſeems to ſhade."

Tho' the imaging and deſcriptive ſort of Epithets may be the more Beautiful; thoſe which add Strength and Emphaſis

(*a*) *Od.* 9, 67,—56.

(*b*) Νώροψ which is beautifully expreſs'd by *Horace* in three words (*nimium lubricus aſpici*) is enlarged by *Homer* himſelf, on a fit occaſion, into three lines: Compare Ιλ. λ'. 16. with ν'. 340.

(*c*) *Od.* 18, 250,—209. Λ'παρά.

are

are by no means to be contemn'd. This way they are of great Service in all *Satire*; and particularly in that Abusiveness, which *Homer* is not over-nice in bestowing upon his Gods: they appear well in the Ridicule of the Suitors; and are strong and vehement in any *Arrogant Character*, particularly in all Contemners of the Gods. I shall give you only one instance of the latter; from *Polypheme*'s Answer to *Ulysses*:

Fools that you are! (the monster made reply,
His inward fury blazing at his eye)
Or strangers distant far from our abodes,
To bid me rev'rence or regard the Gods.
Know, that we Cyclops are a race above
(*a*) Those *air-bred people*, and their *goat-nurs'd Jove*.

You must have observ'd (*Philypsus*) several other Methods of using Epithets poetically. I need not mention the peculiar fitness and strength, which they may acquire, from the (*b*) *occasions* on which they are us'd, or the *Light* they are set in: That (*c*) *Substantives* are sometimes us'd as *Epithets*; and sometimes (*d*) *Epithets* as *Substantives*: Sometimes the (*e*) *Metaphor* is convey'd this way with a good Grace;

(*a*) *Od.* 9, 330,——276.
(*b*) *Od.* 23, 217, compared with verse 227.
(*c*) *Od.* 1, 389,——299.
(*d*) *Od.* 19, 110,—91.
(*e*) *Od.* 10, 291.

and

and at others, two *Thwarting Ideas* are mixt together in a very agreeable manner. Mr. *Addiſon* is the firſt I know of, that obſerv'd upon theſe, and gave them their Name; and of this kind is the (*a*) *Vegetable Venom* in the fourth *Odyſſey*, which anſwers (*b*) his Inſtance of *Aurum Frondens* from *Virgil*.

I know not whether I perfectly apprehend you, or not (interpos'd *Philpſus*): Do you not mean that particular ſort of Metaphor, when ſome ſtrange *quality* in a thing, is turn'd into an *Epithet*, and directly applied to it? —— Either that, or elſe ſome ſtrange Circumſtance applied in the ſame manner: in both 'tis the Novelty, and the Surprize that pleaſe us.— I take you, ſays *Philypſus*; and believe I now ſee a farther Reaſon, why a very natural Paſſage (in another Poem by Mr. *Pope*) has always been ſo agreeable to me. 'Tis where he ſpeaks of the odd Appearance of things from their inverſion in a River: I think I can repeat it:

Oft in the Stream—The muſing Shepherd ſpies
The headlong Mountains, and the downward Skies,
The wat'ry Landskip of the pendant Woods,
And abſent Trees, that tremble in the Floods;

(*a*) *Od.* 4, 320,—230.
(*b*) *Addiſon's Mic.* Vol. 1. p. 245. 12*mo*.

In

In the clear azure Gleam the Flocks are ſeen,
(*a*) And floating Foreſts paint the Waves with green.

Theſe are of the kind I mean, ſays *Antiphaus*; they are bold, but they are natural: Indeed, with due caution, greater Contrarieties than theſe may be join'd, under ſome particular Circumſtance, to juſtify ſo unexpected an Union. Thus all Epithets, which contradict the general Senſe of the Thing, but agree with the particular Occaſion: Thus is *Grief* call'd *pleaſing*; there are *Kindneſſes* which are *terrible* (*b*): And in many caſes *Death* and even *Diſgrace* may be *deſirable*. Inſtances of this kind are very frequent, eſpecially among our modern Poets. There are (*c*) many in this Tranſlation: in particular, 'tis this which gives a new Air to that gay (*d*) Speech of *Mercury* in the Eighth Book.

Tho' the *Latins* us'd this agreeable Claſh of Ideas, *the Greek Poets* (as Mr. *Addiſon* (*e*) obſerves on the former Head) *wanted Art for it*: They, at leaſt the

(*a*) *Windſor-Foreſt*, p. 59. folio.

(*b*) As when the *Cyclops*, in the height of his good-nature, promiſſes *Ulyſſes*, that he ſhall be the laſt he will devour. *Od.* 9.

(*c*) *Od.* 1, 449,—353, 15, 435,—399. *otherwiſe* 12, 52. 18, 284, &c.

(*d*) Verſe 380—342.

(*e*) *Miſc.* Vol. 1. p. 254. 12*mo*.

more

more Ancient of them, never join things that seem to disagree, in so close an Union. Unless where Nature herself has led the way in an (*a*) actual mixture of Contrarieties: in any point, except that single one, these must be intirely Improvements on the Original.

The Misfortune is, that in all Human Excellencies there will be an Alloy: Faults spring out of our Improvements themselves; and the very methods of Beautifying lead often into Blemishes. The way to any Perfection is full of Difficulties and Windings on each side; and every Step out of the right Path (tho' they cross each other every Moment) is a wandering from our Design. In a word, *Philypsus*, 'tis much the same with Errors and Improvements, as it is with Pleasure and Pain in the Philosopher's Fable: they are blended together in such a manner, that it is impossible to come at the one, without touching upon the other.

All the Methods which are us'd in Mr. *Pope*'s Translation, and which are so often of great Efficacy towards beautifying and improving the Diction, may

(*a*) Thus in the *Twilight*, when we have really a sort of *visible Darkness*, *Homer* uses an Epithet of the same contrariety: Ἀμφιλυκὴ νύξ, i.e. Darkness ting'd every way with Light. Ιλ. ή. 433.

some-

ſometimes fall under a different Character.

Among the Words which are introduc'd from other Languages into our own, there may be (*a*) ſome, which ſtill retain too much of the air of Foreigners: As antiquated Words may (*b*) look too Groteſque, or have a rough, diſagreeable ſound. The very Solemnity of Scriptural Expreſſions may ſometimes require that they ſhould not be (*c*) alienated: at leaſt it may make them look (*d*) too high for the Paſſages in which they are inſerted.

Next to the importing of Words New to the Poetical Style, is the varying the uſe of the Old. To deviate from the ſtrictneſs of Grammar, is what gave a riſe to Rhetorick; and ſurely there are few who wou'd not prefer all the beautiful Forms and Figures of the latter (at leaſt for Poetry and Oratory) to that bare correctneſs, which alone is the Province of the former: Yet there may be Innovations on this too harſh or daring; and Figures, that may look more like

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(*a*) Dexter, circumfuſile, variegated. *Od.* 15, 145.

(*b*) Seneſchal, viands, bev'rage, ireful. 3, 179.

(*c*) *Jupiter* is ſtil'd *God* (ſimply, *Od.* 3, 190,——158 Θεὸς) *Neptune*, a God above the Gods. *Od.* 13, 176.

(*d*) To thee a Son is giv'n——*Od.* 18, 207. And—Food in the deſart land, behold, is giv'n.——*Od.* 10, 204,——175.

Patch-

Patchwork, than true Ornaments in the Dreſs of Poetry.

The greater danger is, when the Poet aſſumes (*a*) any common Word in a new unuſual Senſe. The worſt Fault of any Language is Ambiguity; that great cauſe of Darkneſs in Verſe, and the continuer of every Diſpute that has been kept up for any time in Proſe. The various Appearances of words, *Philypſus*, ſhould not be multiply'd unneceſſarily: the Reader is apt to be diſtracted between ſo many Lights; and in ſuch a Variety, is more likely to follow the falſe, than the true.

I have obſerv'd this particularly in Words deriv'd from other Languages: Theſe, you know, often prevail among us very differently from their native ſignification. The *Latin ſenſe* perhaps is one thing, and the *Engliſh uſe* another: When this has obtain'd univerſally, we ought not to run back to the *Latin* (*b*) ſenſe of the word, in our uſe of it. If you ſhould, the Learned themſelves may not readily fall into your meaning, and the Unlearned will inevitably miſtake it.

It may be inquir'd too, how far this Tranſlation may make a wrong uſe of

(*a*) *Flown* (with Inſolence) *Od.* 1. 292. *Filial* (for a Daughter) 6, 67.

(*b*) *Partial*, *Od.* 8, 185. *Succinct*, 17, 200. *Objected*, 7, 54. *Implicit*, 9, 514.

Terms borrow'd from any of the Arts and Sciences: As where we read of *Architraves*, *Colonnades*, and the like. I would not produce these as undoubted faults in the Poetical Stile: tho' the banishing *all Technical Words* be laid down by some Criticks as a Rule never to be transgressed; I should imagine they might be admitted in some Cases; even where there is not that absolute necessity, either of using them, or losing the Sense of the Original.

Will not the very thing, on which the Rule is founded, allow the departing from it sometimes? "*That the Poet writes* "*to all Mankind in general*;" And "*That* "*he should avoid all appearance of Labour*, "*as well as Affectation*," is very true; and very good reasons they are for his not using Technical Words, while they carry difficulty, and an air of Affectation, about them: But if such Words ever happen to be perfectly familiarized by the Writings of former Poets, or become of common Use in the World, I should think they have the same Right to be admitted into Poetry (and if not mean, the same Propriety) as any other Words, the most obvious and intelligible. Any one may distinguish their greater or less fitness, on this Account, in the Description of *Alcinous*'s Palace: in which there are several Instances, both of Terms familiariz'd, and

of

of such as are less allowable, under one and the same view:

The *Front* appear'd with radiant splendors gay,
Bright as the Lamp of Night, or Orb of Day.
The Walls were massy brass; the *Cornice* high
Blue Metals crown'd, in colours of the sky:
Rich Plates of Gold the *folding-doors incase*;
The Pillars Silver, on a brazen *base*;
Silver the *Lintels deep-projecting* o'er,
(*a*) And Gold the *Ringlets* that command the Door.

Some of these Terms are certainly allowable; and you will think perhaps I carry the matter too far in another Point, which may seem as allowable to the full. You must know, I am apt to imagine, that not only the more difficult Terms of Art, but even such Words as are (*b*) *usurp'd* more particularly in any single

(*a*) Od. 7, 117,—90.

(*b*) Thus there is something which does not sound intirely right in these Lines:

Full shines *the Father* in the *Filial Frame*, Od. 4, 199.
He ceas'd: the *Filial Virtue* made reply, 22, 167.
Mean time *Arete* for the Hour of Rest
Ordains the fleecy Couch———7, 428.
The Peers reproach the sure *Divine* of Fate, 20, 432.

Within the *Stricture* of the Palace Wall, 22, 186.
Impossthumate with Pride —— 20, 358.
With *Venial* Freedom let me now demand
Thy Name———1, 219.
There cling *implicit*, and confide in *Jove*, 9, 514.

The *Seneschal* rebuk'd, in haste withdrew, 4, 47.
A *Cenotaph* I raise of deathless Fame, 4, 794.

Province, may become leſs fit to be us'd in common. If ſo, it may require Caution in inſerting ſome that are *appropriated* to particular Perſons or Things, many that are us'd much in the *Profeſſions*, eſpecially in the *Scholaſtick* way of Diſtinctions, and all in general that are perplex'd, or not to be underſtood without Difficulty.

I'm afraid I have tired you, *Philypſus*, with ſuch a ſtring of dry Obſervations: they muſt have their Turn in a View of this Nature; and to omit what is neceſſary, for fear of an Imputation of Pedantry, is perhaps the worſt Pedantry one can be guilty of.

Give me leave to inlarge more upon the Abuſe of Epithets, as I did before upon the Uſe of them. 'Tis the ſame with theſe, *Philypſus*, as with all other Ornaments of Speech; their being ſo very ſerviceable, may lead to a larger Uſe of them than is proper: but there is this Advantage too; the very thing which makes them ſo ſtrong and beautiful, will help to diſcover any Error in their Application. They are each connected ſo immediately to their Subject, that their Impropriety, as well as Agreement, is very eaſily diſcern'd.

On (*a*) this Account, we ſhould be the more cautious how we mix the Epithets of the *Proper*, with any *Metaphorical* Expreſſions: Theſe for the Time change their Nature, and may ſignify things very different from what they ſtood for before. That Metaphor, which puts the Name of a *Place* or *Country* for its *Inhabitants*, is reckon'd a great and agreeable one; but where-ever it is uſed, we muſt remember it ſtands now for *Men*, and is not to be conſider'd in its proper ſtate, as a *Part of the Earth*. If its old Epithets are ſtill applied to it, the Senſe muſt be diſagreeing and confus'd.

I fear we meet with ſomething of this, where *Penelope* complains of the Numbers and Importunity of her Suitors, after this manner:

Zacynthus, green with ever-ſhady Groves,
And *Ithaca*, preſumptuous boaſt their loves;
Obtruding on my choice a ſecond Lord,
(*b*) They preſs the *Hymenæan* rite.—

(*a*) Δεῖ καὶ τὰ ἐπίθετα καὶ τὰς μεταφορὰς ἁρματτόντας λέγειν· τοῦτο δ' ἔσται ἐὰν τῷ ἀναλόγῳ· εἰ δὲ μή, ἀπρεπὴς φανεῖται, διὰ τὸ παραλλήλα τὰ ἐναντία μάλιστα φαίνεσθαι. *Ariſtot. Rhetor.* Lib. 3. Cap. 2.

(*b*) *Od.* 19, 155,——131.

Longinus, (*a*) somewhere in his Treatise on the *Sublime*, gives us an instance of this sort of Metaphor, from *Herodotus*, where that Historian is speaking of a very moving Tragedy, *at the Acting of which the Theatre burst into Tears:* This the Critick judges to be so taking, from the Surprize that Turn of Expression carries with it. The Metaphor itself has certainly something great in it: But had *Herodotus* join'd some of its proper Epithets or Description with this Metaphor, and said, that "*The Theatre, rais'd all on* "*Columns of the* Corinthian *Order, burst* "*into Tears at the Deepness of the Tragedy*," *Longinus* might have thought the passage more *Surprizing*; but I dare say he would not have thought it so worthy of his Commendation.

To mix these things in a Description is really as absurd, as to paint a *River-God*, not with his *Urn*, to signify what he is; but gushing all over into Streams, like some of the odd Figures in *Ovid*'s *Metamorphosis:* and by the way, it may be a very good (*b*) Rule that is given, to try mixt Metaphors at any time; by forming in one's Mind a Picture from what is said, and considering how the

(*a*) Cap. 24. Ed. *Oxon.* 1718.
(*b*) *Spectator*, N°. 595.

Parts

Parts of it would agree, were they delineated upon Canvas.

There is another Disagreement in Epithets, when two Expressions, proper in themselves, are yet join'd together improperly. After a great Slaughter we may very well have a Notion of *Heaps*, *or* (as it is in the Poetical Language) *Mountains of the Slain*; 'tis natural on the same Occasion to imagine to ourselves their Wounds, and the *Blood ebbing* out of them: these are very proper separately; but to join them under the Notion of a (*a*) *Bleeding Mountain*, does not look so reconcileable to the Mind.

An Error yet more frequent is, when we give a Word that Epithet, which is proper to it on some Occasions, indifferently at all Times, and without any Occasion.

This, in some measure, has been always allowable in Verse: however such a Liberty is not without its Bounds, nor should it be used intemperately. *Purple* (for instance) is an Epithet very frequent in the Ancient Poets for the Habit of Princes: yet it is not to be given to that of all Great Men; nor of Princes equally,

(*a*) *Od.* 22, 135, ——118.

whether (*a*) young or old; nor of the very ſame Prince, under ſeveral Circumſtances. Tho' a Remark of this kind may ſeem inſignificant enough, the Neglect of it in Practice is often very groſs and ſhocking.

Again: What is proper in one Language, may not be ſo in another. Was any one to tranſlate the *purpureis Oloribus* of *Horace*, *purple Swans*, would not he be ſo *Literal*, as to miſs the *Senſe* of his Author intirely? The ſame I ſuſpect a little in this, and ſeveral other of our Poets, who generally tranſlate the *Purpureum mare* of the *Latins*, and Πορφύρεον πέλαγος of the *Greeks*, by *Purple Seas*.

There may be another Impropriety from the difference of time and circumſtances: It may do very well to give the Epithet of *browzing* to a Goat; or *grazing* to the Ox: it helps to deſcribe them in the Fields, or to diſtinguiſh them from ſome other Creatures; and if neither of theſe, at leaſt it gives the Language a Poetical Air: Yet theſe Epithets have ſome reſtraints, they belong to Life and Action; they do not ſuit with thoſe very Creatures when Dead; and leſs ſo, when they are cut out in the Shambles, or ſerv'd up at a Feaſt: this is the Caſe

(*a*) Δεῖ σκοπεῖν, ὡς νέῳ φοινίκις, ἕλως γέροντί τι· οὐ γὰρ ἡ αὐτὴ πρέπει ἑκάστῃ. *Ariſt. Rhet.* Lib. 3. Cap. 2.

in

in a Paſſage relating to *Penelope*'s Suitors; they,

—A luxurious race, indulge their chear;
Devour the *grazing Ox*, and *browzing Goat*,
(*a*) And turn the gen'rous Vintage down their throat.

As Epithets ſhould be proper to the *Things*, or *Perſon*, they are applied to; ſo muſt we take Care that they are ſtill proper to the *Metaphors* we add; and in Allegory, not to confound the Epithets of the *Real*, with thoſe of the *Fictitious Perſon*.

In the Preface to the *Iliad* (*b*) we have an excellent Diſtinction to this Purpoſe, on a known (*c*) Epithet of *Apollo*; "Which "(as we are there told) is capable of two "Explications; one Literal, in reſpect "of the Darts and Bow, the Enſigns of "that God; the other Allegorical, with "regard to the Rays of the Sun: there- "fore in ſuch Places, where *Apollo* is re- "preſented as a God in Perſon, I would "uſe the former Interpretation; and "where the Effects of the Sun are de- "ſcrib'd, I wou'd make Choice of the "latter." You ſee the juſtneſs of the Obſervation: it may ſerve to explain my Meaning better than I could expreſs it myſelf.

(*a*) *Od.* 17, 621,——535.
(*b*) Page 22. 12*mo*.
(*c*) Ἑκηβόλος.

'Tis evident, by the Way, that Mr. *Pope* form'd this Obſervation upon his Experience in the Progreſs of that Tranſlation: This appears from the firſt Part of that Work, in which we ſometimes find the Properties and Effects of the Sun blended with the perſonal Acts of *Apollo*: thus it is in the firſt Appearance of that Deity in the Poem. I ſhall read the Paſſage to you, tho' ſomething long: it begins with that beautiful Line,

Silent * he wander'd by the ſounding Shore:
Till ſafe at Diſtance to his God he prays,
That God, who *darts around the World his Rays.*
O *Smintheus*, ſprung from fair *Latona*'s Line,
Thou guardian Power of *Cilla* the divine,
Thou *Source of Light*, whom *Tenedos* adores,
And whoſe *bright* Preſence *gilds* thy *Chryſa*'s ſhores;
God of the Silver Bow! thy Shafts employ,
(*a*) Avenge thy Servant, and the *Greeks* deſtroy.

The Original here does not once attribute any thing to the Deity but what is perſonal: 'tis certain the Sun and its Effects are hid under this Allegory; but then they muſt be hid: for ſo far as it appears, it will ceaſe to be Allegory. *Homer* never mixes ſhadows and reality; and as Mr. *Pope* perceiv'd this in his going on with the Poem, I preſume he built upon it that excellent Obſervation.

* *Chryſes.* (*a*) *Il.* 1, 60,——42.

Any

Any mixture of this Nature is more evident in Epithets, for that obvious Reason I mention'd before. And thus, you see, there are Inconveniencies attend each Method of improving the Poetical Diction; and that the danger bears some Proportion to the Excellence. Where the finest Colourings are employed, the faulty strokes of the Pencil are the sooner perceiv'd. The noblest Efforts of Human Art are not without their Defects. Of all Doctrines, I shall never hold that, which supposes any Man to be infallible: and of all Men, the Poet of a true, free, glowing Spirit, must naturally be incapable of that Character. No, *Philypsus*, the most *correct* Writer is he that has the *fewest* Faults: and he is the *noblest* Poet that has most distinct Excellencies.

You need not repeat, says *Philypsus*, what you have thoroughly convinc'd me of long since. Yes, 'tis the (*a*) Condition of every human Performance, not to be absolutely perfect. I can allow of seeing Faults in any the most favourite Piece, and find a fresh and greater Pleasure every Day in reading an Author without that

(*a*) Whoever thinks a faultless Piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
Pope's Essay on Criticism.

Biaſs, which uſed to make me admire every thing I read. Yet I muſt own my Infirmity to you, I ſtill find it very difficult to arrive to that Indifference you would perſuade me to, in any tolerable Degree.

A perfect Indifference (anſwer'd *Antiphaus*) is no more attainable, than a perfect Excellence, by a Creature made up of ſo many Paſſions as Man is. We muſt poiſe ourſelves with all the Steadineſs we are Maſters of; and when thoſe Diſturbers will be interfering, the beſt way is to turn their own Artillery upon them, and to play one Paſſion upon another. If the ſuperior Merit of a Writer, or his engaging way, is apt to captivate us ſo far as to raiſe any partial regards in us; we muſt ſtop, and conſider what we owe to Truth, the moſt beautiful and commanding thing in the World: On the contrary, where-ever we begin to feel a malicious Pleaſure in finding out the Faults of Great Men, we muſt break off that humour as ſoon as perceiv'd, by turning immediately to ſome of the fineſt Paſſages in their Works, and indulging that Delight and Admiration they raiſe in us.

I do this, (reply'd *Philypſus*) and yet it is but too frequently that I find myſelf more engag'd than I ought to be, after all

all my Endeavours: How happy ſhould I be, could I have that command of my Temper, which *Antiphaus* ſhews upon all Occaſions!

If you have obſerv'd any thing in me of that Nature (ſays *Antiphaus* interrupting him) it is chiefly owing to the Obſervance of this Rule, "When we "are thinking of any particular Paſſage, "to forget the Character of the Author: "and when we are ſpeaking of the Cha- "racter of the Author, to forget the "Turn of any particular Paſſage." Our Notion of a Poem is not to be influenc'd by a few Lines, taken here and there from it: the only thing by which it can be juſtly determin'd, is the Balance of the Account, after reckoning up all its Beauties and all its Defects againſt one another. I mean, not only as to their *Number*, but according to the real *Value*, or *Alloy* that is in them. But what am I doing, *Philypſus?* to talk at this rate, while I might be enjoying your Obſervations?—The things I have heard you ſpeak of at different Times, make me long to ſee them in one collected View. We are here ſafe from the Impertinence of Buſineſs, or Viſits; and may enjoy ourſelves at large, without being interrupted by either.

I am ſenſible (anſwer'd *Philypſus*, after a ſhort pauſe) that what you particularly mean, is the Improvements in Mr. *Pope*'s Tranſlation, from the many Figures and Variations added in that Work: but as I am not prepared for a regular Account of them, you will give me leave to mention them juſt as they come into my Thoughts. My happineſs is, that I ſpeak to ſo generous a Friend: I know *Antiphaus* too well to make Apologies for the Weakneſs of my Obſervations, or the looſe manner in which I may lay my Thoughts before him.

(*a*) "To be *Clear*, and *not* to be *Mean*, "is the great Excellence of Language. "A Style that is made up wholly of *pro-* "*per* Words, will be the cleareſt of any, "but at the ſame Time it will neceſſarily "be mean: On the contrary, the im- "prov'd *figurative* Style is great; but if "it be crowded every-where with Fi- "gures and new Turns, it muſt grow "dark and barbarous."

If this Rule be juſt, as it has ever been allow'd to be, (quite down from the Great Father of Criticiſm at *Athens*, to thoſe who flouriſh now in the Academy of *Paris*) all additional Figures in this

(*a*) From *Ariſtotle*'s Lib. de *Poet.* Cap. 22.

Tranſ-

Translation, which neither darken nor perplex the Sense, are so many new Beauties and Improvements upon the Original.

For my part, I should not stick at carrying this Point farther; I should imagine, That Figures are the Language of the Passions. The Body itself is agitated, and our Features discomposed, when the Mind is struck violently with any Object; and if we speak upon such Occasions, 'tis with rapidity and disorder. We burst out into Exclamations: our Sentiments are quick and violent, and our Language interrupted frequently with sudden Starts, and as sudden Pauses. Things appear then more strong and largely to the Mind; we paint them in more expressive Colours, and with a greater Energy of Words. 'Tis this way of speaking that gave rise to what the Criticks afterwards call'd Figures. These are the beautiful Disorders of Language; they are in our Words what sudden Agitations are in our Minds; and tho' we may think them chiefly the effect of Art, they are really some of the most natural strokes in Poetry.

When we are struck suddenly with Joy or Sorrow, Hopes or Fears, we break out in a short quick manner of Expression. ——*Ulysses*, in the Habit of a Stranger, finds

finds the good old *Laertes* ever ſorrowing for his Abſence, and buſying himſelf in his Garden, to divert the melancholy of his Thoughts. The Hero does not diſcover himſelf immediately; only juſt mentions to him, that he had ſeen *Ulyſſes* in his Travels. That is the Point *Laertes* fixes upon: *This Iſland you are landed upon* (ſays he) *is* Ithaca;

But tell me, Stranger, be the Truth confeſs'd,
What years have circled ſince thou ſaw'ſt that gueſt?
That hapleſs gueſt, alas! for ever gone!
Wretch that he was! and that I am! my Son!
If ever Man to miſery was born,
(*a*) 'Twas his to ſuffer, and 'tis mine to mourn!

Ulyſſes in his Anſwer informs him where he had met with his Son; and that when they parted, he flatter'd himſelf with hopes of ſeeing him again; but now, he found, he muſt deſpair of that happineſs. This was too much for *Laertes* to bear: we ſee him overcome with Sorrow. 'Tis now *Ulyſſes*'s turn to be agitated, and to ſpeak his Paſſions in the ſame impetuous manner:

He ran, he ſeiz'd him with a ſtrict embrace,
With thouſand kiſſes wander'd o'er his face,
" I, I am he; Oh Father, riſe! Behold,
" (*b*) Thy ſon! ——

(*a*) *Od.* 24, 339,—289.
(*b*) *Od.* 24, 376,—320.

I

I can ſcarce leave the pleaſure I take in repeating theſe Paſſages, only to tell you, that they are extremely improv'd by Mr. *Pope*. No one will imagine how much, that has not compar'd them with the Original.

You ſee theſe Paſſions break out in ſhort violent Flaſhes: ſometimes they are ſo ſtrong as to permit no more than one word or two. When *Eurycléa* by accident diſcovers *Ulyſſes*, ſhe can only cry out (*a*) *My Son!—My King!*—And where any go farther, they rather *hint* at things than *mention* them: Their Thoughts are full of ſtarts and hurry; they ſpeak with vehemence, and often end abruptly. Thus *Ulyſſes*, when he diſcovers himſelf to *Telemachus*:

I am thy Father. O my Son! my Son!
That Father, for whoſe ſake thy days have run
(*b*) One ſcene of woe, *&c.*

And in another Place from a different Paſſion:

O curſt event! and Oh unlook'd-for aid!
Melanthius, or the women have betray'd——
(*c*) Oh my dear Son!—

(*a*) *Od.* 19, 554,—475.
(*b*) *Od.* 16, 208,—189.
(*d*) *Od.* 22, 166,—152.

Theſe

These passionate *Breaks* are one of the finest things in Poetry. They are as natural in Anger, as they are in Sorrow or Surprizes; and indeed in the former are proper sooner, and upon less motives far than in these. I know not how it is, they have a particular aptness in all Threats, and either intimate very strongly, or are very well fill'd up with some menacing Action:

This choice is left you, to resist or die;
(*a*) And die, I trust, ye shall.—

Or, as in the *Nineteenth* Book,

Vagrant, be gone! before this blazing brand
(*b*) Shall urge—and wav'd it hissing in her hand.

You have puzzled me, says *Antiphaus*: Now for my Life can't I tell which to approve of most, the expressing, or the intimating the Action in such Cases: this requires the greatest strength in the Poet, and the other has greater force in his Performance. Oh, give me leave to mention one thing,—Have you not observ'd a larger sort of Break, which is used artificially in a Poem, to incite the Attention of the Reader? I mean, when

(*a*) *Od.* 22, 81,—67.
(*b*) *Od.* 19, 85,—69.

the

the Narration is dropt in the moſt engaging parts of it, or juſt before ſome very material Incident: This adds a double deſire of hearing; the Audience generally make it their Requeſt, that the Speaker would go on, and inform them of the Sequel. Thus it is in the Eleventh *Odyſſey: Ulyſſes* in the midſt of his Account of the Infernal Regions (*a*) makes a feint of concluding; we are immediately told that the *Phæacians* were eager to hear him on; and it is obſervable, that the very (*b*) ſame Break, and the very ſame Sentiment after it, is imitated by *Virgil*. 'Tis indeed improv'd in the latter; he has all the Uſe of *Homer's* ſuſpenſe, without the Tediouſneſs of it.

I have often taken notice of this Artifice, ſays *Philypſus*. 'Tis very uſual in the Cloſe of the particular Books, not only of this Poem, but equally of the *Iliad* and *Æneid*.——Were it not a thing pretty obvious in itſelf, I ſhould be apt to imagine, that it was from this practice of *Homer* and *Virgil*, that thoſe prudent

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(*a*) *Od.* 11, 408,—328.——Κηληθμῷ——ἔχοντο. Ver. 333. And Ver. 369. *Alcinous* deſires him to proceed.

—— (*b*) Donec Calchante miniſtro——
Tum vero ardemus ſcitari.—— *Æn.* 2, 100 and 105.

Authors,

Authors, who write for Sale, had learnt what is ſo common among them: Thus, in our Books of Adventures and Romance, we ſeldom meet with a Firſt Part, which does not break off in ſuch a point of the Story, as may be moſt apt to engage the Expectation of the Reader; and to draw him in for that moſt tedious thing in the World, vulgarly call'd, *A Second Part.*

There is yet another ſort of Breaks, *Antiphaus*, which proceed not from the Artifice of the Writer, but the Paſſion he feels upon ſome great or unexpected Calamity. There might be Inſtances of this given from the Poem before us; but we muſt go to another piece of Mr. *Pope's* for the fineſt that ever I met with in my Life. 'Tis in his charming *Ode* on *Muſick*, where he is ſpeaking of that great Maſter of it, *Orpheus*:

(*a*) See wild as the winds o'er the mountains he flies,
Hark, *Hemus* reſounds with the *Bacchanals* cries!
—— Ah, ſee! he dies.

Thoſe Paſſions, which break off our Language in this manner, and confine it to ſhort catches and ſtarts, when they are wrought up to the higheſt pitch, or croud in many of them together upon

(*a*) *Stanza* the 6th.

the

the Mind, are beſt expreſt by *Silence*. Such Silences as theſe (pardon me a Paradox as old as (*a*) *Pythagoras*'s times) are the voice of Nature. 'Tis true, in the common Method of ſpeaking, there are only a few particular Organs concern'd: but in ſtronger Emotions, in the violence of any Paſſion, the whole Body may be Talkative. Every Look, and Turn, and Motion is ſignificant; and each Nerve can have its ſhare in making up (what our *Shakeſpeare* calls) *a kind of Excellent Dumb Diſcourſe*.

To be more plain: Our Paſſions are often too ſtrong to be expreſs'd immediately by words; they often choak up the paſſage for them; and yet at the ſame time they are moſt apparent. The more any one is a ſtranger to art and diſguiſes, the more is he moved on theſe Occaſions: theſe Silences are the pure effects of Nature; and the Deſcriptions of them are ſome of the moſt natural, as well as moſt beautiful Paſſages in the Poem before us.

The Recovery of *Ulyſſes* is the Incident of the greateſt concern to all his Friends,

(*a*) Ἡ σιωπὴ ὑπὲρ τὲ θείε σφισὶν (the Diſciples of *Pythagoras*) ἐπήσκηλο· πολλά γὲ θεῖα τε καὶ ἀπόῤῥηλα ἤκεσον· ὧν κρατεῖν χαλεπὸν ἦν, μὴ πρῶτον μαθόσιν, ὅτι καὶ ΤΟ ΣΙΩΠΑΝ ΛΟΓΟΣ. *Philoſtratus* de Vita *Apol.* Lib. 1. Cap. 1.

and

and muſt be attended with the ſtrongeſt flow of Paſſion in them: accordingly they are each too much mov'd with the diſcovery, to utter their Sentiments on that Occaſion. *Telemachus* is the firſt to whom *Ulyſſes* makes himſelf known: He falls on his Father's Neck, and they continue embracing each other, without ſpeaking (*a*) for a conſiderable time.—We have a like Scene, (*b*) when he diſcovers himſelf to two or three ſelect Friends. Good old *Laertes*, on the ſame Occaſion, is not only ſilent, but ſcarce (*c*) able to ſupport himſelf, under ſuch an exceſs of Paſſion; and the fond, tender *Penelope* is quite overcome with it:

(*d*) She ſickens, trembles, falls, and faints away.

A great Surprize, or extraordinary Fright, has the ſame Effect: as in *Homer*'s (*e*) *Eurylochus*, and the Sir *Treviſan* of *Spencer*, which the (*e*) Notes mention as a Parallel to *Eurylochus*. Never was any Image ſet in a fuller Light than this of *Spencer*'s: 'tis preſented to our View

(*a*) *Od.* 16, 243,—220.
(*b*) *Od.* 21, 240,—226.
(*c*) *Od.* 24, 404,—346.
(*d*) *Od.* 23, 212,—205.
(*e*) *Od.* 10, 288,—246.

with

with all the ſtrength that Poetry is capable of. I muſt beg leave to read it to you:

He anſwer'd nought at all, but adding new
Fear to his firſt amazement, ſtaring wide
With ſtony eyes, and heartleſs hollow hue,
Aſtoniſh'd ſtood, as one that had eſpy'd
Infernal furies with their chains unty'd:
Him yet again, and yet again beſpake
The gentle Knight; who nought to him reply'd,
But trembling ev'ry joint, did inly quake.

Admirable Imagery! and admirable Silence! cry'd *Antiphaus*. But I hope you will not be ſo poſſeſſed with the excellence of our Poet, as to forget (*a*) the *Ajax* of *Homer*; whom *Ulyſſes beſpeaks again, and yet again*, without any Anſwer at all. Or perhaps this has been obſerv'd upon ſo often, that you think it needleſs to repeat its Beauties: I don't queſtion but you admire it very much. I do ſo, (anſwer'd *Philypſus*) and agree intirely with the Obſervation, (*b*) "That *Ajax* "has more the air of Grandeur when he "ſays nothing, than when the Poet makes "him ſpeak."

Mr. *Pope* does not only follow *Homer* very finely, where-ever he has led the Way in theſe beautiful Figures; he ſome-

(*a*) Od. 11, 665,—537.
(*b*) Note *ibid.* and *Longinus*, θ'.

times

times heightens, and ſometimes adds them with a great deal of Propriety. Every one ſees how unwilling *Calypſo* is to part with *Ulyſſes:* But the Command of *Jove* muſt be obeyed: and the ſame fondneſs which makes her look on the departure of that Hero with extreme regret, engages her, at the ſame time, to aſſiſt him in the conveniencies for it. She is always directing him, when employ'd; and when not, ſecretly diſſuading him from his Voyage. We ſee her buſy, even to Officiouſneſs, in bringing him the Inſtruments for his Work, guiding him to the Foreſt, and ſhewing what Trees are fitteſt for his Purpoſe:

(*a*) On the lone Iſland's utmoſt verge there ſtood
Of poplars, pines, and firs, a lofty wood,
Whoſe leafleſs ſummits to the skies aſpire,
Scorch'd by the ſun, or ſear'd by heav'nly fire.
Already dry'd.--Theſe pointing out to view, [drew.
The nymph juſt ſhew'd him, and with tears with-

This is much better expreſs'd than in the Original: indeed there we ſcarce diſcern that it is a paſſionate Silence. Improvements of this kind, *Antiphaus*, are the more to be valu'd, becauſe there is not any one thing in Poetry of greater Beauty and Energy. The Criticks look

(*a*) *Od.* 5, 305,—238.

upon

upon it as the moſt (*a*) ſublime, unuſual part of Eloquence: and 'tis none of its leaſt Advantages, that it hits that excellent Rule they give us, *Of* (*b*) *leaving ſome things for the Audience to perceive of themſelves:* Tho' it be not told him, every Man very eaſily finds out the heightning of ſuch a Circumſtance; and is ſure to value it the more, becauſe he finds it out himſelf. In ſhort, theſe are maſterly ſtrokes, and few hands arrive to them in their true Excellence. Tho' it requires the greateſt Art and Judgment to introduce it, the Writer, when he has choſe the proper Point, ſeems to be put to no pains to rule our Affections: he governs all our Paſſions without the Labour of Words; and looks as *Archimedes* would to one's fancy, moving the whole World, while he *ſits ſtill* himſelf.

Suſpenſe and Doubt have ſomething of this Figure intermixt with them. A Speaker heſitating and unreſolv'd, is in a State of *Half-ſilence:* As we ſee the former poetical Silence is obſerv'd in *Homer* every time *Ulyſſes* diſcovers himſelf

(*a*) Φωνῆς δίχα θαυμάζεσθαι πότε μᾶλλον καθ' ἑαυτὴν ἔννοια δι' αὐτὸ τὸ μεγάλοφρον. *Longinus*, θ'. And *Cicero*, Rarum eſt eloquenter loqui; rarius, eloquenter tacere. Ep. ad *Atticum*. L. 13.

(*b*) See *Dem. Phal.* Σκδ'.

to any of his nearer Friends; ſo is there a mixture of this Doubtfulneſs alſo in each of thoſe Interviews: Thus *Telemachus*, on that Occaſion;

Thou art not—no, thou canſt not be my Sire;
Heav'n ſuch illuſion only can impoſe,
(*a*) By the falſe joy to aggravate my woes.

The *Unravelling* of the Doubt is what ſtrikes us moſt, both in *Laertes* and *Penelope*: in the latter Caſe, this is deferr'd for too long a time; however, as they are, they afford us ſome of the moſt pathetick Paſſages in the whole Poem. In what an affecting Manner does *Laertes* appear to us juſt at the point of his being convinc'd, that the Stranger he is converſing with, is his Son!

Smit with the ſigns which all his doubts explain,
His heart within him melts; his knees ſuſtain
Their feeble weight no more: his arms alone
Support him, round the lov'd *Ulyſſes* thrown;
He faints, he ſinks with mighty joys oppreſt:
Ulyſſes claſps him to his eager breaſt.
Soon as returning Life regains its ſeat,
And his breath lengthens, and his pulſes beat;
Yes, I believe, he cries: Almighty *Jove!*—
Heav'n rules us yet, and Gods there are above.
(*b*) 'Tis ſo.———

(*a*) *Od.* 16, 217,—195.
(*b*) *Od.* 24, 411,—351.

As

As to *Penelope:* Where a Modern would have been overjoy'd, and caught immediately at an Occaſion for ſo many raptures, the *Greek* Poet chuſes rather to ſhew her Prudence than her Paſſion. I believe every body will agree, that this *ſtill Interval* is not ill-choſen: the fault of it is, its being carried through too many Lines. The Queen, no doubt, ſtruggled hard all the while; ſhe had difficulty enough in reſtraining herſelf; and the moment ſhe is convinc'd, ſhe is all Tenderneſs and Paſſion.

While yet he ſpeaks, her pow'rs of Life decay,
She ſickens, trembles, falls, and faints away:
At length recov'ring, to his arms ſhe flew,
And ſtrain'd him cloſe, as to his breaſt ſhe grew;
The tears pour'd down amain: And, Oh, ſhe cries,
Let not againſt thy Spouſe, thine anger riſe!
O! vers'd in every turn of human art,
Forgive the weakneſs of a woman's heart—
O let me, let me not thine anger move,
That I forbore—thus—thus—to ſpeak my love;
Thus in fond kiſſes, while the tranſport warms,
Pour out my Soul, and die within thy arms!—
(*a*) I yield, I yield! my own *Ulyſſes* lives.

This unravelling of a *Doubt* is generally follow'd by what is the moſt contrary to it of any thing in the World, *Precipitation.* To doubt of any happy

(*a*) *Od.* 23, 240,—230.

Circumſtance, is to fear that it ſhould not prove true. When we are agitated by the Expectation of ſome Bliſs, we long to indulge that Flow of Spirits which it occaſions; only ſome particular Caution forces us to reſtrain them in the midſt of their Career: The moment our Doubt is clear'd, and the Obſtacle remov'd, they ruſh on with the greater Violence and Impetuoſity. Then are our Words quick and vehement; we ſpeak ſhort and faſt; a thouſand things we want to ſay, and are ſo eager we don't know which of them to ſay firſt. I know nothing in Muſick that ſtrikes one equally to thoſe ſudden Pauſes, when the Concert ſtops at once; and after the ſtill Interval, breaks out unexpectedly into a full Tumult of Harmony. This Pauſe, and the Impetuouſneſs that ſucceeds upon it, is the caſe (to carry on a Scene, which we have touch'd upon twice or thrice already) when *Telemachus* recognizes his Father: *Telemachus* wants to know every thing at once; and *Ulyſſes* wants to tell him every thing as faſt:

All, all, *Ulyſſes* inſtant made reply,
(*a*) I tell thee all, my Son!——

(*a*) *Od.* 16, 249,—226.

Such

Such an Hurry of Spirits, the more violent it is, makes us ſpeak in the more broken and interrupted manner. You always ſee that a Crowd is the longeſt in getting out of a place, where they are in the greateſt Haſte, and preſs moſt. When the Paſſions are leſs diſturb'd, they go in Train, and follow one another eaſily; but if they move all of them for a Paſſage at the ſame time, they hinder one another: This ſort of Precipitation is very well expreſſed in *Penelope*, upon receiving *Telemachus* after his Voyage:

Few words ſhe ſpoke, tho' much ſhe had to ſay,
And ſcarce thoſe few for tears cou'd force their way.
Light of my Eyes! He comes!—Unhop'd-for Joy!
Has Heaven from *Pylos* brought my lovely boy?
So ſnatch'd from all our cares! Tell, haſt thou known
(*a*) Thy Father's Fate? and tell me all thy Own.

You cannot imagine, *Antiphaus*, the full heightning of this Paſſage, without comparing it with the Original: 'Tis the ſame caſe in moſt that I have mention'd; they are ſome of the juſteſt Improvements in the Poem, as well as Inſtances of the beſt ſort of Figures, ſuch as ſhew the Paſſions of the Mind in a ſtrong and lively manner. There are

(*a*) *Od.* 17, 55,—44.

other which the Poet makes use of, sometimes to raise and diversify his Language; sometimes to give stronger Colours to the things he describes; and sometimes to engage, or possess his Readers. I need not enter into a long Inquiry concerning the more known Figures of either kind; but shall touch upon one or two, which as yet have not been introduced by the Criticks into their *Systems*.

Poetical Prophecy, is when we acquaint the Reader before-hand of some Events, which will happen in the Progress of the Poem: *Prevention* is when we speak of such things, yet to come, as if they were already present. *Prevention* gives an uncommon Greatness and Energy to the Language: It places distant Actions full before our Eyes, and carries a certain Boldness and Assurance with it, that is very becoming. The *other* is of great Strength in possessing and captivating the Reader; we love to look on into Futurity: Thus it flatters the Powers and Capacity of our own Minds, at the same time that it gives an Air of superior Knowledge and Authority to the Poet.

From the Invocation of the Muse in the entrance to his Poem, the Poet has a Right of Prophesying; and it might be partly from this, that the Name of *Prophet* and *Poet* has, in some Languages, been

been us'd in common, But tho' he may and does propheſy in Perſon, things of this Nature are uſually introduc'd from others: as from Superior Beings; from Prieſts and Augurs; from (*a*) Perſons in the other State; or juſt at the (*b*) Point of departing from this. This latter Method perhaps may carry the greater Sanction with it; but the other is the more Poetical.

Some of the ſtrongeſt Speeches in *Homer* and *Virgil* are deliver'd after this manner, by Men of the Prophetick Character. It is to this Figure (if you will give me leave to call it ſo) that the *Sixth Book* of the *Æneid*, and the *Fourth* of the *Odyſſey*, owe the greateſt ſhare of their Beauty. Even the frightful Raptures of *Theoclymenus*, and the *Harpye* of *Virgil*, engage the Reader with a ſort of pleaſing Terror. There is ſomething horribly delightful in theſe Lines:

Floating in gore, portentous to ſurvey!
In each diſcolour'd vaſe the Viands lay:
Then down each cheek the Tears ſpontaneous flow,
And ſudden Sighs precede approaching woe.

(*a*) As *Tireſias* in the 11th *Odyſſey*; or *Anchiſes* in the 6th *Æneid*.

(*b*) See *Il.* π'. Ver. 844 and 852. *Æn.* 10. 739.

In vision rapt, the * *Hypereſian* Seer
Up-roſe, and thus divin'd the Vengeance near:
O Race to Death devote! with *Stygian* ſhade
Each deſtin'd Peer impending Fates invade:
With tears your wan diſtorted cheeks are drown'd,
With ſanguin drops the walls are ruby'd round:
Thick ſwarms the ſpacious hall with howling Ghoſts,
To people *Orcus*, and the burning Coaſts!
Nor gives the Sun his golden Orb to roll,
(*a*) But univerſal Night uſurps the Pole!

I beg pardon (ſays *Antiphaus*) but the Speech of *Theoclymenus* is a particular Favourite of mine: and now you repeat it in *Engliſh*, I ſeem to want ſomething of that ſtrong Pleaſure it uſed to afford me, where the *Greek* ſpeaks (*b*) *Of the Sun being periſht out of Heaven, and of Darkneſs ruſhing over the Earth*; I cannot expreſs the Fulneſs of the Words——But you know the Original; and, I fear, will never ſee a Tranſlation equal it. This whole Prophetical Viſion of the Fall of the Suitors, is the *True Sublime*; and, in particular, gives us an higher *Orientaliſm* than we meet with in any other part of *Homer*'s Writings. You will pardon me a new Word, where we have no old one to my Purpoſe: You know what I mean,

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* *Theoclymenus.*

(*a*) *Od.* 20, 430,—357.

(*b*)———————'Ηέλιος δ' ἐξ
Οὐρανοῦ ἐξαπόλωλε, κακὴ δ' ἐπιδέδρομεν ἀχλύς.

That

That *Eaſtern way of expreſſing Revolutions in Government, by a Confuſion or Extinction of Light in the Heavens.* It is this manner of Expreſſion which works up that Speech the neareſt of any to thoſe noble Paſſages in holy Scripture; (*a*) "*I will ſhew Wonders in the Heavens and in the Earth, Blood and Fire, and Pillars of Smoak; the Sun ſhall be turn'd into Darkneſs, and the Moon into Blood.*——(*b*) *I will cauſe the Sun to go down at Noon, and I will darken the Earth in the clear Day.*—— (*c*) *All the bright Lights of Heaven will I make dark over thee, and ſet Darkneſs upon thy Land.*"

I have often wonder'd, *Philypſus*, at ſome particular Perſons, who are ever raviſh'd with any thing of the Sublime in common Authors, and yet ſeem to have no taſte for the fineſt touches of this kind, thoſe which are ſo frequent in our Sacred Writings. With what Greatneſs and Sublimity do they abound? Such as might perſuade, that we are not only bleſt with *Inſtructions*, but favour'd too with a *Language* from Heaven. Thoſe Sacred Pages want only to be read with a common regard, that all Men might acknowledge them to contain the greateſt

(*a*) *Joel* ii. 31.
(*b*) *Amos* viii. 9.
(*c*) *Ezek.* xxxii. 8.

Maſter-pieces of Eloquence. Yes, *Philypſus*, it is there that Eloquence ſits beſide the Throne of Truth, in all her nobleſt Attire, and with a Look that ſtrikes us at once with Reverence and Delight. I long to expatiate on ſo glorious a Subject; but perhaps we may find a Time of joining together in ſome View of this Nature: There has been a very good *(a)* Example ſet the World this laſt Summer; and if ever we ſhould follow it, and enter thoroughly into this ſort of Criticiſm, I dare ſay it will make any other kind look poor and inſipid, when compared with it.—But at preſent we are in another Sphere; and I have already interrupted you too much.——

Philypſus, deſirous as he was to launch immediately into thoſe noble Depths of Eloquence, complied for the preſent, and return'd to the point in hand: "My laſt "Inſtance from the *Odyſſey* prevents what "I had deſign'd for the next: You ſee, "it ſpeaks all along of future things, as "if they were actually preſent." *Theoclymenus* has the whole fact paſſing ſucceſſively before his Eyes: The Deſtruction of the Suitors is pictur'd in his Mind; he ſees their *Blood* ſprinkled upon the Walls;

(a) *Blackwall*'s Sacred Claſſicks.

their

their *Bodies* floating in Gore, and their *Souls* ſinking to the Regions of the Dead.

Now I am upon this head of *Prophecy* and *Prevention*, I ſhould be very defective, were I to omit the other Branch of it; which takes in all caſes where the Poet forewarns us of Events in his own proper Perſon. This is to be found in the very ſame point, the Fate of the Suitors; but it is not deliver'd with the ſame Air of Enthuſiaſm: The *Poet* is inform'd by the Muſe of Things to come, while the *Prophet* is poſſeſſed by Viſion: The knowledge of one is from Inſtruction; of the other, from a ſort of frantick Poſſeſſion of Mind. The Poet therefore anticipates Events with leſs emotions of Language; and ſeldom riſes into any fervor above what we meet with in theſe Paſſages:

——Incens'd they ſpoke,
While each to chance aſcrib'd the wond'rous ſtroke;
Blind as they were—For death ev'n now invades
(*a*) His deſtin'd prey, and wraps them all in ſhades.

And before:

——In his Soul fond joys ariſe,
And his proud hopes already win the prize.
To ſpeed the flying ſhaft thro' ev'ry ring,
Wretch! is not thine: the arrows of the King
(*a*) Shall end thoſe hopes, and fate is on the wing.

(*a*) *Od.* 22, 38,—33.
(*b*) *Od.* 21, 104,—98.

You obſerve, *Antiphaus*, that this Event, which is ſo often anticipated by the Poet, is the great Point on which the Complètion of his Fable turns: and I believe you may have obſerv'd, that *Virgil* puts on the Prophetick Air (*a*) exactly in the ſame Caſe. *Virgil* oftentimes improves upon his Maſter: the Circumſtance that introduces that Paſſage in the *Æneid*, and the greater diſtance of time, give it a much finer and a nobler Air, than we find in *Homer* himſelf.

Theſe Figures (for ſo I beg leave to call all unuſual manners of Speech) are of more difficult Obſervation, as they lie out of the common road: I am afraid of wandering too far; and ſhall therefore return very readily to the more beaten Path.

All Paſſions warm the Imagination, and make its Images more ſtrong and ſenſible. It is this, in my Opinion, that might render *Metaphors* very proper in the Pathetick: Tho' you and I, perhaps, ſhould not agree intirely on that Head.

At leaſt this is certain, that they ſtrengthen and enliven the narrative Part of Poetry, beyond any other Method whatever; when the Poet treats of the

(*a*) See *Æn.* 10, 501.

moſt

moſt common things, he does not treat of them in the common manner:

Fame ſpeaks the *Trojans* bold, they boaſt the skill
To give the feather'd arrow wings to kill;
To dart the ſpear, and guide the ruſhing car,
With dreadful inroad thro' the walks of war.

(*a*) Strip theſe Lines of the Metaphor, and they loſe their greateſt Force and Beauty. To ſay barely (as it is in the *Greek*) *That the* Trojans *are good Warriors, that they launch the Spear, and handle the Bow well; that they manage their Horſes dextrouſly; and in general, that they are very Strong and Succeſsful in Battle:* This declares the whole of the thing; but, with Submiſſion, 'tis more like a proſe than a poetical Narration; at leaſt, when compar'd with the ſame Sentiments in thoſe Lines I have juſt repeated.

There are many Innovations of this kind, which make the Engliſh *Homer* appear with Advantage: A naked relation of Fact is enough for Hiſtory; but Poetry requires ſomething more than bare Truth: It has a thouſand ways of raiſing and beautifying its Subject: *Phœbus*, like the Luminary over which he preſides, does not only ſhew, but ſets a Luſtre too, on every thing he touches: The Poet is

(*a*) *Od.* 18, 308,—263.

not

not so much to declare Events, as to give its Colours and Life to every Action: in doing this, nothing is so requisite as strong animated Figures; as of all Figures the Metaphor affords the most sensible Strokes, and comes nearest to the Pencil.

Even in common Cases they are not without their Beauty; thus in that Interview between *Ulysses* and *Laertes*:

Beneath a neighb'ring tree, the chief divine
Gaz'd o'er his Sire, retracing every line,
The ruins of himself! now worn away
(*a*) With age, yet still majestick in decay.

Thus *Agamemnon* (after all his dangers, murder'd by the hands of Villains in his own Kingdom) is not said barely *to die*, but to *End*,

(*b*) ——*the sad Ev'ning of a stormy life.*

When this Figure expresses some strange Particularity, or includes any magnifying Comparison, one single Word is very powerful in raising the Narration, and enlarging our Ideas up to the Occasion:

With dreadful shouts *Ulysses pour'd* along,
(*c*) Swift as an Eagle, as an Eagle strong.——

(*a*) *Od.* 24, 272,—232.
(*b*) *Od.* 4, 116,—91.
(*c*) *Od.* 24, 622,—537.

Now

Now by the Sword, and now the Jav'lin fall,
(*a*) The rebel Race, and Death had *swallow'd* all, *&c.*

I know no Case, in which Metaphors of a bold Sound are more proper, than in arrogant Speeches: When Men defy the Gods, or quarrel with the Dispensations of Providence. *Philætius* in the *Odyssey* is no arrogant Character; yet in one place (upon considering the Afflictions of his Prince, whose Piety and Virtue he was so well assured of) he falls into a Rant against Providence; in which the Language is as lively and vigorous, as the Sentiment is ill-grounded and absurd:

O *Jove!* for ever deaf to human cries;
The tyrant, not the father of the skies!
Unpiteous of the race thy will began:
The fool of Fate, thy manufacture, Man,
With penury, contempt, repulse, and care,
(*b*) The galling load of life is doom'd to bear.

These Metaphors (which are of that kind we may call *The audacious*) come very near the Spirit of *Oldham* and *Dryden*; who undoubtedly, in their Satirical Works, flash out into the greatest Boldnesses this way of any of our Writers: indeed, in both, there are some which may come too near to Prophaneness; but

(*a*) *Od.* 24, 612,—527.
(*b*) *Od.* 20, 256,—204.

we

we muſt always take care not to attribute to the Poet, what he ſpeaks under ſome other Perſon. A Devil is no longer a Devil, unleſs he be haughty, impenitent, and blaſpheming: and *Dryden* is no more to be condemned than *Milton*, for making ſuch impious Spirits ſpeak according to their true Character.

What you aſſert, I take to be perfectly true, ſays *Antiphaus*; but were I bleſt with any Genius for Poetry, I own that a ſhocking Impiety ſhould be one of the laſt things I would *chuſe* to deſcribe. And where it is choſen, there is room to be moderate, without injuring the Character with too great a ſhew of Goodneſs: We ſee that *Milton* is not ſo groſs as *Dryden*; nor (*a*) *Virgil* ſo blunt as *Homer*.

(*a*) *Virgil* ſeldom deſcends to particulars: he chuſes rather to ſay in general, *Atque Deos, atque aſtra vocat crudelia mater.* Even his *Mezentius* is more reſerv'd than *Homer*'s Deiſts: He rather ridicules than affronts; *Aſt de me Divûm pater atque Hominum Rex Viderit.* ——Afterwards he grows a little Warmer, and more Metaphorical;

Dextra mihi Deus, & telum quod miſſile libro,
Nunc adſint ——————

Where he ſpeaks plaineſt of all, *Virgil* touches upon his miſerable fate in the very next line:

Nec mortem horremus, nec Divûm parcimus ulli:
Deſine. Jam venio moriturus. —————— *Æn.* 10.

Well,

Well, says *Philypsus*, there are other Points which you might chuse, and which serve as well for this sort of Metaphor: Thus all pious Frauds, infamous Priests, or any prevailing Superstition. Here the Figure retains much of the audacious Air, without any thing of Impiety in it. *Agamemnon* indeed goes too far in the *Iliad*, where he seems to neglect *Apollo*, as well as his Priest:

Hence, with thy laurel crown, and golden rod;
Nor trust too far those ensigns of thy God:
(*a*) Mine is thy daughter, Priest———

Here is something of Irreverence to the God, and an evident Injustice to Man: and the Poet very prudently condemns the Speech, before he delivers it in his Poem. But there is no such Mark set on one of *Hector*'s; nor does it at all infringe that Hero's Character, which is remarkably pious all through the Poem: He is speaking against a very popular Superstition, the Trade of Augury:

Ye Vagrants of the Sky! your wings extend
Or where the Suns arise, or where descend;
To right, to left, unheeded, take your way,
While I the dictates of high Heav'n obey.
Without a sign his Sword the brave Man draws,
(*b*) And asks no Omen but his Country's cause.

(*a*) *Il.* 1, 39,—29.
(*b*) *Il.* 12, 284,—243.

This

This has the *audacious* Air, becauſe it ſpeaks contemptuouſly of a Practice, which was vulgarly look'd upon as religious and ſacred; and is *juſt*, becauſe it ſhews at the ſame time the greateſt Reverence to the Gods: He obeys the Dictates of *Heaven*, but he contemns the Artifices of *the Prieſt*.

Whatever reſtraints this kind of Metaphor may deſerve, there is another ſort which has always been received with the greateſt Liberty. The *animating* Metaphor, tho' the (*a*) moſt Sublime, and the moſt Daring of any, except what was laſt mention'd, is very common, and that even in the chaſteſt Poets, and in the ſofteſt Pieces. It is this by which we give Action and Spirit to things that are ſtill and inſenſible. This will raiſe the meaneſt Points in the World: it may treat mere *Names*, as if they were *Things*; and Things ſtill and inanimate, as if they had Thought and Action. What might ſeem the moſt ſurpriſing is, that this method of raiſing things above their Nature has

(*a*) Præcipuè ex his oritur mira ſublimitas, quæ *audaciæ proxima* periculo tranſlationis attollitur: Tolluntur quum rebus ſenſu carentibus actum quendam & animos damus. *Quintil.* Lib. 8. Cap. 6. *Ariſtotle* and *Phalereus* ſay exactly the ſame. See the latter, Περὶ Ἑρμ. Πά.

nothing

nothing of ridiculous in it. We eaſily perceive this to be true: but I own, for my part, I ſhould have been at a loſs for the reaſon of it, had not I met with a (*a*) fine Obſervation in Mr. *Pope*'s *Appendix* to this Work. I wonder now why I cou'd not before perceive, That *Ridicule is confined to moral Agents, and obtains only where Choice and Freedom is directly concern'd.* That this is the Caſe, is the more plain, becauſe even among moral Agents, the very ſame thing, which if brought on by our own Folly, is a certain ſubject for Ridicule; when it proceeds from ſome inevitable Misfortune, (or Neceſſity) is the fartheſt from being ridiculous.

I am pleaſed to ſee, that this Figure ſtands on ſuch good reaſon; for it is the very Life and Soul of Deſcription. And might it not be of a larger Uſe, *Antiphaus*, than has commonly been obſerv'd? It is chiefly mention'd indeed of enlivening things inanimate; whereas poſſibly it may hold thro' the whole Chain of Beings in the World, as they riſe gradually above one another. Thus, when we attribute any thing of abſolute Perfection to the higheſt Orders of created Beings; any thing which we think Angelical to Man,

(*a*) *Od.* Vol. 5. p. 238.

or

or any thing like Humanity or Virtue to Beasts, it might as well be included in this Branch of Metaphor, as when we give the Powers of Motion to things still; or Passions to things inanimate.

Nay, it may even return from the Lower to the Higher, when the Species of a lower Rank, upon the whole, has any (*a*) particular Excellence which the higher wants; or partakes of any (*b*) Excellence, which is common to them both, in a greater and more excellent Degree.

But it must be observ'd, that where this Figure, in its higher Notion, is applied to Intelligents, it must not be done with the same Indifference; or rather, it requires the strictest Caution.

The Poet is at liberty to attribute Action and Passions to any part whatever of the mute Creation: he may make the Woods, or any such Insensible, sympathize with his Grief, with the same freedom as any inferior Animals: we find it thus used particularly in all the *Pastoral* Writers, whether Ancient or Modern. Every Beast may have the Compassion of

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(*a*) As when we amplify the Swiftness of an Hero, by comparing it to the Flight of an Eagle: Or

(*b*) The Swiftness of an Eagle, by comparing it to the Swiftness of the Winds.

a Man; but few Men can sustain the Properties of an Angel: Nothing would make a common Mortal so mean and ridiculous as such an Elevation. The same holds in the higher Intelligents: the First of the Angelick Order looks monstrously ridiculous, (as well as monstrously impious) when he would imagine an Equality, where there was an immutable Disproportion.

However, in some Cases, the Property of an Angel may be given to a Man. The Heathen Poets compare their greater Heroes to their Gods: And when the Christian Poet extols any superior Genius, any Character that has something in it above the common race of Mortals, he may well draw some Expressions from the Order of Beings next above the Human. Had not Mr. *Addison* thought this justifiable, we should have lost one of the finest Amplifications imaginable.

(*a*) So, when an Angel by Divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale *Britannia* past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And pleas'd th'Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

But whither am I wandering, my *Antiphaus?* You will think such Flights as

(*a*) See *Addison*'s Works, Vol. 1. p. 78. 12mo,

these

theſe too Airy; ſurely I am got into the Wilds of Criticiſm!—I don't know what the World might think of you at preſent, ſays *Antiphaus*: but if ever Mr. *Dryden*'s Scheme ſhould take place, and the Poetical Characters of Angels be generally eſtabliſh'd; what you may think the wildeſt of your Flights now, might then be of good Service this way in Poetry.—Be that as it will, ſays *Philypſus*, I believe I had better draw in my thoughts a little for the preſent, and keep to things that are more obvious and ſecure. All agree, that the giving *Thought* to things *inſenſible*, and *human* Paſſions to the *brute* Part of the Creation, is equally juſt and beautiful: and at the ſame time nothing is of greater Efficacy in rendering our Sentiments Rais'd and Poetical. That *The Sufferings of our Fellow-creatures affect our Souls by a natural Sympathy*, is a very good moral Sentence: but the Poet is to elevate this Effect of Miſery: he inveſts her with a ſort of new *Being*, and then gives her *Addreſs* and *Action*. In Poetry our Tears (*a*) *ſpeak*; our Misfortunes are (*b*) *Eloquent*; and *Miſery appears* (*c*) *in Perſon to plead for the Diſtreſs'd*.

(*a*) *Od.* 10, 291,—248.
(*b*) *Od.* 6, 374,—311.
(*c*) *Od.* 6, 204,—169.

When

When more uncommon things are transferred this way, the Metaphor may be safer, if it has some Grounds in the Fact, tho' it will bear very often without it. 'Tis allowable to represent the Sea, as flying back and astonished at the *terrible* (*a*) *Voice of the* Cyclops: but 'tis more close to attribute this Fear and Flight to it, when its Waves are (*b*) *drove asunder by the same* Cyclops *flinging a Rock into the Midst of it.*

Another thing, which made this Figure the stronger among the Ancients, was their Notion of *Genii*, or *presiding Deities.* In particular, there was scarce a River or Brook amongst them, but what had its *Genius*; and in speaking of these the Poets carry this Metaphor farther than in any other case whatever What an Appearance does *Xanthus* and *Simois* make in the *Battle of Rivers*, which takes up the 21st *Iliad?* What a bold Draught is that of the *Nile*, in the Sea-fight at *Actium*, by (*c*) *Virgil?* And how much more Sublime than either, is even our Translation of the Sacred Writings, where it makes *the Deep* (*d*) *utter his voice, and lift up his hands on high?*

(*a*) As *Æn.* 3, 672.
(*b*) *Od.* 9, 581,—495.
(*c*) *Æn.* 8, 712.
(*d*) *Habakkuk* iii. 10.

You

You may perceive I am run into another Figure; but it is of a kind ſo nearly allied to the *animating Metaphor*, that one often finds ſome difficulty in diſtinguiſhing the one from the other. Indeed when any of theſe *Perſonages* are introduced diſtinctly in full State, then it is ſomething beyond Metaphor; but in ſhort Sketches, it may paſs very well under that Figure. There is nothing but a ſtronger Name adapted to the thing than its ſtrictly proper Acceptation affords. I think, for Inſtance, that we need not ſeek for a new Figure in this Paſſage:

Aw'd by the Prince ſo haughty, brave and young,
(a) *Rage gnaw'd* the Lip, *Amazement chain'd* the Tongue:

Or for this:

In ev'ry ſorrowing ſoul I pour'd delight,
(b) And *Poverty ſtood ſmiling* in my ſight.

In the cloſe of this Poem, the Narration is elevated by a ſucceſſive Chain of theſe *Metaphors* or *Fictions*, call them which you will. When the *Ithacenſians* are rang'd in Arms againſt their Prince,

(a) *Od.* 20, 335,—268.
(b) *Od.* 17, 506,—421.

'tis

'tis not said, that they *shall Die*, but that (*a*) *Death attends them in the Field.*——To expreſs *Ulyſſes*'s aptneſs to forgive them; (*b*) *Oblivion is ready to ſtretch her Wings over their Offences.*—As when they are ſhockt with their Crime, and fling down their Arms, there is this Voice from Heaven to effect it:

"Forbear ye Nations! your mad hands forbear
"(*c*) From mutual ſlaughter. *Peace deſcends to ſpare.*"

Theſe, *Antiphaus*, are the moſt remarkable things I have taken notice of, as to the Figures. I could have produc'd a greater number of excellent Lines from this Tranſlation, had not I endeavour'd chiefly to give ſuch Inſtances as contain'd, at the ſame time, ſome peculiar Improvements in them: You would be ſurprized to ſee how many Beauties they have, that are wanting in the Original.

Surely they who are the moſt rigid for Cloſe-tranſlating, will allow ſuch beautiful Variations as theſe; which, without loſing the Sentiments of the Original, only ſet a finer Turn upon them. Let

(*a*) *Od.* 24, 540—470.
(*b*) *Od.* 24, 558—484.
(*c*) *Od.* 24, 618,—534.

them call them, if they pleaſe, glorious Offences, or beautiful Wandrings from the Letter: Theſe are ſuch Offences as one would wiſh to ſee more frequent than they are, and of which the beſt Tranſlators are the moſt guilty.

For my part, I am particularly pleaſed, when I ſee a Tranſlator reflect new Light upon his Original: where-ever this is done juſtly, it does not alter the Objects; it only makes them more bright and viſible.

I believe, *Antiphaus*, you will not diſapprove of ſome other Methods, us'd in the *Engliſh Odyſſey* for this Purpoſe, which I am juſt going to lay before you. Sometimes the Language is rais'd and ſtrengthen'd; ſometimes the Order tranſpos'd to Advantage; in ſeveral Caſes we have *Homer*'s Thoughts inſpirited by collateral Thoughts from other Authors: ſome little things are omitted, and ſome ſhort ſtrokes added, to correct the Sentiment, or to heighten the Colours in the Original.

Before you enter upon thoſe Points, ſays *Antiphaus*, give me leave to mention ſome few things, which look like Blemiſhes, under the Subject you have juſt concluded.

It is allow'd, that Metaphors are the moſt uſeful of Figures to raiſe the Poetical

cal Stile, to give their Colour to our Deſcriptions, and a juſt Swelling and Relief to our Images; 'tis allow'd, that a Tranſlator may add theſe Colours, where the Original is leſs Lively and Expreſſive, than the Subject may very well bear. The Faults then muſt lie, either in the Exceſs, or Impropriety of ſuch Additions. Some things will not bear a ſtrong Light, and others require to be flung into Shades.

Where there is no Occaſion for Figures, they are at beſt only ſo many unneceſſary *Ornaments:* I cannot ſee why a Quiver full of Arrows ſhould be call'd (*a*) *A Store of flying Fates*; why a Fire ſhould be term'd (*b*) *A burning Bed*; or a Libation (*c*) *The ſable Wave of offer'd Wine.*

'Tis not the Diſproportion of the Metaphor to the Thing, which might render theſe Expreſſions blameable: If any thing, 'tis the want of Occaſion. When the Poet is to aggrandize ſmall Subjects, we can bear with much bolder Metaphors than theſe: tho' it may not be proper to call a ſtream of Wine, by the Title of a *Sable Wave*, on common Occaſions; yet when the Work requires heightening, we

(*a*) *Od.* 22, 136,—119.
(*b*) *Od.* 9, 449,—378.
(*c*) *Od.* 14, 499,—447.

may go ſo much farther, as to call a (*a*) *ſmall Rivulet by the Name of the Ocean.*

If we judge by the *Occaſion*, there can be but few liberties for Metaphor in common Converſation; I mean, the common Converſation of Poetry. Not that they are to be baniſh'd thence entirely; rather it will require them frequently: but it requires only ſuch as are ſingle, and not far remov'd from the Subject. When a Perſon is ſpeaking to *Penelope*, in Commendation of *Ithaca*, he might be allow'd to ſay, that *Its Soil is* rich; *that it* abounds *in Corn*; *and that its Trees are* laden *with Fruit*: *Homer*'s Expreſſions ſcarce carry this ſo far; and yet I ſhould think them preferable to theſe in the Tranſlation:

(*b*) In wavy Gold thy ſummer vales are dreſs'd;
Thy autumns bend, with copious fruits oppreſs'd.

Where the Original ſays, that Eurynomus *was among the Suitors of* Penepole, does not it ſeem better, as well as plainer, than this Tranſlation?

——To climb with haughty fires
(*c*) The royal bed, *Eurynomus* aſpires.

(*a*) As does *Virgil*, Georg. 4, 29.
(*b*) *Od.* 19, 131,—112. See V. 565. ib. 482.
(*c*) *Od.* 2, 28,—21.

A

A Metaphor may be continued too far, as well as carried too high: a long Chain of them leads us away from the proper Senſe; and flings that into *Allegory*, which we intend for *Reality ſtrongly expreſs'd*. This is very common, eſpecially in our *Pindarick* Writers: indeed moſt of our Poets have (*a*) faln into it ſome time or other; but in thoſe, you find the moſt groſs and inſufferable Inſtances of it that can be imagin'd.

In theſe *Strings* of Metaphor, nothing in my Opinion is ſo faulty, as that Point which has been ſo often touch'd upon: the ſhifting of Circumſtances in the ſame Deſcription; and repreſenting a Thing confuſedly, ſometimes in its *figurative*, and ſometimes in its *proper* Appearance. While an Actor is upon the Stage, his own private Character muſt be wholly laid aſide: he muſt be entirely *Booth*, or entirely *Cato*. Nay, even in the Scenary itſelf, things muſt be of a piece; and Mr. *Addiſon* has the juſteſt Occaſion for his frequent Severities upon this (*b*) contradictory Mixture's prevailing ſo monſtrouſly in our Theatre: How would the Wits of King *Charles*'s time have laugh'd

(*a*) See *Od.* 19, 286,—251. And 20. Verſe 19, to Verſe 30,—13, to 23.

(*b*) See *Spectator*, Numb. 5.

to see *Nicolini* sailing in an open Boat, upon a Sea of Past-board? What a field of Raillery would they have been let into, had they been entertain'd with painted Dragons spitting Wildfire, enchanted Chariots drawn by *Flanders* Mares, and *real Cascades* in *artificial Landskips?* The making things after this manner, partly real, and partly imaginary, is to join Inconsistencies. Shadows ought never to be mixt with Realities in the same Piece, whether in poetick Scenary, or that of the Stage.

A Poet is never more apt to fall into this Confusion, than when he is speaking of Allegorical Persons; as, particularly, the Deities of the Heathens. When we speak of them personally, we are apt to mix something of their mystick Character: this is certainly vicious in Writing; and 'tis more so, to confuse the Properties of those things, over which any of those Deities were suppos'd to preside, with the Personal Acts of any particular Deity.

The Poets are allow'd the privilege of elevating every Subject they take into their management: if they please, they may represent the Sun, as guided by an Intelligence: and 'tis but one step farther with them, to give that guiding Intelligence, a Name; they call him *Phœbus*; and obviously enough, feign to themselves,

ſelves, that he drives round the World in a Chariot of Fire. By degrees the Allegory is form'd regularly, and enlarg'd with more Particulars: he has ſo many Horſes aſſign'd to his Chariot: His own Appearance is well known: Beardleſs and Young; A Glory round his Head, and a Quiver full of Arrows o'er his Shoulder: *Thetis* is ready to receive him at the End of his Journey; and when he is to ſet out again, *Aurora* riſes from the Ocean to open the *Gates of Heaven*, that are kept for him by the *Hours*.

How very regular can Fiction be upon Occaſion? The Eſtabliſhment of this Allegory under theſe Particulars, has prevented a world of Confuſion: This we may ſee by any Allegory, which is not yet ſettled on ſo Uniform a Plan. To ſhew how far, I ſhall beg leave to enlarge a little on one of the ſame Nature, That of *Aurora*, the Goddeſs of the Morning.

Phœbus is never repreſented on this Occaſion, but in his Chariot I was ſpeaking of; as for *Aurora*, I know not whether ſhe rides, ſits, or walks: Sometimes ſhe is in Heaven, and ſometimes upon Earth: In ſhort, the Poets ſeem to leave it undetermin'd how, when, or for what time ſhe makes her Appearance. I have laid together ſeveral Paſſages relating to

this, but they leave the Point as confus'd as it was before:

Now did the roſy-finger'd Morn ariſe,
(*a*) And ſhed her ſacred light along the skies:

There, ſhe is plainly in Heaven.

——When o'er the Eaſtern lawn
In ſaffron robes the daughter of the dawn
(*b*) Advanc'd her roſy ſteps——

And here as plainly upon Earth.

——With her orient wheels
(*c*) *Aurora* flam'd above the Eaſtern hills.

Here I cannot abſolutely determine, whether ſhe be in Heaven, or upon Earth; but 'tis plain, ſhe is got into her Chariot now, as ſhe was pleas'd to walk the time before.

But when it is evident, that ſhe is not upon Earth, 'tis ſtill difficult to know whether ſhe is near it, or in the higher Heavens: whether ſhe

——Aſcends the Court of *Jove*,
(*d*) Lifts up her light, and opens day above:

(*a*) *Od.* 13, 22,—18.
(*b*) *Od.* 4, 587,—431.
(*c*) *Od.* 16, 380,—368.
(*d*) *Il.* 2. 60,—49.

Or

Or only

(a)——Heaves her orient head above the waves.

There is the ſame difference in the degrees of that Brightneſs, which is attributed to her appearance: ſometimes ſhe only (b) *bluſhes with new-born Day*, and ſometimes ſhe is encompaſs'd with (c) *the full ſplendor of it:* When I read one Deſcription, I take it for granted, that the Glory round her Head ſhould be of *a* (d) *glimmering Light*; but when we come to another, 'tis of *a ſtrong* (e) *Flame:* You are at the ſame loſs to know, whether her *Robes* are (f) *Roſe-colour'd*, (f) *Saffron*, or (g) *Purple:* In fine, It would puzzle the Criticks to anſwer directly, whether ſhe has a *Quiver* on her Shoulders; and whether ſhe is to appear in a (h) martial, or in a gentle, peaceable Poſture.

This unſettledneſs in the preſent Caſe, runs through almoſt all the Poets ſince

(a) *Il.* 19, 1.
(b) *Il.* 11, 1.
(c) *Il.* 8, 83,—66.
(d) *Od.* 9, 515,—437.
(e) *Od.* 16, 381,—368.
(f) *Od.* 4, 587,—431.
(g) *Od.* 19, 500—428.
(h) Compare *Od.* 19, 500, with 6, 58.

Homer. The moſt correct that ever wrote are not entirely free from it. *Virgil* himſelf oftentimes (*a*) continues her Courſe ſo far, that his (*b*) Commentators, to ſalve the matter, ſay, we muſt underſtand *Phœbus* by *Aurora.* In him the very *Horſes* that draw her Chariot, are (*c*) *Roſe-colour'd*; as in *Theocritus* they are (*d*) *White:* ſometimes ſhe has the (*e*) Horſes of *Phœbus*; ſometimes (*f*) Four of her own; ſometimes (*g*) Two; and ſometimes ſhe is forc'd to ride only, and that upon (*h*) the Wings of *Pegaſus.*

It may be left to the Poets themſelves to determine, whether this Management be juſt towards Perſons of their own making: I ſhall only ſay, that the greateſt Criticks have ever thought, that *Conſiſtency* is requir'd in the moſt *unbounded Fictions:* And, if I miſtake not greatly, *Homer* is more regular in this very Fiction before us. A Perſon better vers'd in his

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(*a*) *Æn.* 6, 536, &c.
(*b*) Thus *Donatus, Ruæus,* &c.
(*c*) *Æn.* 7, 26. and 6, 536.
(*d*) —— Λεύκιππος ἀνατρέχει ἐς Διὸς ἀώς. *Idyl.* 13.
(*e*) *Æn.* 5, 105.
(*f*) *Æn.* 6, 536.
(*g*) *Æn.* 7, 26.
(*h*) Κραιπνοῖς ὑπὲρ ποτᾶτο Πηγάσου πτεροῖς. *Lycophron.*

Writings,

Writings, than I have the Happineſs to be, might, I believe, form from them as ſettled a Scheme in relation to this Goddeſs, as has been drawn up for any other of his Deities. This is certain, that he has preciſely fixt the *time* of her appearance; 'tis that (*a*) Interval, which commences after the firſt Dawn of Light, and ends juſt before the actual Riſing of the Sun. She always aſcends (*b*) from the Sea, to the Eaſtern *extremity*, or (as it is in the Language of Poetry) the (*c*) *Gates of Heaven*: there ſhe ſits in her (*d*) Golden Chariot, which has two Horſes aſſign'd to it, diſtinct (*e*) from thoſe of *Phœbus*; and only waits to (*f*) prepare the way for the Chariot of that Deity.

The Dreſs, and the Epithets, which *Homer* gives to this Imaginary Being, are, as they ought to be in all ſuch Allegories, *at the ſame time evidently* (*g*) *drawn from the Nature of the Thing, and fairly applicable to the Fictitious Perſon.*

(*a*) The Twilight is reckon'd into the Night. *Iliad* ν, 433. And the firſt *direct* appearance of Rays attributed to the Sun; *ibid.* 422.

(*b*) *Il.* τ', 2.

(*c*) See Mr. *Pope*'s Note on *Il.* 5, 928.

(*d*) *Od.* ψ', 244.

(*e*) See Note on *Od.* 23, 260.

(*f*) Φάος ἐρέουσα. *Il.* β', 49, &c.

(*g*) This *Euſtathius* ſhews at large in his firſt Note on the ſecond Book of the *Odyſſey*: particularly, as to the Epithet ῥοδοδάκτυλος.

So

So much for Allegory: 'Tis a dangerous Topick, and we are apt to be loſt in the Clouds of it: Either the natural Deſcription, or the Allegory by itſelf, may have a thouſand Beauties; but when they are daſh'd together, every thing is dark and confus'd. They put me in mind, *Philypſus*, of the two Liquors Sir *Iſaac Newton* ſpeaks of, which from a fine Azure, and a beautiful Red, if you mix them, produce no Colour at all: The tranſparency and glow, which each had ſeparately, is immediately loſt; and their Beauties vaniſh away into one thick impenetrable Shade.

Before theſe confus'd Allegories, and mixt Metaphors, I ſhould have mention'd ſome other Inſtances, in which ſingle Metaphors are faulty, either as they are Improper or Affected.

Is it proper to ſpeak of *Penelope*'s *Wit and Beauty* (or her Beauty alone) under the Notion of (*a*) *Drooping Verdure?* Is it proper to talk of (*b*) *Raining Kiſſes?* or of (*c*) *Storing a Veſſel with* proſperous Gales?

Is not the Metaphor, and the Turn of Expreſſion, ſomewhat affected, or over-

(*a*) *Od.* 19, 149—128.
(*b*) *Od.* 17, 49—39.
(*c*) *Od.* 5, 213, and 216—167.

wrought,

wrought, in this Paſſage of the Nineteenth *Odyſſey*?

Theſe ſwarthy arms among the covert ſtores
Are ſeemlier hid; my thoughtleſs youth they blame,
(a) *Imbrown'd with vapour of the ſmouldring flame.*

And a little farther, in the ſame:

My woes awak'd will violate your Ear;
And, to this gay cenſorious train, appear
(b) *A winy vapour melting in a Tear.*

Again; upon *Telemachus*'s return:

All crowded round the family appears,
With wild entrancement, and ecſtatick tears.
Swift from above deſcends the Royal Fair;
Her beauteous cheeks *the bluſh of Venus* wear,
(c) Chaſten'd with coy *Diana*'s penſive air.

In the following Lines ſhe hangs o'er him,

——In his embraces *dies*;
(c) *Rains kiſſes on his neck, his face, his eyes.*

You have here (ſays *Antiphaus*) what has appear'd to me as Blemiſhes in this Poem, under theſe ſeveral Heads. I have endeavour'd, *Philypſus*, to read it with

(a) *Od.* 19, 22——18.
(b) *Od.* 19, 143——122.
(c) *Od.* 17, 49,——38.

ſeverity:

ſeverity: and when my Regards for the Author, or the Influence which ſuch Writers will always have over one's Soul, began at any time to ſway my Mind; I have call'd up all the Ill-nature I am Maſter of to my Aſſiſtance; I'm fully ſenſible how difficult it is to keep the balance ſteady: ſometimes our Admiration may warm us too much; and ſometimes a little Malice will prevail. If any thing I have been ſaying ſeems diſcolour'd with this Temper of Mind, point out my Faults to me, dear *Philypſus*; correct me like a Friend; and ſhew that openneſs I have deſerv'd at your hands.

When I have time to conſider the Notes I ſee you have taken down, (anſwer'd *Philypſus*) and to compare ſome Paſſages with the Original, you ſhall know more of my Mind; as yet I ſee no reaſon for your Requeſt; but think you have dealt with that Fairneſs which I ſo much admire in my *Antiphaus*.

In the mean time I have a word or two to add on thoſe other Excellencies of this Tranſlation, which I mention'd to you before.

That Method of Improving the Original, by *Tranſferring Beauties* from one fine Writer to another, is carried on thro' this remaining part of the Poem, in the ſame frequency, as it was us'd in the former Volumes.

These *Foreign Infusions* of Thought and Language (to use the Name which Mr. *Addison* has given them) are very discernible to any one of a tolerable Taste: 'tis true, they must have something of a new Air; but they still retain a distinct Resemblance of the Old, something like that of the Sister *Nereids* in *Ovid*;

———*Facies non omnibus una,*
Nec diversa tamen; qualem decet esse sororum.

In pointing out these Resemblances to some People, I shou'd be apprehensive, that they might think me taken up in an Imaginary Chace; but any one of much less Discernment than *Antiphaus*, will perceive immediately, that this Likeness is real, and design'd by the Poet himself. There is an (*a*) eminent Critick, who has wrote a whole Treatise on this single Point, in Praise of a (*b*) particular Favourite of his: In the present Case, Mr. *Pope* tells (*c*) us, "That he read the Ancients with this Design; that he serves "himself of them as much as he can; "and that they have been his chief Inspirers in Poetry." I believe the Gen-

(*a*) *Casaubon.*
(*b*) *Persius.*
(*c*) Preface to his Works, Fol. and Pref. to the Pastorals, p. 10.

tlemen,

tlemen, who are concern'd with him in this Translation, would give me leave to say the same of them: 'Tis too evident to be denied: it appears both in their (*a*) Observations, and in their excellent Works.

In these last Volumes, how finely are (*b*) some Thoughts wove into this Translation from the sacred Pages? from the *Iliad*, and *Æneid*; from *Dryden*, and *Milton* among ourselves; and from several others, both Ancient and Moderns?

The Translator is sometimes as Artful in adding, of himself, some short Strokes to what *Homer* has said. We meet with several of these little Insertions, which are very just and improving. I shall mention but one. As Mr. *Addison* (*c*) proposes a Correction of *Paradise Lost*, by cutting off the two last Lines; Mr. *Pope* improves this Poem, by adding a Line in the Conclusion of it: This Insertion possibly is better chose, than that Alteration

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(*a*) See Note on *Odyssey* 11, 152——18, 207.

(*b*) From Ss. Book 16, 227. *ibid.* 420. B. 18, 158. B. 19, 99, &c.
Virgil, B. 15, 250. B. 16, 189. B. 17, 227.——
Ibid. 523. B. 18, 121. B. 24, 131, &c.——
Homer, B. 17, 613. B. 24, 513.——
Milton, B. 19, 694. B. 20, 370. B. 24, 498, &c.——
Dryden, B. 23, 322. B. 24, 309. *ibid.* 632.——

(*c*) *Spectator*, Numb. 369.

so

so modestly propos'd by Mr. *Addison*. The Reader, indeed, would willingly go off with some Hopes and Satisfaction, after the melancholy Scene in *Milton*'s last Book: but it may be said that, considering the Moral and chief Design of that Poem, Terror is the last Passion to be left upon the Mind of the Reader. On the contrary, the *Odyssey* ought on all Accounts to terminate *happily*: and Mr. *Pope*'s Addition, in the close of it, is therefore an Improvement, because it forwards the Moral; it gives us a (*a*) fuller View and Confirmation of the *Happiness* of *Ulysses*, and leaves it upon a firmer Foundation.

In the beginning of the Evening, *Antiphaus*, you were speaking of the Poets *transposing Words* to Advantage. I believe

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(*a*) So *Pallas* spoke: the mandate from above
The King obey'd. The Virgin-seed of *Jove*
In *Mentor*'s form confirm'd the full accord,
And willing Nations knew their lawful Lord.

Homer himself does not end in so full and complete a manner: His last Line does not rest well; and *Chapman* seems resolv'd to shew the infirmness of it, as much as he could possibly in his Translation, which breaks off in these Lines,

——'Twixt both parts the seed of *Jove*,
Athenian Pallas, of all future love
A League compos'd; and for her form, took choice
Of *Mentor*'s likeness, both in limb, and voice.

this

this may ſometimes be of greater Uſe in altering the Order of *Sentences*, or the Succeſſion of ſome *Incidents* in the Poem; tho' I own, this muſt be attempted but rarely, and with the greateſt Caution: Difficult as it is, you will find a good Inſtance of the Former in one of the Suitors ridiculing Speeches; and of the Latter in *Euryclea*'s Tranſports.

Euryclea, you know, diſcovers *Ulyſſes* by a Scar upon his Leg, while ſhe is Batheing him. The Moment ſhe makes this diſcovery, ſhe drops the Jar of Water, and is ready to faint away with Surprize and Joy. Tho' theſe, in the Nature of the Caſe, muſt follow immediately upon one another, *Homer* has inſerted a long Story (how the Scar was occaſion'd) *juſt after* the Diſcovery, and *before* thoſe Paſſions, which are the immediate Effect of it. Thus is a ſudden Event *declar'd* fourſcore Lines before it is *deſcrib'd*——A Succeſſion of *time* taken up in the Narration, contrary to the time of the Fact——An *Impetuous* Paſſion kept in ſuſpenſe; in a word, two things inſeparable in their Nature, are disjointed in the Deſcription. I know not whether I ſee this in a wrong Light; but at preſent it puts me in Mind of *Mahomet*'s flinging his Baſon down, travelling to Heaven, ſeeing the Lord knows what there,

there, and returning again before the Water is run out.

If I miſtake not, this Impropriety is avoided very artfully. *Euryclea* is not made to diſcover this Scar before that long Digreſſion. (*a*) It is rather ſaid, (in the Prophetick manner of the Poets) that ſhe would ſoon diſcover it, than that ſhe has actually diſcover'd it. 'Tis after the Digreſſion, that it is mention'd directly as Fact: ſo that in the Tranſlation, This Fact is not disjointed from thoſe Emotions which it immediately raiſes in *Euryclea*; we are not told fourſcore Lines after the Jar is flung down, that the Water is *running* out of it.

If this be really the Caſe, ſays *Antiphaus*, I think the Alteration is much to be commended. But why may not *Homer* himſelf be underſtood to ſpeak in the Prophetick manner too? for I ſuppoſe that ſingle Point would ſalve all: You do not blame the Digreſſion itſelf?

No, ſays *Philypſus*, 'tis not the Digreſſion which I blame, but the Point in which it is introduc'd; juſt between a Fact, and what in Nature muſt be immediately conſequent upon that Fact. If, as you ask, *Homer* ſpeaks at firſt, only in the Prophetick manner, then it is all

(*a*) *Od.* 19, 461. And 547—392, and 467.

clear'd

clear'd up: But I fear his Expreſſions confine it directly to a thing *then done*, and cannot be taken in the Prophetical way.

Philypſus was ſo ēngag'd to this Moment, that he had not once obſerv'd how the Day wore away: He was ſurpriz'd to find the Night was juſt coming on. "Why did you ſuffer me (ſays he to *Antiphaus*) to keep you here ſo long? I "did not imagine the Night had been "ſo near us: You know I am an Eternal "Talker.——However I ſee the Coach "is at the Door; and we may reach our "Lodgings, I believe, before it is quite "dark."

AN

ESSAY

ON

Mr. *Pope*'s ODYSSEY.

EVENING V.

BEFORE they parted the laſt Evening, the two Friends agreed, that their next Meeting ſhou'd be in the ſame Place; and as this was to be the laſt which they intended to ſet apart for this Enquiry, they ſet out for *Horatio*'s earlier than uſual. When they alighted, *Philypſus* order'd his Servant before them to the *Dome* of *Apollo*, with a Book or two he had brought in the Coach; whilſt he and *Antiphaus* walk'd on gently to enjoy the

the Freſhneſs of the Air, and the Beauties of the Place. The Sun, (which now began to be in its decline) as it ſhot thro' the Trees, made a thouſand wavering Mixtures of Light and Shade: The Birds on all ſides were anſwering one another in their little natural Airs; every thing look'd freſh about them, and every thing was agreeable.

Delighted with ſo many calm undiſturb'd Pleaſures, they wander'd on from one Walk to another, and chatted, as they went, of a Thouſand indifferent Things. Among the reſt *Philypſus* fell into an Account of the Company he had to dine with him. You know *Marforio*, ſays he. —— *Perfectly well, anſwer'd* Antiphaus. ——— He was there too; and made it his Buſineſs, as uſual, to contradict every thing that was offer'd againſt any of our celebrated Poets. —— *I am very glad, ſays* Antiphaus, *that I was not of the Company; his Way of arguing is too General to be Anſwer'd, and too Poſitive to be Borne with.*——Yes, ſays *Philypſus*, it was his old way. If one of the Company blamed ſome particular *Littleneſs* in *Milton*, he would immediately ask him how he could blaſpheme ſuch a *Sublime* Poet? And when another mention'd a groſs Line from *Addiſon*'s Works; How abſurd is that, ſays he, to charge ſuch a thing on the

the chaſteſt and moſt *correct* Compoſitions in the World ?—— *Right ! and I ſuppoſe the very next thing he muſt ask was, How you cou'd diſlike ſuch Glorious Men as* Addiſon *and* Milton.———You have him exactly. It was in vain to tell him that you diſliked only *this Line*, or *that Thought :* He would have his way ; and, I doubt not, but in his Opinion we are all a Set of Hereticks, or at leaſt Free-thinkers in Poetry. What an egregious Fault is it, *Antiphaus*, with ſome Men, only to have one's Eyes open ?—— *But there are times* (ſays *Antiphaus*, aſſuming as he ſpoke, the imperious air and manner of *Marforio*) *there are times ſure, when they had better be ſhut.* —— And therefore I ſhould wink always. —— *Not ſo neither : Your Betters may direct you what to look upon, and what not.* —— That's a good Thought, truly : 'tis great Pity the Legiſlature has not conſider'd of it. I ſhould be in Love with an Act of Parliament about the *Uſe of Eyes.* ——— *Why where would be the great harm of the Matter, if you were ordered to wink hard, or turn away from every diſagreeable Object that offer'd itſelf ?* ——— How may I behave, if the Object be agreeable?—— *Look as long as you pleaſe.*—And how, if there be a Mixture of diſagreeable in it ?—— *You ſuppoſe then, that there may be ſomething diſagreeable in that which is beautiful ?* —

Really,

Really, Sir, that is my Notion. Nay, I am apt to think farther, that there is nothing so Beautiful as to be without Defect, without some Mixture of the Disagreeable. By your Rule then, we must lose the sight of a thousand fine Objects. How can I look on that Lady you were admiring so much the other Day in the Ring, without seeing that her Hair is of a disagreeable Colour? Or must I swear that her *Eyebrows* are *Black*, because she has a *fine Shape?* ——*That's over-straining the matter: but I think you might pass by such a Trifle, if it were only in Complaisance. Where there are such exact Features, so charming a Complexion, and a Make so delicate, 'tis barbarous not to let such a small Affair, as the Colour of an Eyebrow, escape your Observation.*——Depend upon it, I would not be so blind as to think the Lady was disagreeable on that Account. ——*But I cannot allow any thing disagreeable about her.* — Where are your Eyes then? — *I would not believe them.* —— That's one way.——*Or what would you say to the new Invention?* — What Invention, I beseech you? — *Only of a Set of Glasses, which shall make each favourite Object appear exactly the same to every Eye.* — And exactly beautiful? — *That too.* — An hopeful Project, truly! Let but *Marforio* be the Designer, and some things would

would appear all glaring and beautiful; while all the reſt, I ſuppoſe, only upon turning the Tube, might be nothing but Deformity.

In the midſt of this roving ſort of Talk, they were got to the *Dome*, before they thought of it: "Well, ſays *Philypſus*, "(as he enter'd) till I meet with the "Perſpectives you were talking of, I "ſhall not be aſham'd to confeſs, that I "find my Eyes at preſent to be of a dif-"ferent Turn. I cannot help perceiving "ſome little Blemiſhes in our moſt de-"lightful Poets, and yet I am far from "an Inſenſible to their Beauty: I view "them with delight; I admire them "paſſionately: Nay, I believe, I have "all of *Marforio*'s Love, except the Blind-"neſs of it. 'Tis there that you have "open'd my Eyes, *Antiphaus*: You have "taught me to love not only with Paſ-"ſion, but with Reaſon."— Rather ſay, (reply'd *Antiphaus*) that your own Mind aſſerted its true Prerogative, and roſe up to guide your Paſſions to none but proper Objects. — However that be, ſays *Philypſus*, I am ſenſible of an Alteration for the better, and can now indulge a Paſſion for any Writer with the greater Appetite, as I am perſuaded it gives the Mind a ſufficient Pleaſure, without making ſo great a Fool of it. Do I not love this

Writer? added he, (taking up one of the Pieces that lay before him) I read him with the ſame Eagerneſs, and find new Charms in him continually. Nay, I think my Love of him more ſecure, than ever: Since I can ſuffer myſelf to ſee his Faults; and by that means, am ſatisfied that they can never be ſufficient in the leaſt to cloud his Perfections.

I am entirely of your Opinion, (ſays *Antiphaus*) and doubt not, but in our finiſhing this Enquiry, we ſhall have the greater Security in admiring him. I only ſpeak of ourſelves. There may be many other Beauties, and other Faults, viſible to Men of better Eyes: but we may ſafely fix our own Sentiments on what we have been able to diſcover ourſelves. I hope, we have endeavour'd ſincerely to hold the Balance ſteady; and when we have done what we can, we have done what we ought.

I wiſh you would have left that *Sentence* for me, ſays *Philypſus*; it would have ſerv'd admirably to introduce what I am to enter upon this Evening.——It is at your ſervice, (ſays *Antiphaus*) and therefore I beg you would proceed.

Tho' I might begin very well with the *ſententious manner* in Writing; my Subject, ſays *Philypſus*, is ſo various, that I do not well know what I ought to chuſe firſt:

firſt: The Proſpect widens rather too much upon me; and indeed takes in moſt of the Faults and Virtues of any Poem. I own that, in general, the Great and Firſt Excellence of a *Poet*, is to be *natural*: but it will be allow'd me, that the chief and diſtinguiſhing Beauty of an *Epick* Poem, as ſuch, is a true Air of *Greatneſs*, and a Stile that carries *weight* and *emphaſis* with it: as the Vice moſt oppoſite to it, is *trifling*, *vulgarity*, and *meanneſs*. I wiſh I may manage theſe Points as fully, as I doubt not *Antiphaus* will diſplay the *natural* ſtrokes that are ſo frequent in the *Odyſſey*.

Sentences carry much efficacy with them in a Poem; they are uſually of the preceptive kind; tho' they ſeem rather to inſinuate, than to command: As they are general Truths and Maxims of Life, well adapted to ſome particular occaſion in the Poem, they appear with Authority; and contain the moſt uſeful Inſtructions, without the Stiffneſs and Odium of perſonal Advice.

'Tis a Miſtake (to uſe a Maxim of Lord *Shaftesbury*'s) *to think that no body knows how to take Advice; the Fault is, that few know how to give it.* To do this agreeably, and at the ſame time with Weight, is the great Art of Sentences in Poetry.

Poetry, in its Birth, was calculated for the Service of Religion. The design of the *Epick* Muse was to paint the Successes of Virtue, or the Punishment of Vice. Hence the *Tragick*, that followed the very same Purposes; and afterward the old *Comedy*, whose business lay in encouraging lesser Domestick Virtues, and ridiculing the Foibles of Mankind. *Satire*, the Off-spring of both these, partakes of either kind; she Smiles in *Horace*, looks Severe in *Persius*, and Commanding in *Juvenal*. The Satirist may use different Methods, but whether he lashes or ridicules, 'tis still the *vicious*, who are to suffer.

All the other Species of Poetry either fall in with these, or follow the same Ends; such as forget this, deserve not the Name of Poets: they prostitute the Muse, and whatever they produce must be of a Bastard Kind.

Among many other Excellencies, this ought particularly to be observ'd in Honour of the true genuine Poets of Antiquity, that they seem to treat of Morality even better than those who profess'd that Study. Were it not for the Works of their Poets, we might very well imagine, *Benevolence*, for Instance, That which gives its Life and Spirit to the whole Family of Virtues, was suppress'd to the last

last Degree among the Heathens. In reading their Philosophers, one is almost persuaded that they teach Revenge, and make it their business to limit and restrain that Love which Men have naturally to one another. In short, he that wants to find the true Philosophy, must go to their Poets. They break out into warmer Notions, and more exalted Lessons of Humanity. Among them the Face of Charity is less veil'd and clouded, and Goodness appears with a Countenance more generous and erect.

The *Odyssey*, as a *Moral Poem*, exceeds all the Writings of the Ancients: it is perpetual in forming the Manners, and instructing the Mind: it sets off the Duties of Life more fully, as well as more agreeably, than the *Academy* or *Lyceum*. *Horace*, who was so well acquainted with the Tenets of each of them, has given (*a*) *Homer*'s Poems the Preference to both.

Surely, *Antiphaus*, Men were more virtuous in the days of *Homer*, than they were in the time of *Plato* or *Cicero*; at least, they were more charitable, and tender to Strangers. How else could the

(*a*) — Quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Plenius ac melius Chrysippo & Crantore dicit.
Lib. 1. Ep. 2.

Poet ſpeak in ſuch a Spirit of Goodneſs, whenever he touches upon this Duty? Nothing is inculcated by him more frequently, and nothing with greater Strength and Emphaſis.

Homer (in relation to *Strangers*) does not ſtint the Charity of his Countrymen to the common *Uſe of Fire and Water:* he ſeems rather to proportion the *bounty* to the *want*;

'Tis ours the Sons of ſorrow to relieve,
(*a*) Chear the ſad heart, nor let affliction grieve.

He ſcarce looks upon this as *bounty*, he rather thinks it a *debt* owing to every one of the ſame nature with us:

'Tis what the happy to th' unhappy owe:
(*b*) 'Tis what the Gods require.

What is given to them (ſays he) is paid to, and will infallibly be rewarded by, the Divine Power:

By *Jove* the Stranger and the Poor are ſent;
(*c*) And what to *thoſe* we give, to *Jove* is lent.

As the neglect of this will be aveng'd by the ſame:

(*a*) *Od.* 6, 245,—207.
(*b* *Od.* 9, 321,—269.
(*c*) *Od.* 6, 247,—208.

To

To *Jove* their cauſe, and their revenge belongs,
(*a*) He wanders with them, and he feels their [wrongs.

I doubt not, but this Notion of the Gods wandering on Earth in a diſguiſed manner, was a very common motive to Charity in thoſe times: it is mention'd very ſtrongly in the Original, in this place; and (*b*) afterwards, when *Ulyſſes* appears as a Suppliant among the *Phæacians*.

Such high exalted Thoughts of this Duty have carried the Poet ſo far as (*c*) to teach, "That we ſhould not value any "labour of our own in aſſiſting others:" but as that is not deliver'd in the *Sententious manner*, I ſhould go out of my way to repeat it at preſent.

To us, who have always enjoy'd ſo clear and ſteady a Light, in regard to every branch of this Duty, theſe *ſentences* may appear common and obvious: but I imagine any one, who ſhould compare theſe Paſſages, to the rules of Benevolence in the Philoſophical writings of the Ancients; would upon ſuch a view allow them to contain thoughts highly noble and extenſive.

(*a*) *Od.* 9, 329.—271.
(*b*) *Od.* 7, 265,—199.
(*c*) See *Od.* 7, 256,—194.

I ſhall mention but one more, which, tho' it run thro' ſeveral lines, is but one entire *ſentence*. It contains a beautiful Idea of Charity in a Heathen; and goes rather beyond the Heathen Principles.

Who calls, from diſtant nations to his own,
The poor, diſtinguiſh'd by their wants alone?
Round the whole world are ſought thoſe men di-
[vine,
Who publick Structures raiſe, or who deſign;
Thoſe to whoſe Eyes the Gods their ways reveal,
Or bleſs with ſalutary arts to heal:
Theſe ſtates invite, and mighty Kings admire,
Wide as the Sun diſplays his vital fire.
It is not ſo with Want! How few that feed
(*a*) A Wretch unhappy, merely for his need?

I ought not to diſſemble one thing; That the Tranſlation is not to be truſted entirely in this Argument: we find theſe Paſſages improv'd in the Handling; and thoſe Lines, in which they reſemble our ſacred Writings, may be drawn more ſtrongly. However, the Original itſelf may give us a great deal of reaſon to ſuppoſe, either that *Homer* had borrowed ſome lights from thence; or that he could diſcern the Light of Nature more clearly, than any other of the Heathen Writers.

(*a*) *Od.* 17, 471,—387.

Before

Before I compar'd Paſſages, I muſt own to you, that I was in particular expectation of Improvements from Mr. *Pope* under this Article. A virtuous generous Soul is certainly as neceſſary to conſtitute a Great Poet, as a Great Orator: and in Sentiments like theſe, we may diſcover that temper of Mind, which I dare ſay has contributed much towards making that Gentleman ſo good a Poet, as well as ſo good a Friend.

There is one particular more, extremely frequent in *Homer*: it runs thorough all his Works; and is ſcarce once omitted, where there is any occaſion for it. I believe your Thoughts outrun me, and might prevent my ſaying, that I mean His Reflections on the Miſeries of this Life. They are moſtly very emphatical; and lead to a very eaſy and uſeful inference.

—To his native land our charge reſign'd, [hind.
Heav'n's is his life to come, and all the woes be-
Then muſt he ſuffer what the Fates ordain;
For Fate has wove the thread of life with pain,
(a) And Twins ev'n from the birth are Miſery [and Man!

In another place we have the ſame Thought as ſtrongly expreſs'd, though

(a) *Od.* 7, 264,—198.

branch'd out into ſeveral other Particulars: Let us ſuppoſe *Ulyſſes* before us: A Prince, Great for the Ages in which he liv'd, and greatly diſtreſs'd: How much does he ſpeak like one born to Wiſdom, and long inſtructed by Adverſity?

Of all that breathes, or grov'ling treads on earth,
Moſt vain is Man! calamitous by birth.
To day with pow'r elate in ſtrength he blooms;
The haughty creature on that pow'r preſumes:
Anon, from Heav'n, a ſad reverſe he feels;
Untaught to bear, 'gainſt Heav'n the wretch rebels.
For Man is changeful, as his bliſs or woe; [low.
Too high, when proſp'rous; when diſtreſs'd, too
There was a Day, when (with the ſcornful Great)
I ſwell'd in pomp, and arrogance of ſtate;
Proud of the pow'r, that to high birth belongs;
And us'd that pow'r to juſtify my wrongs.
Then let not Man be proud; but firm of mind,
Bear the beſt humbly, and the worſt reſign'd:
(*a*) Be Dumb, when Heav'n afflicts!——

Of all *Sentences*, there are none which ſtrike the Mind more forcibly, than thoſe which carry a bold air, a certain nobleneſs of Thought with them. There is a *Moral Heroiſm*, greatly to be preferr'd to that which generally uſurps its Name; a Generoſity of Soul, that looks beyond the Vulgar, and ſpeaks up to the Truth of things: It is this Generoſity, which animates thoſe Lines in *Virgil*:

(*a*) *Od.* 18, 171,—141.

Eſt

Eſt hic, eſt animus, lucis contemptor; & iſtum
(a) *Qui vita bene credat emi, quo tendis, honorem.*

The ſame Spirit is infus'd into this Line:

(b) Death, ill-exchang'd for bondage, and for pain!

The nobleſt Sentiments are not ſuch as *glitter*, but ſuch as are *ſolidly generous and good.* We have frequent inſtances of both from two Perſons in the *Iliad.* *Hector* ſpeaks things, that are *great*; *Ajax* often, what is *marvellous* and *ſurprizing:* Both ſpeak loftily: but one is more ſolid, and the other nearer to a Rant; both ſhew Courage and Generoſity in what they ſay; but they ſeem to *talk*, as they *act:* *Ajax* fights merely for fighting ſake; while *Hector* engages always for the good of his Country.

I ſhall beg leave to cloſe this Head with two Sentiments, as much celebrated as any in the *Iliad*, and ſpoke by the two Heroes we have been talking of. The one, in the mere Spirit of an Hero;

If *Greece* muſt periſh, we thy will obey,
(c) But let us periſh in the face of day.

(a) *Æn.* 9, 206.
(b) *Od.* 17, 523—441.
(c) See Note on *Il.* 17, 731,—647.

The other, in that of a Patriot, as well as an Hero:

Without a ſign his ſword the brave man draws;
(*a*) And asks no omen, but his country's cauſe.

I am ſorry, ſays *Antiphaus*, you have quitted this Point ſo ſoon; methinks you might afford a little more room for a thing of ſuch conſiderable Uſe. *Sentences* are fitted by their Nature to carry on that chief deſign of Poetry, to mix the *Uſeful* with the *Agreeable*.——Together with a certain air of Authority, they ſerve to eſtabliſh the Poet's Moral Character; which, according to a (*b*) late Hypotheſis, may render him at the ſame time more *delightful*, as well as more *inſtructive*.—— Beſides this, they often flatter the Vanity of the Reader; and (as the (*c*) Firſt of Criticks tells us) "take the more rea-"dily with this or that Perſon, as they "confirm in general, what he has before "concluded from his own Obſervation "on particular Occurrences in Life."

I wonder at one thing, ſays *Philypſus*, That ſo many of the Criticks ſhould blame Sentences, and look upon them as particularly unfit for Poems of the *Epick*

(*a*) *Il.* 12, 284,—243.
(*b*) *Origin* of our Ideas of *Beauty* and *Virtue*.
(*c*) See *Ariſt. Rhet.* Lib. 2. Cap. 21.

Kind:

Kind: (*a*) *Rapin*, I think, condemns them, as they ſeem to jut out of the Structure of the Poem, and are apt to interrupt the Narration too much: *Boſſu*, who is rather on their ſide, yet obſerves there is a kind of *Calm Wiſdom* in them, that is contrary to the *Paſſions*. Even the Perſon, whom you juſt now call'd the *Firſt of Criticks*, puts us in mind of your Ruſticks, that are always (*b*) ſtringing of Proverbs together: and a very good Critick of our own ſays, in ſo many words, that (*c*) *they are generally ſome of the heavieſt pieces in a whole Poem.*

Let them add, if they pleaſe, ſays *Antiphaus*, that they ſound aukwardly from the mouth of a *Young Perſon*, and prepoſterouſly from an *Atheiſt*. I own the charge: the beſt Writers themſelves ſeem to be ſenſible of it; and where they do any thing of this kind, are the firſt to correct themſelves. *Addiſon* (*d*) puts a Sentence into the Mouth of *Portius*; but he corrects him for it, in the next Line, tho' the Son of a *Cato*; and when *Virgil*

(*a*) See Note on *Od.* 7, 379.

(*b*) *Ariſt. Rhet.* Lib. 2. Cap. 21.

(*c*) *Addiſon's Miſc.* Vol. 1. p. 237. 12°.

(*d*) *Port.* 'Tis not in mortals to command ſucceſs
But we'll do more, *Sempronius*; We'll deſerve it.

Semp. Curſe on the ſtripling! how he apes his Sire!
Ambitiouſly ſententious.——*Cato*, Act. 1. Sc. 2.

(*a*) makes

(a) makes his Atheiſt ſententious, there is ſtill a mixture of the Atheiſt to be diſcover'd in what he ſays.

But grant that Sentences are not proper from Perſons that are Young, or Vicious; grant, that they are not proper in a *Mezentius*, or a *Portius:* What then? may they not be proper in *Cato* himſelf, or in *Æneas?*

'Tis the ſame Caſe in every particular you have produc'd from the Criticks: they ſpeak rather againſt the Abuſe of this Ornament, than againſt the Ornament itſelf. There can be no doubt of it; *Sentences* are certainly faulty, when they appear too groſsly, and ſtand off from the reſt of the Work: But what is this to Sentences, which are fitly applied, and wove in artfully with the other Parts? *Homer* and *Virgil* are very happy in this particular: they give them a ſufficient Fulneſs; but they ſeldom glare ſo, as to attract the Eye ſingly to themſelves: You admire them as much from their Relation to the things about them, as for their own particular Beauty: in ſhort, they might be Beautiful by themſelves, but they are much more ſo by their fitneſs to the places and occaſions on

(a) *Æn.* 10, 860.

which

which they are us'd by those great Masters of Poetry.

We may add to this, that their Sentences are so far from hindering the Narration, that they are almost constantly a part of it, and help to carry it forward: But tho' they are usually wrought into the Speeches of the Poem, we do not receive them from Persons improper, or hurried by any violent Passion: and where the Subject is still and gentle, that *calm Wisdom*, that has been objected to them, cannot be very prejudicial. Indeed in any place, or on any Occasion, a long thread of them is insupportable; these are worse than the *Sanchoisms* of *Cervantes*, because they are not so ridiculous: We can laugh at *Sancho* all the time he is multiplying his Proverbs upon us; but in Poetry, such dry Preachments are, of all other, the greatest Opiates, and have the quickest effect on the Audience. *Lucan*'s Poem, and *Seneca*'s Tragedies, are, I fear, Instances of this to a great degree.

There is another way of murdering Sentences, for which we are wholly oblig'd to those ingenious Gentlemen, the *Editors*. It is that Art of cutting off Sentences from the Body of a Work, and forcing them *to jut out* from it, whether they will or no, by Printing all such, where-ever they can catch them, in *Italick*

lick Characters. Mr. *Addiſon*, if I remember, is condemning this Practice in that very place where he ſays, that *Sentences are ſome of the heavieſt Pieces* in a Poem: and I imagine nothing could make him ſpeak ſo ſeverely of them in general, but this Practice, that is ſo deſtructive of their Beauty.

In ſhort, Sentences that are cold, affected, or ill-placed, ſuch as are either too diſtinct, or too much throng'd, may be blam'd with a great deal of Juſtice: but ſuch as are handſomely wove into the Narration, at proper Intervals, and from none but proper Speakers, will not only be ſafe from the Cenſure of the Criticks; but are allowed by them in general, to be highly ſerviceable towards giving its proper Weight and Emphaſis to an *Epick* Poem.

I think you have defended this Beauty ſufficiently, ſays *Philypſus*; and ſhall go on to the next under this Head, *Conciſeneſs*. There is no greater Symptom of weakneſs in a Writer, than his being apt to ſay *a little in a great deal*; as nothing is more ſtrong and emphatical, than to ſay *a great deal in a little.*

Hence the Force and Emphaſis of this Line of Mr. *Pope.*

(*a*) Oh

(*a*) Oh ev'ry ſacred Name in one, my Friend!
And of this,
[King.
(*b*) The Great, the Good: your Father and your

The want of a ſcrupulous Connexion, draws things into a leſſer Compaſs; and adds the greater Spirit and Emotion:

(*c*) He ſhrieks, he reels, he falls.——

The more Rays are thus collected into a Point, the more vigorous the Flame: Hence there is yet greater *Emphaſis*, when the Rout of an Army is ſhewn in the ſame contracted manner; as that in the 24th of the (*d*) *Odyſſey:* which has ſome reſemblance to *Salluſt*'s Deſcription of the ſame thing (agreeable to his uſual Conciſeneſs) in theſe four Words only: (*e*) *Sequi, fugere, occidi, capi.*

There may be a contraction of many Circumſtances to a Point, which turns more on the *Sentiment*, than the *Diction:* as when we place the Succeſs of a Thouſand important Events on one Effort, or one Moment of Time: Thus *Antinous*,

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(*a*) *Od.* 22, 226,—208.
(*b*) *Od.* 2, 54,—47.
(*c*) *Od.* 18, 443,—397.
(*d*) V. 610.
(*e*) *Bel. Jug.* p. 106. Ed. *Mattaire.*

the

the Chief of the Suitors, to his Companions,

(*a*) Ariſe, (or you for ever fall) ariſe.

Which has ſuch an Air of *Milton*'s *Lucifer:*

Awake, ariſe, or be for ever faln!

Thoſe Lines, ſays *Antiphaus*, ſerve the purpoſe for which you repeat them very well; but is there not ſomething too much like a *Turn* upon the words of them? I was ſenſible of that, (anſwer'd *Philypſus*) but I follow your Example, *Antiphaus*, in viewing a thing only in one Light at a time, to prevent the infinite Confuſion that would happen in turning each Line every way. This is brought as Emphatical: You allow it to be ſo; if it anſwers the end for which it is produced, that is all that I intend: and I beg once for all to be underſtood under this view in every Inſtance that I have, or may uſe, on particular Occaſions.

This maſculine nervous Conciſeneſs, I am ſpeaking of, is very uſual from Generals to their Soldiers: but among a multitude of Inſtances, I am particularly pleas'd with that Speech of *Henry*

(*a*) *Od.* 24, 499,—436.

the

he *Great*, before the Battle in the Plains of *Ivry*, "*I am your King, You are French-men, and there are the Enemy.*"

Sometimes we find an Emphasis and Vigour impress'd on every particular word of a Sentence:

(*a*) *Now, Grief, thou all art mine!*

And in these Lines, which we have often admir'd for their peculiar Strength and Efficacy: They speak of *Ulysses*'s extreme Love of his native Country:

To see the *smoak* from his lov'd palace rise,
While the dear Isle in *distant* prospect lies,
(*b*) With what *contentment* would he *close his eyes?*

This is not only of use in the Grand or Pathetick: there are excellent Instances of it from *Terence* (*c*), in the Tender and Familiar, as there are others from *Virgil* in the Natural, and even in the Satirical; and that so strongly in the latter, that (*d*) some have been apt to imagine

(*a*) *Od.* 18, 299,—255.
(*b*) *Od.* 1. 77,—59.
(*c*) Hæc verba mehercule *una falsa lachrumula*, Quam, *oculos terendo misere, vix vi expresserit*, *Resinguet.*——*Eun.* Act. 1. Sc. 1.
(*d*) Thus *Dryden*; from his
——Non tu in *triviis, indocte, solebas*
Stridenti miserum stipula disperdere carmen. Ecl. 3, 27.
As others from this Line:
Qui Bavium *non odit, amet tua carmina*, Mævi. ib. 90.

from

from them, that *Virgil* might, if he pleas'd, have made the greateſt *Satiriſt* that ever wrote.

Sometimes this very Emphaſis is increas'd by a certain *Oppoſition* of the words us'd in it: there is a Paſſage in the *Iliad*, which I have particularly admir'd on this Account: Give me leave to repeat it from the Original; becauſe the *Greek* Tongue is particularly Emphatical, and has more Nerves than perhaps our Language is capable of:

Οὐ γὰρ πῶ ἴδομεν, οὐδ' ἔκλυον αὐδήσαντος,
Ἀνδρ' ἕνα τοῦ ἀδε μέρμερ' ἕν' ἤματι μητίσασθαι,
(a) Ὅσσ' Ἕκτωρ ἔρρεξε———

The Emphatical manner in writing flies all Dreſs and Ornament, all ſuperfluous and deſcriptive Epithets, all turns and elegancies of Thought. Hence that Conciſeneſs, which generally attends it. The moſt obvious fault in Conciſeneſs is Obſcurity; what is obſcure, can never be ſufficiently emphatical: This makes the conciſe way the moſt difficult of any. 'Tis eaſy to follow the Stream of one's Imagination, and write on with an unthinking Rapidity; but to expreſs every

(a) Ιλ. κ', 48. The *Oppoſition* is carried on further in the next Lines, between ἕν' ἤματι, and Δήθά τε καὶ δολιχόν.

thing

thing fully, and to say nothing that is needless, requires a great Judgment, and much force in our Expressions. The great *Monsieur Pascal* had a particular happiness of comprizing *much* in a *few* Words: he had a very Mathematical Turn of Thought; and of all things hated an idle Prolixity. You will be pleas'd with an Excuse of his in a certain Case, where he had been guilty of it: 'Tis in the close of one of his Letters, where he begs his Friend to pardon the unusual length of it, by saying, *That he really had not time to make it shorter.*

Some emphatical Passages are not only so concise, as to contain just as *many Ideas* as *Words*; they have often force enough even to *intimate* several Ideas more than they *express.*

Thus it is in all Intimations of Power. One of *Homer*'s greatest Excellencies lies in this. In setting off the Hero of his *Iliad*, he does not say in Words, that he was vastly Terrible to the Enemy; he mentions the effects, and leaves the Reader to collect what Terror must attend him. After the Death of *Patroclus*, the whole Army of the *Trojans* is put into Confusion, only (*a*) *at hearing his Voice*: They are all trembling, and dispirited:

(*a*) Ιλ. σ', 224.

(*a*) *they*

(*a*) *they had ſeen* Achilles. 'Tis not a ſudden Panick; it continues upon them: When they pour'd down in ſuch Numbers from the City, it was becauſe (*b*) *they did not behold the Creſt of that Hero*; and now they are all conſulting, whether they ſhould not quit the Field, becauſe (*c*) *he had ſhewn himſelf at a diſtance, and might poſſibly enter into the next Engagement.*

Homer has the ſame addreſs in intimating the Power of his Deities; when he introduces them as affecting their deſigns with a (*d*) *Touch*, with a (*e*) *Voice*, with a (*f*) *ſingle Thought.*

It is the ſame Sentiment that gives their Air of Grandeur to theſe Lines:

(*g*) Declare thy purpoſe; for thy Will is Fate.
Let all be Peace.—He ſaid, and gave the nod
(*h*) That binds the Fates, the Sanction of the God.

And this, of the ſame import, from our *Shakeſpear*;

——What he bids be done,
Is *finiſh'd* with his bidding.——

(*a*) Ιλ. σ', 248.
(*b*) *ib.* π', 70.
(*c*) ——σ', 262.
(*d*) Ιλ. ν', 60, 75.
(*e*) *ib* ξ', 150.
(*f*) *ib.* ο', 242.
(*g*) Od. 24, 547——475.
(*h*) Od. 24, 561——485.

On

On this turns the Greatneſs of that Thought in the Sacred Hiſtory of the Creation: *God ſaid, Let there be Light, and there was Light.* Tho' I ſhould imagine this to exceed every Inſtance above; becauſe it *intimates* all that they *expreſs*, and intimates it as *fully* and *ſtrongly*, as they *expreſs* it.

Let the Greatneſs of this Sentence ſtand or fall by the Rules of Sublimity. We need not mention, that (*a*) *Longinus* choſe it for an Inſtance of the *Sublime*: whether that great Critick ever ſaw it or not, is not material: but I wonder, that ſome later Writers, of very great Name, cannot be perſuaded to ſee any Force or Energy in it. I own, I have never read what *Monſieur Le Clerc* offers againſt the Sublimity of this Paſſage: Surely it would not be very difficult to anſwer it, if it be of a Strain with what (*b*) *Monſieur Huet* offer'd before him; where he ſeems to argue, that (*c*) *This Paſſage cannot be* Sublime, *becauſe the Language is* Simple.

It is this Art of leaving more for the Reader to collect, than you expreſs in Words, which runs through ſeveral of

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(*a*) Cap. 9. Ed. *Oxon.* 1718.
(*b*) See Preface to *Boileau*'s Works.
(*c*) See *Huetii Dem. Ev.* Prop. 4. Sect. 53.

Ulyſſes's

Ulysses's Speeches, both at the Court of *Alcinous*, and before the *Suitors*. Whether the Hero tells his own Story, or feigns some other, he is equally careful in laying before them something of the high Station he once enjoy'd: and hence his Speeches have generally a great Air of that celebrated Answer of *Marius* to a Message sent from the *Roman* General: (*a*) *Go, and tell* Sextilius, *that you saw* Marius, *sitting among the Ruins of* Carthage.

Intimation is so strong and nervous, that the (*b*) Ancient Criticks confin'd the Name of *Emphasis* to this one Point; tho' (as we use the word) the very contrary of this may be of great Service in making a Discourse *emphatical*. The Soul is sometimes possess'd by the *Number* of great Circumstances. Thus in that Passage of *Homer*, which Mr. *Pope* translates after the following manner:

Men, Steeds, and *Chariots* shake the trembling [ground;
The *Tumult* thickens, and the *Skies* resound:
Victors and *Vanquish'd* join promiscuous cries,
(*c*) Triumphant *shouts*, and dying *groans* arise.

(*a*) *Plutarch*'s Life of *Marius*.

(*b*) See *Quintil. Instit.* Lib. 8. Cap. 3. and Lib. 9. Cap. 2.

(*c*) *Il.* 8. 80,——65.

We

We meet with the same *tumultuary Figure* in the Description of the Field after the Battle:

[of *Slain.*
(*a*) Thro' *Dust*, thro' *Blood*, o'er *Arms*, and hills

This Passage (we are told) is imitated by *Xenophon*; and I am sure the Historian has not weaken'd it, by drawing it into a greater length, and expressing the Circumstances more fully: Allow me the Satisfaction of reading it to you. (*b*) *When the Battle was over, one might behold thro' the whole extent of the Field, the Ground dy'd red with Blood, the Bodies of Friends and Enemies, stretch'd over each other, the Shields pierc'd, the Spears broken, and the drawn Swords, some scatter'd on the Earth, some plung'd in the Bodies of the Slain, and some yet grasp'd in the Hands of the Soldiers.*

Now we have fain upon an Historian, give me leave to observe one thing; That, both with Poets and in History, (*c*) *There may be some Fraud, in saying only the bare Truth.* In either, 'tis not sufficient to tell us, that *such a City*, for Instance, *was taken and ravag'd with a great deal of Inhumanity.* There is a *Poetical Falsity*, if a strong Idea of each particular

(*a*) *Il.* 10, 356,—298.
(*b*) Note on *Il.* 10, 356.
(*c*) Minus est totum dicere, quàm omnia.

be not imprinted on the Mind; and an *Hiſtorical*, if ſome things are paſſed over only with a general mark of Infamy or Diſlike. It was in (*a*) *Quintilian* I firſt met with this Obſervation; and I wiſh our Hiſtorians, of all Parties, did not give us ſo many Examples of it, as we find every-where in their Works.

'Tis the ſame in Poetry: when all the *Circumſtances* are laid out in their proper Colours, and make a complete Piece; its Images ſtrike us with greater Energy, than when the *Whole* of the thing is only mention'd in general. Thus the *diffuſed Style* has its Propriety under this Head; and makes a larger and more continued Impreſſion: as the force of its contrary Excellence, a juſt and emphatical *Conciſeneſs*, may be more collected, and pierce the deeper. I do not mean when we *mention* a thing, but when we *ſhew* it in a few words. There are juſt Miniatures of Great Objects in Poetry, as well as in Statuary or Painting. A *Hercules* (*b*) in little, may have all the Nerves of a *Coloſſus*: and even that prodigious Deſign of (*d*) *Dinarchus* might not have been more

(*a*) *Inſtit.* Lib. 8. Cap. 3.

(*b*) See *Statius*, Sylv. lib. 4. 6, 37.

(*c*) To form Mount *Athos* into a Statue of *Alexander* the *Great*; ſo deſign'd, as to hold a City in one hand, and to have a River run thorough the other.

Gigan-

Gigantick, than *Timanthes*'s (*a*) *Polyphemus*. Noble Images, whether in a larger or ſmaller Compaſs, ſtrike the Mind very ſtrongly. Either muſt be according to the Occaſion. Things ſometimes demand to be drawn at full length; and the Soul requires to expatiate over them: Sometimes they chuſe a more contracted Space: But though they loſe from their Size, they loſe nothing of their Spirit. It fills us with a noble and enlarg'd Pleaſure, to conſider the Heavenly Bodies, their Courſes, and their immenſe Diſtances: at the ſame time, we are ſtruck with a very particular Admiration, when we view their Situation and Motions in the *Orrery*.

Any uncommon extenſive Image cauſes an Enlargement of our Ideas, and poſſeſſes the Mind more completely: In ſuch Caſes 'tis obſervable, that even the Turn of the Verſe may aſſiſt theſe Images. I may ſeem too particular, if I ſay, that *large* Words, and Lines which conſiſt chiefly of *long* Syllables, may be of uſe to extend our Thoughts in conceiving any Gigantick form: and yet perhaps both will be found not unſerviceable in Mr. *Pope*'s Deſcription of his *Cyclops*.

(*a*) His Picture of that Giant in Miniature.

A Giant-ſhepherd here his flock maintains;
Far from the reſt he ſolitary reigns,
In ſhelter thick of horrid ſhade reclin'd;
And gloomy miſchiefs labour in his mind.
(a) A Form enormous!——

Or, where we ſee him

[Rock.
(b) Stretch'd forth in length, o'er half the cavern'd

Or when

He ſends a dreadful groan; the rocks around,
(c) Thro' all their inmoſt, winding caves reſound.

Whether you think this length and heavineſs of the Syllables neceſſary in the preſent caſe, or not; I am ſure, you will allow it to be ſo in Melancholy Images.

In thoſe deep ſolitudes, and awful cells,
Where *heav'nly-penſive Contemplation* dwells,
And *ever-muſing Melancholy* reigns;

as Mr. *Pope* begins his *Eloiſa* to *Abelard*; and there are ſeveral Inſtances of the ſame kind afterwards, in the ſame Poem.

Homer, in deſcribing a large Object, makes uſe of a word, which of itſelf is (d) above half a Verſe: and *Ovid*, on a

(a) *Od.* 9, 217.
(b) *Ibid.* 354.
(c) *Ibid.* 469.
(d) *Il.* o', 676.

like

like occaſion, joins ſeveral together of an unuſual length. We behold his *Ægeon* beſtriding his Whale, even in the Turn (*a*) of the Words which are to deſcribe him.

Delay and *Repetition* are ſometimes proper for the ſame Reaſons; there is a Delay almoſt in every Syllable, where Mr. *Pope* intimates the vaſt *ſize* of a Stone, as well as the *difficulty* in heaving it up;

Then heav'd the Goddeſs in her mighty hand
A ſtone, the limit of the neighb'ring land,
(*b*) There fixt from eldeſt times; black, craggy, [vaſt.

Virgil adds a Repetition in his Imitation of this very Paſſage in *Homer*: *Saxum circumſpicit ingens, Saxum antiquum, ingens* ——And Mr. *Pope* commends the Beauty of this Repetition, as (*c*) *it makes us dwell upon the Image, and gives us leiſure to conſider the Vaſtneſs of it.*

It may ſeem ſtrange, that the Vaſtneſs, the *mere Bulk* of an Object, ſhould poſſeſs the Mind in the manner I have been ſpeaking of: but tho' there is no real Excellence in Largeneſs, 'tis certain that

(*a*) ——Balænarumque prementem
Ægeona ſuis immania terga lacertis. *Met.* 2, 10.
(*b*) *Il.* 21, 470——404.
(*c*) See Note *ibid.*

we are apt to apprehend it as excellent. This puts me in mind of a Point, that always ſtrikes me very much in Poetry; A ſort of *Comprehenſion*, as I ſhould chuſe to call it, for want of ſome better Name. 'Tis when any Great View is completely contracted into a few Lines; but to come up perfectly to my Notion, it ſhould be ſuch a View as is ſufficient to fill the whole Mind: We are, in a manner, ſurrounded with it on all ſides; and which ever way we turn our Eyes, we cannot look out of it. This is the Caſe, where *Ulyſſes* is repreſented in his Shipwreck on the Coaſt of *Phæacia*;

Above, ſharp Rocks forbid acceſs; *around*,
(*a*) Roar the wild Waves; *beneath*, is Sea profound!

If you can fancy yourſelf in the Place of *Ulyſſes*, at that juncture, you will apprehend what I mean the more fully. You can then ſee nothing, but what is painted out in this Couplet.

I apprehend you, (ſays *Antiphaus*) and indeed have obſerv'd this Beauty often in Reading. There is a Thought, (if I miſtake not) repeated twice in the Eleventh *Odyſſey*, of this kind:

(*a*) Above, below, on Earth, and in the Sky.

(*a*) *Od.* 5, 529—413.
(*b*) *Od.* 11, 139 and 373.

I know not whether the Image be total, but it cannot want much of it, in that Deſcription of a ſhipwreckt Perſon, juſt before the Lines you repeated:

Amidſt the rocks he hears a hollow roar
Of murm'ring ſurges breaking on the ſhore;
Nor peaceful port was there, nor winding bay,
To ſhield the veſſel from the rolling ſea;
But cliffs, and ſhaggy ſhores, a dreadful ſight,
(*a*) All rough with rocks, with foamy billows [white.

If this be not Total, at leaſt it will engroſs Two of your Senſes, whilſt you keep in the ſame Poſture; but thoſe, as you ſay, ſeem the moſt complete, which take up the Eye what ever way you turn. ——As this (reſum'd *Philypſus*) to keep to the ſame Element:

(*b*) And all above was ſky, and ocean all around.

Theſe Total Views are much more vigorous and affecting, when the Objects are not inanimate: or at leaſt, when ſome more moving Conſiderations are annext to them. Thus in the Picture of a rough Sea, terminating in craggy Shores, and Rocks, and a tempeſtuous Sky, every Object has an additional Terror from our ſeeing *Ulyſſes* painted in the

(*a*) *Od.* 5, 521.
(*b*) *Od.* 12, 474.

midſt of theſe Dangers, and ſtruggling to make ſo difficult a Shore.——I remember a Paſſage of this kind in a Writer of a very ſtrong Imagination, which is heighten'd by the ſame Method. We have it in a Deſcription of Mount *Atlas*, tho' I believe the Author took his Ideas from the *Alps*: 'tis deliver'd in this bold Poetical kind of Proſe: (a) "*See, with what* "*trembling ſteps poor Mankind tread the* "*narrow Brink of the deep Precipices! from* "*whence with giddy Horror they look down,* "*miſtruſting even the Ground which bears* "*them; whilſt they hear the hollow ſound* "*of Torrents underneath, and ſee the Ruin* "*of the impending Rock, with falling* "*Trees, which hang with their Roots up-* "*wards, and ſeem to draw more Ruin after* "*them.*——"

In theſe Caſes, our Paſſions, as well as our Senſes, are engag'd: and I take ſuch Views to be then entirely complete, when all our Paſſions, as well as all our Senſes, may be engroſs'd by them. Were I to give an Inſtance of ſuch a View, I ſhould prefer that Paſſage in *Virgil*, where he places you in the midſt of a City, cover'd with the diſmal ſhades of Night, taken and fir'd in a Thouſand places by

(a) *Characteriſticks.* Vol. 2. Pag. 389.

the

the Enemy, and every-where fill'd with Ruin, Terror, and Confusion:

(a) ——— *Crudelis ubique*
Luctus, ubique Pavor, & plurima mortis imago.

I have dwelt the longer on these *Comprehensive Views*, as they fill and delight the Mind very strongly. There is another Case, much of this Nature, and of particular Energy: I do not mean, when we *surround*, but when we carry the Mind out to a vast *extent*: As in this Sentiment;

(b) By Heav'n above, by Hell beneath.

There is a Thought of this Nature, very justly reckon'd among the Sublime, which appears with a perfect Uniformity in (c) *Virgil*, in *Homer*, and in the *Book* of *Wisdom*, formerly ascrib'd to *Solomon*. For my part, I do not at all wonder at this exact Resemblance in them. It is such a Thought, that when it is once set before one, it possesses the Mind so strongly, that it will leave its

(a) *Æn.* 2, 369.
(b) *Od.* 23, 369.
(c) *Ingrediturque solo & caput inter nubila condit.*
Æn. 4, 177.
Οὐρανῷ ἐστήριξε κάρη, καὶ ἐπὶ χθονὶ βαίνει. Ιλ. δ'.
Καὶ οὐρανῷ μὲν ἥπτετο, βεβήκει δ' ἐπὶ γῆς.
Lxx. per *Grabe.* Σοφ. Σολ. ιη', 16.

Image behind it: And indeed 'tis obſervable, that a great Critick, where he would applaud it in *Homer*, (*a*) repeats it himſelf in the very turn of his own Criticiſm. *Longinus* is the Perſon I mean: who in a thouſand Inſtances, as well as this,

(*b*)——*Is himſelf the great Sublime he draws.*

One of the moſt common Topicks for this among the Poets, is in ſpeaking of the diſtance of *Tartarus*. *Homer* makes it as far from Hell to Earth downwards, as it is upwards from Earth to Heaven: It has been (*c*) obſerv'd, that Two of the beſt Poets ſince have enlarg'd it gradually, *Virgil* to Twice, and *Milton* to Thrice that Depth: but, if I miſtake not, *Heſiod* of old has carried the Mind further than either of them: It would pleaſe you to ſee, how exact he is in his Meaſures: (*d*) "An Anvil (ſays he) will be "Nine days complete in falling from "Heaven to our Earth; and as many in "falling from our Earth to *Tartarus*." ——This is the Diſtance from us to the

(*a*) Τὸ ἐπ' ἐϱγνὸν ἀπὸ γῆς διάϛημα. De *Subl.* 9'. Edit. *Oxon.*

(*b*) Eſſay on *Criticiſm.*

(*c*) Note on *Il.* 8, 16.

(*d*) Θεογ. ver. 722.

Gates

Gates of *Tartarus* only: he afterwards carries the Mind much farther, in this Deſcription:

There lie the Treaſures of the ſtormy Deep,
Of Earth, and Water, and extended Darkneſs.
A dreadful Chaſm! ſqualid, and uninform'd,
And hateful ev'n to Gods. Whoe'er, within
The dreadful Op'ning of its Gates, ſhould plunge
Prone thro' the great abyſs; twelve times the courſe
Of the pale Moon, ſhould feel its Storm and Tempeſt
In dire Deſcent; ſtill hurry'd on precipitate,
Amidſt the various Tumult and Confuſion
Of diſagreeing Natures. Oft the Pow'rs
Immortal caſt their Eyes upon theſe regions,
(*a*) And ſhudder at the Sight.——

This Imagination ſeems to be imitated in *Milton*, where *Satan* meets with that violent ſhock, in travelling thro' *Chaos*; but the Fall here ſtrikes us more, becauſe it has no Bounds: It is ſtill continuing lower and lower; and the Mind, in endeavouring to conceive it, is loſt in its *deſired Infinitude*.

When our Bodies are all ſo ſtraiten'd and confin'd, what muſt the Soul be made of, *Antiphaus?* and what might be its Powers, if unreſtrain'd? Since even in ſuch dull Company as the Body, with all theſe Weights and Incumberments about

(*a*) *Heſiod's* Θεογ. 744.

it, it betrays on every the ſmalleſt Occaſion ſuch an Appetite to Infinity?

Mr. *Addiſon*, in one of his fineſt Works, the Eſſay on the Pleaſures of the Imagination, reckons *Greatneſs* as firſt among thoſe things, which give that (*a*) Pleaſure: "Nothing (ſays he) (*b*) gratifies *the Mind* "ſo much, as thoſe large growing Ideas, "which lead her on almoſt to an Infini-"tude. (*c*) Our Imagination loves to be "filled with an Object, or to graſp at "any thing that is too big for its Capa-"city: We are flung into a pleaſing "Aſtoniſhment at ſuch unbounded Views, "and feel a delightful Stillneſs and "Amazement in the Soul, at the Appre-"henſions of them."

Every one may know this Pleaſure by Experience: 'Tis not a dry Maxim laid down by the Philoſophers: Whoever will conſult his own Mind, when he looks only on a Proſpect, may ſay as much as Mr. *Addiſon*, or Mr. *Locke* has ſaid on this Occaſion. When I had the Pleaſure of converſing with the Gentleman who deſign'd theſe Gardens, (as indeed the fineſt in the Nation owe their Beauty to his Directions) I was very much pleas'd with

(*a*) *Spectator*, Numb. 412.
(*b*) Numb. 420.
(*c*) Numb. 412.

a Maxim which he then mention'd; "That as the greateſt *fault* in a Proſpect "was Confinement; ſo the *meaneſt* thing "too in a Deſign, was to have the "Bounds and Reſtraint of it immediate-"ly viſible."

There may be ſeveral other Points to be conſider'd under the Character of Emphatical, whether from the *Strength* of the Language, the *Nobleneſs* of the Sentiment, or the *Greatneſs* and *Extent* of the Object itſelf: but I am only giving a few Sketches of the Kind: You will give me leave, in the ſame manner, to take a ſhort View of its Contrary, the *Low* or *Mean Style*.

It has been ſaid, That (*a*) *Lowneſs has juſt as many Cauſes, as Elevation; ſince whatever raiſes the Sentiment or Diction has its Oppoſite, which is Mean.* This has the Appearance of Truth; but if one general Meaſure muſt be given, I ſhould think that it is an Exceſs either way, which cauſes Meanneſs. Things over-wrought, as well as things under-wrought, will be Mean.

When the leaſt Object is expreſs'd in juſt and proper Terms, it will not of

(*a*) Eadem fere eſt ratio minuendi: Nam totidem ſunt deſcendentibus, quot aſcendentibus gradus. *Quintil. Inſtit.* Lib. 8. Cap. 4.

itſelf

itself come under the Character of Meanness: Nay, small things may be manag'd so as to change their Nature, and to compose the *Grand Air*. We meet with Dissertations on the late Discoveries in the lesser World of Animals, which have something Great and Sublime in them. Littleness itself may be assistant too in amplifying a Subject. *Homer* uses it thus in his Character of *Tydeus*; and 'tis visible to any one, That bold Martial Atchievements look greater in a NASSAU, than they would in a *Maximin*.

Such Considerations as these have induc'd me to imagine, That all Meanness arises from some *Disproportion* or other. When a Person is represented in a View beneath himself, or any Action of Force is express'd weakly, the Expressions fall short of the Nature of the Thing: Again, that Meanness, which arises from the Language, may have the same Measure. The Close of a Sentence may fall beneath the Expectance rais'd in the Beginning of it, and then will necessarily have a mean Air. Some sorts of Poetry are of a nobler kind; and Descriptions of things, that would not be mean in a *Sonnet* or *Satire*, may become so in *Epick*. In general, all vulgar Terms, and all very disagreeable Descriptions, are beneath the Heroick Stile: as all Triflings, or any

any Affectation of Ornament, argue ſomething beneath the Care of a Poet, who has taken upon him to rule the nobler Paſſions, and to ſing of Heroes, and of Gods.

When any thing has an Epithet higher, than its own Nature and the Occaſion requires; or lower, than the proper Idea of the thing might very well demand; 'tis much the ſame; in both there will be a Diſproportion, and a Meanneſs. Thus,

Be mindful of yourſelves, draw forth your Swords,
(*a*) And to your Shafts obtend theſe *ample boards*.

And this Line,

(*b*) His Shoulder-blade receiv'd th'*ungentle ſhock*.

The ſame Critick, who obſerves on a certain Writer, for ſaying, That ſome Perſons who were ſhipwreckt met with *an Unpleaſant Death*; is equally ſevere on thoſe, who carry things too far; he ranks any vain (*c*) *Elevations*, and the *Puerile Stile*, under one and the ſame Head.

Indeed both are frigid, and both are mean. A little or pretty Thought dreſs'd

(*a*) *Od.* 22, 88——75.
(*b*) *Od.* 17, 549——461.
(*c*) *Longinus*, Cap. 3.

up

up in grand Words, is like the *Cupid*, in one of *Coypel*'s Pieces, who is crept into *Mars*'s Armour, and looks as if he was endeavouring to ſtrut about in it: whilſt a great Thought in little Words, puts one in Mind of that tall Gentleman we ſaw one Night at the Maſquerade, dreſſed like an Infant; and dangling its Hands, as if it were perfectly helpleſs.

A Mixture of *Mean* Language with the *Grand*, makes the Meanneſs more viſible; as poſſibly in this Line,

(*a*) Stript of his rags—*He blaz'd out like a God.*

Thus where a Libation to the Gods is called (*b*) *An Holy Beverage* in the *Odyſſey*; and *Mars* (*c*) the *Heavenly Homicide* in the *Iliad*.

There ſeems to me to be ſomething too mean for the Idea we form of a Giant, in this Expreſſion;

(*d*) Her * Husband *ſcowr'd* away——

And juſt after;

The Men like fiſh, they ſtuck upon the flood,
(*e*) And cramm'd their filthy throats with human food.

(*a*) *Od.* 22, 2.
(*b*) *Od.* 3, 435,—339.
(*c*) *Il.* 21, 471. * *Antiphates.*
(*d*) *Od.* 10, 131—115.
(*e*) *Od.* 10, 144—124.

In

In the same manner we hear of *Ulysses*'s Companions, being (*a*) *dash'd like Dogs* by the *Cyclops*.

I doubt not this was express'd thus, to give us the larger Idea of that *Monster*: but might not it have been express'd so, as to serve that purpose, without giving us at the same time too low an Idea of the *Men*?

The Dignity of the Person will make any mean Language appear yet meaner. Whether we consider *Ulysses* as (*b*) *so great an Hero*, or as *the* (*c*) *Godlike Guest* of *Alcinous*, this Couplet sounds beneath his Character:

(*d*)——Shrunk with pining fast,
My craving bowels still require repast.

Nothing can be more just than *Horace*'s Observation, (*e*) *That a King in Exile or Distress, must lay aside that Air of Grandeur, and those swelling Words which might become him in his Power:* Yet must he remember, that he has been a King: there's a Greatness even in Distress; and a due Medium between Words *of a Foot-*

(*a*) *Od.* 23, 337,—313.
(*b*) *Od.* 7, 228.
(*c*) *Od.* 7, 193.
(*d*) *Od.* 7, 296,—215.
(*e*) *De Arte Poet.* ver. 96.

and-

and-a-half Long, and *Monoſyllables*. Be that as it will, there is certainly much Reaſon, that he ſhould reaſſume his Style with his Dignity: and (whatever may be ſaid for that Speech of *Ulyſſes* in his Wanderings) after he is reinſtated, he ought certainly to ſpeak like a Monarch. I am afraid he fails in this reſpect, in the following Lines:

Be it my care, by loans, or martial toils,
To throng my empty'd folds with gifts or ſpoils:
But now I haſte to bleſs *Laertes'* eyes,
(*a*) With ſight of his *Ulyſſes*, ere he dies.

When the God of the Ocean ſees *Ulyſſes* eſcap'd from his Dominion, he is ſo much provoked, that he flies immediately to the Throne of *Jupiter*, to lay his Complaints before the Father of the *Gods*: Let us hear part of his Speech on this grand Occaſion:

Againſt *yon deſtin'd head* in vain *I ſwore*,
And menac'd vengeance, ere he reach'd the ſhore;
(*b*) Behold him landed—*careleſs and aſleep*.

When an Expectation is rais'd by the preceding Verſes, and little or nothing follows upon this Expectation; —— We need not quote (*c*) *Horace* to prove that

(*a*) *Od.* 23, 387,——360.
(*b*) *Od.* 13, 156,—135.
(*c*) De *Arte Poet.* ver. 139.

it

it will be *Mean*; every one will see it; and every one may see, that it arises from the Disproportion.

I have often observ'd, how fatal this Particular is to that sort of People, who are known by the Characters of *Story-tellers*. The greatest baulks these Gentlemen meet with, are occasion'd by their bespeaking Attention too much; and after all, ending in some inconsiderable Circumstance. There is a certain Passage in the *Odyssey*, which puts me in Mind of this Disaster so common to them:

Prepare then, said *Telemachus*, to know
(*a*) *A Tale*, from falshood free, not free from woe.

What follows upon this? *No earthly thing*, *Pgad*, as Mr. *Bays* has it; only that he is *the Son of Ulysses*, and that he is searching *after the King his Father*.

There is another (*b*) Instance of this Nature, in that important Dialogue between *Neptune* and *Jupiter*, just mention'd.

Of this kind also is a certain Figure, which Mr. *Addison* (*c*) calls an *Anti-climax:* A Downfal in the Close, where a Passage has been very promising in the

(*a*) *Od.* 15, 295,—270.
(*b*) See *Od.* 13, 164, to 172,—140, to 147.
(*c*) *Misc.* Vol. 2. p. 300. 12°.

Begin-

Beginning. I remember he quotes a (a) *French* Couplet upon that Occaſion, which I ſuppoſe might be deſign'd for Ridicule; but there are many Inſtances, from more ſerious Writers.

I beg leave to mention one thing, ſays *Antiphaus* ——What you have been ſaying, may afford the reaſon, why that Species of Criticiſm, which goes upon Ridicule (in the *manner* of the *Hind* and *Panther*) is not to be depended upon: The beſt Lines that ever were wrote, may be render'd ridiculous, only by raiſing too great an Expectation in the Reader, juſt before they are introduc'd in the Criticiſm.

There is another kind of Littleneſs (proceeded *Philypſus*) when the Language does not become the Poetick Style; all *Proſaick Poetry*, or (as Dr. *Garth* us'd to call it) *a Diction loytering into Proſe*, carries ſomething of meanneſs with it; ſomething below the Harmony, the Emotion, the Majeſty, that is requir'd from the *Epick* Muſe.——Here are two or three Couplets which I think deſcend too near to Proſe;

(a) Allez vous, luy dit-il, ſans bruit chez vos parens,
Ou vous avez laiſſe votre honneur, & *vos gans*. ib.

And

And now *Telemachus*, the first of all,
(*a*) Observ'd *Eumæus* entring in the Hall.

——Let *Eurymachus* receive my guest,
(*b*) Of nature courteous, and by far the best.

His food an herald bore; and now they fed,
(*c*) And now the rage of craving Hunger fled.

It might be thought too trifling to observe, that this Meanness is often owing to an ill-judg'd use of Monosyllables. (*d*) A Long Run of these little *Pigmy* Words, beside an unavoidable Air of Meanness, often makes a Line rough and hobbling; and almost ever keeps it from being firm and compact.

'Tis very rare, that you meet with a *Latin* Verse terminating in a single Monosyllable; and sometimes, where we do meet with it, 'tis evidently (*e*) design'd to assist in expressing the Littleness or Ridiculousness of the Subject.

Unless it be thus design'd, or be significant, a Verse (even an *Hemistick*) may be render'd Mean, merely by consisting

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(*a*) *Od.* 17, 400,——328.
(*b*) *Od.* 15, 560,——517.
(*c*) *Od.* 8, 68——69.
(*d*) From *Vossius* de Carm. Cantu, p. 45.
(*e*) As in *Horace*'s Art of Poetry, ver. 139. and *Virgil*'s 1 *Georg.* ver. 181.

of

of these little Words. I know there are entire Lines of them that are tolerable, nay, that run with some degree of Vigour; as this in the *Odyssey*,

(*a*) Ere yet he loos'd the Rage of War on *Troy*.

And that *Close* in *Shakespear*,

Cry'd Havock; and *let slip the Dogs of War*.

The Sentiments here are so great, that they take us off from observing the Littleness, which the Diction might otherwise occasion: Yet, to speak my Mind, I believe that these very Thoughts would appear more majestically in large adequate Expressions.

Beside this Littleness from the Nature of words, there is oftentimes a Meanness annex'd in our Thoughts to such particular Words and Phrases. All mere *Vulgar* ways of speaking are mean in Poetry.———The Muse should reject any low *Proverbs*, and the Language of the Croud——Even the *Ideas* of things, in which they particularly are employ'd, are sullied and debas'd———I believe I may add, that whatever has an Air of *Burlesque*, or has been markt for ridicu-

(*a*) *Od.* 8, 78.

lous

lous on any other Occaſion, will be apt to retain ſomething of the *Mean*, where-ever it is us'd.

His Shoulder-blade receiv'd th'ungentle ſhock;
He ſtood, and mov'd not, like a marble rock,
(*a*) But ſhook his thoughtful Head.———

I doubt not, I have formerly met with ſomething in *Burleſque*, to which this Paſſage has a diſtant Reſemblance: tho' the thing itſelf be gone out of my head, the diſtaſte to ſuch a particular Expreſſion ſtill remains with me. 'Tis true, this would not juſtify a Criticiſm; and yet it leads one unavoidably to diſlike the Paſſage.——This ſort of *Acquir'd Meanneſs* may be ſometimes more general: as where *Menelaus* calls *Telemachus* (*b*) *The Mirror of conſtant Faith.* This Expreſſion has been ſo often us'd in a ridiculous ſort of Writings, that it will ſound mean to the generality of thoſe that hear it.

A Star-light Ev'ning, and a Morning fair.—

——Is a Line in *Dryden*'s *Virgil*, (*a*) condemn'd by a very exact Critick, upon account of its being low and mean. 'Tis

(*a*) *Od.* 17, 550,——463.
(*b*) *Od.* 4, 227.
(*c*) *Eſſay* on *Georg.* 1. Pref. p. 8.

of

of the acquir'd kind. Any one, who has been at all converſant with the Poetry of a Belman, will certainly look upon it with ſomething of Contempt: Yet is there nothing Mean in it of itſelf; and a Critick in *France* might think it a good handſome Line. But the beſt Expreſſions degenerate, when us'd by the Populace, and applied to low things: the uſe they make of them, infects them with a low abject Air.

Thus *Proverbial* Speeches, and all other Expreſſions very common among us, become unworthy of our *Epick* Poetry. Foreign Proverbs are often great and emphatical to us; as many of ours may ſound great to Foreigners; yet at home, both, if vulgar, will be apt to appear mean, or at leaſt, unfit for the greater kinds of Poetry. One Inſtance, or two, will be ſufficient: in the *Tenth Odyſſey* we have this Line;

(*b*) With *broken hearts* my ſad companions ſtood.

And this in the 22*d*,

(*c*) —— *Dogs, ye have had your Day.* ——

I ſhall not preſume to ſay, how far the *Odyſſey* or *Iliad* might be blameable for

(*b*) V. 227.
(*c*) V. 41, —— 35.

any

for any of these Meanneſſes in the Days of *Homer* himſelf: it is the Privilege of every dead Language, to be entirely free from them at preſent. We hear not the Proverbs, nor know the current Ridicule of thoſe Times. His Language is ſafe enough from the Vulgar now: And as to any Words that might have been vulgar enough then to ſeem low, we are in an entire ignorance even which they are. This is a conſiderable Advantage which the Ancients have over every living Writer; and for which, by the way, there ſhould be ſome allowance made in any Compariſon between an Ancient and a Modern.

Thus any Meanneſs that is *acquir'd*, may be *loſt again*, or *worn off* by Time and Accidents. It is not ſo with Meanneſs in the Things themſelves. They have ſomething ſettled in them; and are deliver'd down to us through the Stream of Ages, unalter'd and the ſame. Perhaps, if we would take off the Veil, which Superſtition has flung over the Worſhippers of *Homer*, we might diſcern ſome traces of this in the Converſation of the *Suitors*; in the *Scene* at *Eumæus*'s Lodge; and in *Sicily*, when we are with the *Cyclops*. 'Tis true, the *Odyſſey* is built upon an humbler Plan: *Homer* ſuits himſelf to his Deſign: and it may be very

juſtly ſaid (with Mr. *Pope*) (*a*) *That where this Poem cannot ſupport a Sublimity, it always preſerves a Dignity, or at leaſt a Propriety.* If theſe Points may fail in *Dignity*, they have always *ſome Propriety* in the Poem; either from the Speaker, or the Audience, or the Occaſion.

To return to the Tranſlation: Every Idea that has ſomething aukward in it, has ſomething mean and ridiculous. The firſt Laugh in the *Iliad* is occaſion'd by the aukward Behaviour, and odd Addreſs of *Vulcan*; as the only Laugh in the *Æneid* is rais'd on the untoward Figure, which *Mentes* makes in that Poem.

There ſeems to me to be ſomething mean and aukward in this Image:

His *looſe head* tott'ring, as with wine oppreſt,
(*b*) Obliquely drops, and *nodding knocks* his breaſt.

Perhaps the *Sneezing-piece* in the *17th* Book (*c*) borders too much on the ſame Fault; or, if it be no Fault, on the ſame Diſagreeableneſs.

For the ſame Reaſon, all Deſcriptions that have any thing of the Nauſeous in them, might be avoided in Poetry, or at

(*a*) *Od.* Vol. 5. p. 237. 12°.
(*b*) *Od.* 18. 282,—239.
(*c*) Ver. 625,—541.

leaſt

leaſt they ſhould be but ſlightly touch'd in it: I cannot think 'tis any particular niceneſs or effeminacy in my Temper, which inclines me to wiſh, that the Colours had not been laid on ſo ſtrongly on ſome (*a*) Occaſions. The worſt Image I know of this kind is in the deſcription of the *Drunken Cyclops:* and what is ſurprizeing to me, the very ſame Groſsneſs, on the ſame Occaſion, is kept up in (*b*) ſeveral of the beſt Poets that ever wrote. ——Here you will forgive me, if I am ready to ſink under Authority, in a Point where my very Senſes almoſt contradict it. But when ſuch great Names, as *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Pope*, and *Addiſon* may be produced to defend one and the ſame Deſcription, what are we to think, *Antiphaus?* Can we ſay a thing is not offenſive, when we feel the contrary? or muſt we allow, that Nature ought to be juſtly and fully expreſs'd, even in the moſt nauſeous of Subjects?

It cannot be deny'd, (anſwer'd *Antiphaus*, after having turn'd the Queſtion for ſome time in his Mind) every Deſcription that is juſt, is *poetically good*; but then I fancy, 'tis as true, that a De-

(*a*) See *Od.* 4, 543, and 548,—10, 285, &c.
(*b*) *Od.* 9, 443,—373. *Æn.* 3, 632. *Addiſon's Miſc.* Vol. 1. Pag. 61. 12°.

ſcription poetically good, may be the more improper to be inſerted, on that very Account. This will be readily allow'd in all Caſes of Obſcenity: The *beſt Deſcription* in ſuch Points is certainly the moſt *improper*; and ſurely the ſame will hold in a great meaſure of any Images directly nauſeous. We have, you ſay, the Examples of the greateſt Poets that ever wrote, againſt us: but if the reaſon of the thing be againſt them, no Authority whatever, nor any number of Examples, can be of the leaſt real Weight. I am delighted with the Correctneſs of a *Virgil*, or an *Addiſon*; I admire *Pope*, and reverence *Homer*. But were there any one piece of Obſcenity repeated in the Works of all theſe Great Men, would ſuch a deſcription alter its Nature, and become amiable? 'Tis the ſame in other Caſes, as well as in Obſcenities: All things, that have ſomething in their nature diſagreeable, will ſtill be diſagreeable, where-ever we find 'em.

The Line you hint at in the *Drunken Cyclops* cannot but carry a very nauſeous Idea with it: and had Mr. *Pope* deviated from the Original, and dropt it in the *Engliſh*, I am perſuaded moſt people would have look'd upon it as a commendable Injury to his Author. I remember

member (*a*) a Paſſage (of this Nature, tho' leſs groſs than this) in the *Iliad*, which Mr. *Pope* has improv'd by concealing the Groſſneſs of it; and in the Note upon it, he ſays, *'tis unworthy of* Homer; *he does not ſee any Colour to ſoften the Meanneſs of it; it muſt ever have been too nauſeous to be deſcrib'd.*

What fine Criticks ſhould we make, ſays *Philypſus*, ſince we can be both ſo ready to wiſh a Tranſlator had err'd more frequently from his Copy? ——But whatever thoſe ſevere Gentlemen may think, we ſhould certainly have a large Party on our ſide in the preſent Caſe. What would they ſay to another Principle? That it may be neceſſary to deviate from the *Words* of the Original, to preſerve the *Senſe* of it: And yet this may happen; as for inſtance, where our Notions of things are directly contrary to what was thought of them in *Homer*'s Days.

Words are to be conſider'd, not as *Sounds*, but as they are *Significant*: and a ſtrict Tranſlator ſhould endeavour chiefly to give us the ſame Ideas which the Writer he repreſents gave to his Readers. It it on this Account I ſhould take (*b*) *The Monarch of the Swains*, for Inſtance, to be a juſter Tranſlation of

(*a*) *Il.* 9, 612.
(*b*) *Od.* 16, 35,—36.

Συβώτης ὄρχαμος ἀνδρῶν, than the *Chief Swine-herd* would have been. In the preſent acceptation of things, a *literal Tranſlation* would have been a *Traveſty:* it would have made that ridiculous and mean, which was not mean or ridiculous in the Original.

Of old, *Uſeful* Employments were alſo *Honourable.* The chief Courtiers were Maſters of the Flocks, and of the Herds: A Skill in Agriculture was reckon'd a very handſome part in the Character of a Monarch: *Homer* (*a*) places it upon a level with Military Science, and looks upon the Reputation it deſerves, as equal to the Glory acquir'd by Atchievements in War.

To preſerve ſomething of theſe (*b*) Primitive Notions of things, at leaſt not to ſink into thoſe very low Ideas, which we in the preſent world entertain of ſuch ſorts of Arts and Employments, a Tranſlator of *Homer* is oblig'd to vary the Expreſſions in common uſe for the ſame things: Nothing would be more ridiculous now, than to call a *Firſt Miniſter* by the Name of a *Hog-herd*; or to ſay of *Kings*, that they overlook'd the *Dairy.*

(*a*) See Note on *Od.* 18, 412.
(*b*) See *Od.* 4, 974. 14, 122. and 18, 412.

There

There are ſome other Points, relating to the *Manners* of Antiquity, which may require ſome Alterations in the turn of expreſſing them. I have been too tedious already; let me only mention one Particular of this kind, and I have done. The Heroes of old, in rating each other, are very free with the mutual Terms of *Dogs*, *Cowards*, *Villains*, &c. In the *Odyſſey* we have a Queen calling one of her Maids of Honour, *an Impudent Bitch*; and *Jupiter*, if I miſtake not, pays exactly the ſame Compliment to his Royal Conſort in the *Iliad*. I think no one can diſpute which is the better Tranſlation in the former Caſe; The *New*, which makes *Penelope* call her Servant (*a*) *a loquacious Inſolent*; or the Literal of *Hobbes*:

Bold Bitch,(ſaid ſhe) I know what deeds you've done.

This is equally a miſrepreſentation of Fact, and ſhocking in its very ſound: It offends the Ear, and makes one ſtartle at the Behaviour of *Penelope*. A Reader ought to think that Lady well bred: This he cannot do, at leaſt he will be prejudic'd not to do ſo, by hearing ſuch Language now, however decent it might be thought in thoſe Times.

(*a*) *Od.* 19, 110,—91.

I am oblig'd to you (says *Antiphaus*, perceiving that *Philypsus* stopt here) for the fair account you have given of these Lowneſſes in an *Epick* Poem: I know not whether your general rule of Meanneſs will hold in every Point, that might be mention'd; but in thoſe you have produc'd, it ſeems to ſquare very well. I imagine too, there is one Particular, of pretty large extent in this Queſtion, not yet touch'd upon.——There may be ſeveral; but you have all that I have obſerv'd, ſays *Philypsus*——I doubt not (ſays *Antiphaus*) you have obſerv'd the ſame thing, and put it under ſome other Head. You muſt know, I would rank all Thoughts which border on *Puerility*, all *cold Fancies*, all *forc'd Antitheſes*, and any mere *turns*, and *ſporting* upon words, under the Claſs of Meanneſſes in an *Epick* Poem.——As you have hinted ſuch a Variety of Subjects, ſays *Philypsus*, will you not complete the Favour, and afford ſome Inſtances too under theſe Heads? ——What I can recollect (reply'd *Antiphaus*) is at your Service.

Does not there ſeem to you to be ſomething *Affected* and *Cold* in this Thought, which I doubt not many will be apt to take for a pretty Claſh in the Ideas?

Here

Here ceas'd he; but ind gnant tears let fall;
(a) *Spoke* when he *Ceas'd.* ——

Such is this Thought;

(b) And my toft limbs now *weary'd* into *reft.*

Nothing is meaner than what is over-wrought: I own 'tis in Poetry, as in Statuary; Figures that are to be fet up at fuch a height muft be fomething larger than the Life; but even then there are exact Rules of Proportion, and nothing is to appear too vaft to the Eye.

In giving one's Opinion of an exquifite Statue, we may fay, it *lives* or *fpeaks*: but when we go to refine on this, we grow affected and mean. Pardon me if I take this to be the Cafe in the laft Line of this Couplet:

Alive each animated Frame appears;
(c) And *ftill to live, beyond the Pow'r of Years.*

I was formerly pleas'd with the Infcription under a *Saint Bruno* in *Italy*: but give it up now as carried too far; it

(a) Od. 24, 704,—437.
(b) Od. 10, 593,—499.
(c) Od. 7, 123,—94.

tells us, as you may remember, (*a*) *That he is alive, and would speak, were it not for the Rules of Silence he had eſtabliſh'd.* A Man muſt underſtand the Hiſtory of the *Grand Chartreux* to take the meaning of this; and after all, it appears too forc'd and artificial.

A Fault of this kind is the more evident, when the Thoughts and Language look noble about it:

There terrible in arms *Ulyſſes* ſtood,
(*b*) And the dead Suitors *almoſt ſwam* in blood.

You know a late excellent (*c*) Philoſopher has endeavour'd to prove, that no Action, which diſagrees with truth, can be good; and I ſhould not be new or ſingular in my Opinion, were I to aſſert the ſame of any point in Poetry. Every one knows, the Dialogues of one of the moſt (*d*) penetrating Criticks in the laſt Age are wrote chiefly in this View. He aſſerts conſtantly, that no Thought can be good, which is not poetically true; and I imagine this that he aſſerts, may be defended as eaſily in the *Fictions*

(*a*) Egli è vivo, e parlerebbe, ſe non oſſervaſſe la ragola del Silenzio.
(*b*) *Od.* 23, 47 — 51.
(*c*) Mr. *Wollaſton.*
(*d*) *Bouhours.*

of

of Poetry, as in any of the plaineſt Paſſages. But ſuch an Enquiry would take up more time, than Criticiſm deſerves; and I mention it at preſent only as a Meaſure of ſuch Thoughts as are *mean* from their being *falſe*; i. e. *really beneath what they pretend to be.*—— This Rule, if juſt, would be of particular ſervice in this kind of Purſuits. I ſhall give you but one Inſtance: When *Circe* mentions *Ulyſſes*'s Deſcent to the Infernal Shades, ſhe adjoins this Reflection;

O Sons of woe! decreed by adverſe Fates,
Alive to paſs thro' hell's eternal Gates!
All ſoon or late, are doom'd that path to tread;
(*a*) More *wretched* You, *twice number'd* with the [Dead!

Do you not think this laſt Thought has ſomething *Weak* and *Little* in it? According to your general Rule, it fails in its *Proportion*; That Proportion, I mean, which every Thought ſhould bear to *Truth.*

If it fails in that, ſays *Philypſus*, I muſt allow it to be Mean by my own Rule; but I do not perceive in what reſpect that Sentiment is falſe.

No! ſays *Antiphaus*; I beg you would conſider the very Word on which the whole of the Reflection turns: It has

(*a*) *Od.* 12, 32,——22.

plainly two Significations widely different. If their being *number'd with the Dead*, be taken in its ſtrongeſt Senſe, 'tis certain this did not happen twice to *Ulyſſes*, and his Companions; if in its weaker on this Occaſion, their Calamity is put on a Level with ſomething much more terrible and calamitous than itſelf.

Or thus: If this being *twice* number'd with the Dead be intended both in the ſame Senſe, the Sentence is directly falſe; if in very different unequal Senſes, 'tis fallacious, and ſo falſe in its Conſequence.

I beg pardon for putting on this grave face, and affecting ſuch an air of Demonſtration: but you muſt know this Thought is exactly the ſame in the Original, or (if any thing) rather more fallacious there than in the Tranſlation: in ſuch a Caſe all one's Gravity is ſcarce ſufficient; and the Superſtitious perhaps would rather disbelieve a real Demonſtration, than allow of any Fault in *Homer*. However, if they will only excuſe me for having thus aſſum'd the *Chair of Criticiſm* (as the nobleſt of (*a*) human Writers calls it) I am very willing to deſcend, and act in an humbler Sphere.

All ſporting upon Words may ſeem unbecoming of the *Epick* Muſe: I ſhall

(*a*) Lord *Bacon*, *De Augm. Scient.* Lib. 6. Cap. 4.

leave

leave you to determine how far there may be any ſuſpicion of this in ſome particular Lines.

(*a*) *Thy laſt of Games unhappy haſt thou play'd—*

—— to me has ſome reſemblance to the rebellious Angels in *Milton*, where they run on in ſuch a vein of inſulting and punning. I know not how far the Original might help in leading a Tranſlator into the former Turn; but here is another Line which runs into it, without that wrong biaſs:

(*b*) They on the future *banquet feaſt* their eyes.

I ſhould think it yet more improper on any grave or affecting Circumſtance: Do you remember the Death of *Antinous* in the *Odyſſey?* 'Tis in the Inſtant of his lifting a Goblet of Wine to his Mouth:

Wretch that he was, of unprophetick Soul!
High in his hand he rear'd the Golden Bowl;
Ev n then to drain it lengthen'd out his Breath,
(*c*) Chang'd to the deep, *the bitter draught* of [Death.

I fear that ſome Points, which generally paſs for Elegancies, are of this kind. ——A Caſe, which touches all Rea-

(*a*) *Od.* 22, 32,—27.
(*b*) *Od.* 10, 205,——180.
(*c*) *Od.* 22, 13,——10.

ders

ders of a little Taſte very much, is, (a) *when two very different Ideas are join'd to the ſame Verb:* This is very frequent in *Cowley*, and he has been often blamed for it; as in that Inſtance,

(b) Up roſe the *Sun* and *Saul.*

I know not how it is, there is ſomething agreeable in this management of Words, but it is very apt to injure the *Senſe.* A thinking (c) *French* Author lays down a Rule, which is very uſeful towards diſcovering Fallacies in Reaſoning; It is this: *To put the Definition inſtead of the Thing defin'd.* I have often try'd ſomething of this nature in Poetry: If we make the Experiment in the preſent Caſe, and inſert the *enlarg'd Meaning* inſtead of the *particular Words* uſed by the Poet, we ſhall generally find a Fallacy in this ſort of Verſe; or, at leaſt, a Lameneſs in the Senſe of it.

It will not be any great trouble to try this in one ſingle Point. The Poet, ſpeaking of *Telemachus*'s Voyage, uſes this Turn of Expreſſion:

To diſtant *Pylos* hapleſs he gone,
(d) To ſeek his Father's fate, and find his own.

(a) *Addiſon*'s *Miſc.* Vol. 1. p. 239. 12°.
(b) *Od.* 14, 454,—410.
(c) *Malbranche*, Search after Truth. Vol. 2. p. 74.
(d) *Od.* 14, 209,—180.

This

This ſounds very well: but what is the meaning of the word *Fate*, which is of ſuch double Service upon this Occaſion? Try it in your own Mind:

To diſtant Pylos *hapleſs is he gone,*
To ſeek (whether his Father be dead or not) *and find*
—What?

There's no need of trying it, ſays *Philyſius*; I allow it to be deficient upon the firſt hearing: But by the way, I wonder you let the *Antitheſis* in it eſcape ſo peaceably!

Indeed I am no great Friend to them, (reply'd *Antiphaus*) eſpecially when they are multiplied upon us, as in this Line:

(*a*) *Duſt mounts* in *clouds*, and *ſweat deſcends* in [*dews.*

I do not fear my *Philyſius* ſhould miſtake me: it would be too ſcrupulous to diſcard every Antitheſis out of Poetry, as it ſeems affected to run into them very often. Some are of Force and Emphaſis, and ſome agreeable and engaging: Poſſibly, even *the Double Uſe of the ſame Word* is not abſolutely to be rejected. But however theſe Ornaments may obtain on ſome Occaſions, they ſeem generally too little and artificial for the more

(*a*) *Od.* 11, 740,—599.

noble

noble Parts of Poetry. They are of the *Ovidian* kind, rather than of *Homer*: and are more apt to hit the Taſte of School-boys, than of Men.

And now I have mention'd *Ovid*'s manner, give me leave to ſay, that (in ſpite of his ſeveral Beauties, and that peculiar Eaſe and Addreſs with which he tells a Story) I fear his Writings are one great Reaſon of the trifling Manner keeping its ground ſo much in the preſent Age. *Ovid* is generally made uſe of to initiate us on *Parnaſſus*. We look upon him as ſoon as ever we open our Eyes to Poetry: He is then, 'tis true, fit for our Taſte; but the misfortune is, he is too agreeable: 'tis odds but this fondneſs grows up with us; and a falſe taſte of Wit, drawn from him, may influence our Writings many Years after we have flung him from our Boſom. The *Boyiſms* of *Ovid* (as Dr. *Garth* calls 'em) are agreeable enough to infect us to old Age. Mr. *Dryden*, for Inſtance, was thus infected by 'em: *Ovid*, and *Cowley* our *Engliſh Ovid*, were his favourites at *Ten* Years old, and his Corrupters at *Seventy*.

As great Genius's, and more correct Writers than Mr. *Dryden*, may be touch'd with the ſame Infection. I will give you an Inſtance or two of this, with which a Perſon

Perſon may be pleas'd, even while he condemns 'em:

(*a*) She to her preſent Lord laments him loſt,
And views that object which ſhe wants the moſt.

Again:

His arms he ſtretch'd; his arms the touch deceive;
(*b*) Nor in the fond embrace, embraces give.

Any one, the leaſt acquainted with the Manner of the Poets, will readily perceive this to be of the *Ovidian* kind. It is pretty, and agreeable as *Ovid*; but to be ſo, it loſes ſomething from the Air of *Homer*; it ſinks beneath that Simplicity and Nature, which is the diſtinguiſhing Character of his Writings.

Now you mention Mr. *Dryden*, and this ſort of pretty Writing together, give me leave (ſays *Philypſus*) to commend one ſort of *Turns*, which that Critick (*c*) judges not only pretty, but really good and ſubſtantial: I will not defend all his Inſtances, but I would engage to do it, were they all as good as that from (*d*) *Virgil*———A very good Critick ſince has treated of this more diſtinctly. His

(*a*) *Od.* 19, 245,—209.
(*b*) *Od.* 11, 487,—391.
(*c*) *Dryden's* Pref. to *Juvenal*, p. 84. 8°.
(*d*) Ignoſcenda quidem, ſcirent ſi ignoſcere manes.

Notions,

Notions, as I remember, are, That a dextrous Turn upon Words, is *pretty*; the Turn upon the Thought, *ſubſtantial*; but the moſt *compl.te* of all, is when the Turn of the Words and of the Thought concur: (*a*) *When both our Reaſon and our Ear are entertain'd with a noble Sentiment expreſs'd vigorouſly, and beautifully finiſh'd.* I ſhould be glad to know your Opinion, *Antiphaus*, how far a Perſon might admit theſe Turns, in *Heroick Poetry?*

As for the firſt (ſays *Antiphaus*) I believe one might venture to ſay, that it ſhould be rejected univerſally: I am ſo little vers'd in theſe Particulars, that I cannot readily ſay any thing as to the ſecond: the other (whether juſtly or not) takes one very much. I own, for my part, that I imagine them not only beautiful, but uſeful: I remember an Inſtance of (*b*) one in *Virgil*, which fixes the Images very particularly on the Mind; and it is this which helps to touch us in thoſe Lines of Mr. *Addiſon*, which ſtrike every one who reads them:

The liſt'ning Soldier fixt in ſorrow ſtands,
Loth to obey his Leader's juſt commands;
The Leader grieves, by gen'rous pity ſway'd,
(*a*) To ſee his juſt commands ſo well obey'd.

(*a*) *Blackwall's Introd.* to the *Claſſicks*, p. 214.
(*b*) *Georg.* 1. 404.
(*c*) *Addiſon* Vol. 1. Pag. 76. 12°.

If

If you ask my opinion in this Point, rude and unsettled as it is; I should think, that no *Turns* should obtain in an *Epick*, or any solemn Poem, except such as have more Strength than Beauty: That in lesser Pieces, those may be allowed which have more Beauty than Strength: but that they can be justified in no Piece whatever; unless they have some Share of Strength, as well as Beauty.

The great Art of them is to appear Unartful; as in these pretty Lines from Mr. *Philips*'s Pastorals;

Fair is my Flock, nor yet uncomely I,
If liquid Fountains flatter not; and why
Should liquid Fountains flatter us, yet show
The bord'ring flow'rs less beauteous than they grow?

As I take it; the Beauty of this Passage is in a greater degree, than its Strength; and the natural Air of the Sentiments is more exquisite than either: The Turn of the Lines makes them observ'd by every Reader more than they would otherwise be; and yet that very Turn does not seem to be design'd, but rather to be the natural Result of the Shepherd's Thoughts as he speaks them.

If I have said too much, *Philypsus*, you must blame yourself for it, who led me from my chief Design. I was just entering

tering on the ſeveral Natural Pieces in the Poem before us.

Some fanciful Writers afford us nothing but Pictures and Deſcriptions: they continue Image after Image; and put one in Mind of thoſe *Americans*, who, when firſt they were diſcover'd, are ſaid to have us'd Painting inſtead of Writing.

Homer's Judgment will not allow him, in any of his Works, to be thus perpetual in his Deſcriptions; and the deſign of the *Odyſſey* will not allow near the variety, which he has very juſtly employ'd in the *Iliad*. The *Odyſſey* is a Poetical Treatiſe of Morality: it does not admit of a profuſion of Colours. This is not to be look'd upon as a Defect: we might with the ſame Reaſon blame a Book of Maxims, or *Plato*'s Moral Dialogues, for not having all the Flouriſhes and Charms of Rhetorick.

And as the Plan of the *Odyſſey* in general excludes that great variety of Deſcription, which abounds in ſome Poems; the chief Scene, in the remaining Part of it, is ſo wholly domeſtick, that it ſcarce allows room for any thing of that Nature. The Action now is confin'd; it lies all between either the Country-Houſe of *Eumæus*, and the Palace; or this latter, and the Gardens of *Laertes*.

What

What a narrow Scene is this for Deſcription? and yet theſe are the only *places* capable of any, if you except a two days Journey, and a ſhort Voyage in the *15th*, neither of which could be enlarg'd upon without injuring the main Deſign. *Homer* was unacquainted with the modern Affluence of Painting, wherever there may be any fine Object in the way: As theſe Opportunities offer only in an Epiſode, he paſſes them with the utmoſt diſpatch: we ſee his haſte in the very Lines, and indeed in every one of them diſtinctly:

With ſpeed the maſt they rear, with ſpeed unbind
The ſpacious ſheet, and ſtretch it to the wind:
Minerva calls; the ready gales obey
With rapid ſpeed to whirl them o'er the ſea
Crunus they paſs'd; next *Chaleis* roll'd away——,
The ſilver *Phæa*'s glitt'ring rills they loſt,
(*a*) And skimm'd along by *Elis* ſacred coaſt.

It might be the indigence of his Subject this way, which induc'd *Homer* to repeat the View of Hell in the *24th* Book; and the Wanderings of *Ulyſſes* in the *23d*. But nothing could make him run into Deſcriptions on that Occaſion. We have the Names of Places repeated

(*a*) *Od.* 15, 319,——296.

in

in Order; and tho' *Penelope* has the full Relation, the Reader is only tantaliz'd with hearing in general, that

(*a*) He images the rills, and flow'ry vales.

These things, however they had been laid out, would have been only Side-views. For in the main Scene, as it now lies in *Ithaca*, I think there are but four *Places* capable of Description. If I am not mistaken in this, it will give us great Reason to admire the Management of *Homer*; who, as he was too prudent to run out into any impertinent Descriptions; at the same time, has not omitted any one of those places, that might very well allow of a Description without wandring. We have distinct draughts of *Laertes*'s Gardens, (*b*) *Eumæus*'s Lodge, of (*c*) the *Royal Palace*, and the *Road* between these and the Palace. These complete the present Scene of the Poem; and any one, by laying them together, may form an exact Picture of it in his Mind.

Some of these have been mention'd already on other Occasions; and the way

(*a*) *Od.* 23, 336.
(*b*) *Od.* 14. ver. 8. to 26.
(*c*) *Od.* 17, 316 and 415.

from

from *Eumæus*'s Houſe to the Metropolis deſerves very well to be mention'd here: I dare ſay, you will think part of it the moſt delightful Road you ever travell'd in your Life:

Now paſs'd the rugged Road, they journey down
The cavern'd way deſcending to the Town,
Where, from the rock with liquid lapſe diſtils
A limpid fount; that ſpread in parting rills,
Its current thence to ſerve the city brings,
An uſeful work; adorn'd by ancient Kings.
Neritus, *Ithacus*, *Polyctor* there
In ſculptur'd Stone immortaliz'd their care;
In marble urns receiv'd it from above,
And ſhaded with a green ſurrounding grove;
Where ſilver Alders in high arches twin'd,
Drink the cool ſtream, and tremble to the wind.
Beneath, ſequeſter'd to the Nymphs, is ſeen
A moſſy Altar, deep embow'r'd in green;
Where conſtant Vows by travellers are made;
(*a*) And holy horrors ſolemnize the ſhade.

There is a ſort of melancholy Pleaſure hangs upon the Mind, where-ever we have a View of *Laertes* in his Retirement. The good old Prince (*b*) labours thorough Life; he (*c*) longs to lay down the Burden: And when he is not ſo overcome with his Diſtreſs, as to (*d*) ne-

(*a*) *Od.* 17. ver. 230 to 245.
(*b*) *Od.* 15, 151.
(*c*) *Od.* 11, 226.
(*d*) *Od.* 16, 155.

glect

glect his Employment in his Gardens, he ſeems buſy rather to (*a*) avoid Pain, than to enjoy Pleaſure. Thus is he engag'd with ſomething of Diverſion, and much of Melancholy, when the Scene changes to his Gardens.

We have not a ſet Deſcription of theſe altogether; but it begins at this Point, and is carried on (*b*) ſucceſſively, till we may eaſily form an Idea of the whole.

Tho' *Homer* has not wander'd into any Deſcriptions of Places that lay out of this Scene of the Poem, he has here, and all along in the former part of it, brought in ſhort Draughts and Side-views of things by ſuch Arts, as are ſome of them neceſſary, and all very allowable in Poetry.

Such are all *deſcriptive Similies:* Wherein ſome Picture out of the Subject is borrowed to illuſtrate any Point that belongs to it. This affords us ſeveral occaſional Pieces, and ſome of them very natural: I have juſt dipt upon one of this ſort. 'Tis juſt after the Slaughter of the Suitors; they are yet gaſping, and *Ulyſſes* is ſurveying their Bodies, to ſee whether the Number be complete:

(*a*) *Od.* 24, 285.
(*b*) *Od.* 24, ver. 237, 256, 268, and 395.

So

So when by hollow ſhores the fiſher train
Sweep with their arching nets the hoary main,
And ſcarce the meſhy toils the copious draught contain:
All naked of their Element, and bare,
The fiſhes pant, and gaſp in thinner air;
(a) Wide o'er the ſands are ſpread the ſtiff'ning prey.

It's a known Remark, that all Alluſions of this kind, drawn from calm Life, (as Fiſhing, Hunting, and rural Affairs) have a peculiar Beauty: and 'tis as well known, that they acquire an additional Energy, when they are introduc'd amidſt any Confuſion, or to illuſtrate Images of Terror. *Virgil* (*b*) has imitated this ſort of Contraſt from a Simile in the *Iliad*; which affords frequent Inſtances of the ſame kind; nor are they wanting in the (*c*) Poem before us.

The more conciſe and natural any Image, the ſtronger the Illuſtration. How do you approve of this, on a number of Females employ'd at the Loom?

——Their buſy fingers move
(*d*) Like Poplar-leaves, when *Zephyr* fans the grove.

(*a*) *Od.* 22, 430,——387.
(*b*) Compare *Æn.* 2, 303. Ιλ. δ', 455.
(*c*) See *Od.* 12, 300. and the Note there.
(*d*) *Od.* 7, 135,—106.

When these occasional Images hit in several Points, they are the more descriptive of the things, which they are brought to illustrate. *Homer* gives us an Idea of the Spirits in *Hades*, of their still Posture, their Motion, their Confusion, and the odd Noises they utter, all in one single Picture of this kind:

Trembling the Spectres glide, and plaintive vent
Thin, hollow Screams, along the deep descent.
As in the cavern of some rifted Den,
Where flock nocturnal Bats, and Birds obscene;
Clust'er'd they hang, till at some sudden shock,
They move, and murmurs run thro' all the rock:
So cow'ring fled the sable heaps of ghosts,
(*a*) And such a Scream fill'd all the dismal coasts.

It seems not improper to point out these distinct Likenesses; as the Translation has done in the present Case, more plainly than the Original; the same may be said of (*b*) some others. This is done sometimes by insisting much on one Circumstance, (*c*) and repeating it over and over.

Borrow'd Images appear with a particular Propriety and Grace, when they have some near Relation to the Scene, on

(*a*) *Od.* 24, 14,—9.
(*b*) See *Od.* 5, 420,—330.
(*c*) As in Mr. *Pope's Iliad* 22, ver. 257 to 262.

which

which the Poem turns at the very Instant of applying them. Thus in the *Battle of Rivers*, in the (*a*) *Iliad*, every Simile is aquatick, and adapted to the Place. Thus if the Swiftness of a Deity passing o'er the *Land* is to be illustrated in this manner, *Homer* images it by the Swiftness of an *Eagle*: but when *Mercury* is flying over the *Sea*, by that of some (*b*) *Water-fowl*.

The Image of an Angler is us'd in the *Iliad*, of a person in the Field of Battle; in the (*c*) *Odyssey*, of persons at Sea; both on Occasions which make that Image proper. But it seems more proper in the latter, from the Agreement of Place. In this, and all like Cases, part of the Picture is nearer to us, and will be conceiv'd the more readily and clearly.

There may also be some propriety from any previous Relation between the *Person*, and the *Thing* to which he is compar'd. Any faithless wavering Creature may be compar'd to the Sea; but it strikes one more, when *Venus* is said to be as (*d*) *Inconstant, as the Waves from whence she*

(*a*) Book 21.
(*b*) *Od.* 5, 64.
(*c*) *Od.* 12, 300.
(*d*) *Guarini's Pastor Fido*, Act. 4. Sc. 7.

ſprung. Any rough Man may be compar'd to this Element, in another view; but there is a peculiar fitneſs in theſe Lines:

A race of rugged Mariners are theſe,
(*b*) Unpoliſh'd Men, and boiſt'rous as their Seas.

I remember, I us'd formerly to be mightily taken with an Image of this kind in the (*b*) *Muſcipula*; and I believe now, it was on this very Account. Ideas which have been already join'd on any other Occaſion, will agree the more eaſily on a new one.

The Picture is leſs broken alſo, when the borrow'd Image is adapted to the preſent Circumſtances: Where *Penelope* is repreſented as chaſt and beautiful, 'tis ſaid ſhe look'd (*c*) like *Diana* with all the Charms of *Venus*; when her Beauty is the chief Circumſtance to be inſiſted on, ſhe is compar'd to (*d*) *Venus*, without any mention of *Diana*.

(*a*) *Od.* 7, 42.

(*b*) —Cui ſæpe ſuis in montibus hircus
Prolixam invidit barbam———De *Cambro-Brit.*

Thus *Virgil's*,

Abjetibus juvenes patriis & montibus æquos.

(*c*) *Od.* 17, 47,———37.

(*d*) *Od.* 18, 229,———192.

We

We may obſerve, by the way, that the Heathen Poets, in comparing a Perſon to any of their Deities, had a ſure Method of giving their Readers a Picture of that Perſon. The Statues of their Deities were known by every one; and the Faces of each as well aſcertain'd, as the Faces of the *Roman* Emperors (for inſtance) can be, by frequently converſing with their Medals; this I take to be one Reaſon, why this ſort of Compariſon is ſo very frequent in the Ancients: The Caſe is very different in any modern Compoſition; tho' we ſeem to be equally fond of the ſame Compariſons.

If it does not add to the Strength, at leaſt it makes the Piece more agreeable, when theſe Images are unuſual. Thus the Compariſon of *Ulyſſes* in his Bed of Leaves, to a (*a*) Coal of Fire preſerv'd in the Embers; and before in his raft at Sea, to an (*b*) heap of Thorns, driven by the Wind.

There may be a *Prettineſs*, as well as a *Likeneſs* in theſe Images; I always us'd to be pleas'd with that Paſſage, where *Penelope* is compar'd to a (*c*) Nightingale; tho' I am more pleas'd with the ſame Image in (*d*) *Virgil*; which, beſide its

(*a*) *Od.* 5, 630, —— 488.
(*b*) *Ibid.* 417.
(*c*) *Od.* 19, 605, —— 518.
(*d*) *Georg.* 4, 511.

agreeableneſs, is perhaps the moſt complete Inſtance, that can be given, of ſuch Similitudes as hit exactly in every Point. *Virgil* certainly excels *Homer* in theſe, as we may ſay that *Homer* excels him in the *Vague Similitude*; for both have their diſtinct Beauties.

'Tis the proper air of Poetry to be unconfin'd and free: The Muſe loves a flowing Dreſs: Her motions are ever eaſy, and her very ornaments muſt be natural. Such is the Muſe of *Homer*. And hence the Poet, in this ſort of Pictures, does not in the leaſt ſcruple to take in ſeveral Circumſtances, that do not affect the main Reſemblance. When a Painter is copying a Piece, he muſt preſerve the Likeneſs; but he may vary in the Drapery, the Poſture, the Under-figures, and the Scene around them.

Thus in *Homer*'s *Philomel*, the main Likeneſs is very well taken: When the Poet has ſecur'd this, he touches upon the Hiſtory of *Itylus*; and launches out into Particulars, which are (*a*) ſo far from ſquaring with the Caſe of *Penelope*, that they have no manner of Relation to it.

Homer is almoſt ſingular in another ſort of Simile, the Reverſe of the former;

(*a*) *Od.* τ', 523.

when

when the principal Figures have in themſelves no Likeneſs, but agree in ſome one Circumſtance of Action. Theſe are very frequent in the *Iliad* and *Odyſſey*; and I cannot ſay, whether it be from a true Judgment, or a ſcrupulous Niceneſs, that later Writers endeavour to imitate them but very rarely.

Perhaps this is blameable; and ſo may be that ſtringing of ſeveral Similes together, which we ſometimes meet with in *Homer*. I do not mean when ſeveral things are choſen to illuſtrate the (*a*) *ſame Point* more fully: but when Similes on *different* things follow too cloſe on the Neck of one another. In the 2*d Iliad*, (*b*) we have one of theſe ſtrings, which takes up thirty Lines; and tho' they are all excellently well choſen, and have one common Point of Union between them all, yet they may ſeem ſomething faulty, as they are too numerous for the Place in which they ſtand, and too much crouded on one another.

Now I have digreſs'd ſo far on two or three Vices in ancient Similes, I ſhall juſt mention one or two of a later Date. Such is the *continued* Simile, which is very liable to the great Fault of mixt Me-

(*a*) See Ιλ. ξ', 394.
(*b*) ——— β', 453 to 483.

taphors, when a Writer, to lengthen a *Compariſon*, carries it beyond the *Likeneſs*. I remember one in the Dedication, prefixt to Mr. *Dryden*'s Tranſlation of *Virgil*'s *Georgicks*, that begins very well: "The "Greatneſs of Birth ſhews a Nobleman "with advantage; but if he degenerates, "the leaſt Spot is viſible on Ermine."—— But grows very faulty, when 'tis endeavour'd to ſtretch it farther than it will bear. "To preſerve this Whiteneſs in "its original Purity, you (my Lord) "have, *like that Ermine, forſaken that com-* "*mon tract of Buſineſs, which is not always* "*clean.*"

The Art of extracting Similes out of a thing directly contrary to your purpoſe, is, I think, wholly modern. Every one knows an Inſtance of this in that famous Doctor, who, to illuſtrate the *Danger* of the *Church*, compares it to one of the *Prophets*, *who was encompaſs'd with Horſemen and Chariots of Fire*——for his defence.

Nothing is ſo oppoſite to the Deſign of this Beauty in Poetry, as to labour after a vaſt Number of Likeneſſes in any the minuteſt Points; and to multiply them, rather to ſhew how far the Poet's Wit can carry the Reſemblance, than to ſtrengthen the Image of the things deſcrib'd. This deſcends even to playing upon

upon Words; nay ſometimes to particularize ſeveral Points in which they are *unlike*, as well as thoſe in which they *agree*. This is the *Cowleian* Similitude: and I could produce (*a*) monſtrous Inſtances of it from a very fine Writer, where he endeavours only to imitate *Cowley* at a Diſtance. 'Tis the ſame Perſon who has introduc'd Similes into his *Proſe*, in a manner unknown to the Ancients: but he who would blame any of his Writings of *this kind*, muſt blame them, as Mr. *Locke* does Eloquence, with the Tenderneſs of a Lover.

The (*b*) chief Deſign of Similes is to make things clear: Obſcurity and Confuſion is their great Fault: Poetry may go much farther in them than Proſe; but, even in Poetry, none can be good, which do not give us either more diſtinct, larger Notions of the thing, or at leaſt of ſome Circumſtance of the thing to be deſcrib'd.

I long to add ſeveral things on this Head; but I have wander'd too far already from our chief Deſign: it is time now to conſider a higher Claſs of De-

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(*a*) See a *Pindarick Ode* on *Cowley*, in *Dryden's Miſc.* (Vol. 4.) particularly the whole third *Stanza*.

(*b*) Ad inferendam rebus lucem *repertæ ſunt* Similitudines.——Præcipuè cuſtodiendum, ne id quod Similitudinis gratiâ adſcivimus, aut obſcurum ſit, aut ignotum. *Quintil. Inſtit.* Lib. 8. Cap. 3.

ſcriptions and Images (which we touch'd upon when we were talking over the former Books of the *Odyſſey*) that Poetical Power of expreſſing the *Paſſions*, and even *Ideas* yet in the Minds of Men.

I am oblig'd to you, *Philypſus*, for preventing much of what might have been offer'd here, when you were conſidering the Starts and Turns, which our Paſſions occaſion in the various manners of ſpeaking. I know not how ſuch a Notion would appear to the World; but you have thoroughly perſuaded me, that all the Figures of Speech, of the *(a)* Nobler Order, are viewed in a truer Light, when we look upon them, as naturally expreſſive of what we feel within us; than when we conſider them only as the Arts and Machineries of Writing.

It was on this Occaſion you went thorough the moſt paſſionate Scenes in the *Odyſſey*; for ſuch are the ſeveral Interviews in which *Ulyſſes* makes himſelf known to his *(b)* Friends, his *(c)* Son, his *(d)* Father, and his *(e)* Conſort. *Penelope*'s *(f)* Speech at that juncture is ex-

(*a*) Figures either belong to the *Diction*, or the *Sentiment*: the latter is what is here intended.
(*b*) Book 21.
(*c*) Book 16.
(*d*) Book 24.
(*e*) Book 23.
(*f*) *Od.* 23, 215.

cellent;

cellent; and indeed all her Speeches in general are of the *Pathetick* kind, and (under this view) afford us the moſt beautiful Paſſages in the whole Poem.

To the many things that have been ſaid on the *Double Paſſions* (as you were pleas'd to let me call them) give me leave to add one particular Caſe more: what I mean, is *Diſſimulation*. We have frequent Deſcriptions of this in the *Odyſſey*: Every Inſtance of it (if paſſionate at all) will fall under this Conſideration; and that in the higheſt Degree, as the Paſſion *aſſum'd*, and the *real*, are direct Oppoſites. Every one, who only pretends to *Courage*, is certainly affected with *Fear*; and when we put on a falſe Gaiety, the *Heart* is as dull and oppreſs'd, as the *Countenance* is enliven'd.

Could we look into the Breaſt of one who affects a Livelineſs, when his Thoughts are really gloomy; we ſhould ſee his Spirits in ſuch contrary Emotions, as are deſcrib'd in the Suitors, under thoſe unaccountable mixt fits of Mirth and Heavineſs——

(*a*)——*Pallas* clouds with intellectual gloom
The Suitors Souls, inſenſate of their doom;
A mirthful phrenzy ſeiz'd the fated croud,
The Roofs reſound with cauſeleſs laughter loud——
Then down each cheek the tears ſpontaneous flow.

(*a*) *Od.* 20, 419.

Such is that *(a)* Smile on the Face of *Penelope*, which has something very uneasy in it: She seems all the while to struggle with her Tears. 'Tis like a transient Gleam of Light, when the Heavens are overcast: all around is gloomy; and the Light itself is dim and waterish.

This perhaps is an Instance, not of the affected, but the natural Kind. 'Tis true, one Passion sometimes usurps the Effect of another: Without tumbling over *Des-Cartes* for a Solution of the matter, we know, that an Excess of Joy often breaks out into Tears; and that Rage may vent itself in a Smile. These indeed are contrary Appearances; but 'tis very different in all Points of Dissimulation. The Mixture then has something peculiar in it. Contrary to the natural Blending of such Emotions, this has always an Air forc'd and artificial. The Soul was not made to be a Counterfeit: every time we would teach her these new Arts, we fling her off her Biass, and give her an unnatural Motion. There will ever be something aukward in the Passions of the most profound Dissemblers.

Only view *Ulysses*, when he is struck to the Soul with the Affection and Tears

(a) Od. 18, 194——162.

of

of his *Penelope*, and at the ſame time reſolv'd to conceal thoſe his Emotions from her, as much as poſſible:

(*a*) With'ring at heart to ſee the weeping Fair,
His eyes look ſtern, and cáſt a gloomy ſtare;
Of horn the ſtiff relentleſs balls appear,
Or globes of iron fixt in either Sphere;
Firm wiſdom interdicts the ſoft'ning tear.

Even *Ulyſſes*, that *Ulyſſes* who is ſo (*b*) celebrated among the Ancients for his Command over his Paſſions, does not appear without ſomething forc'd and unnatural in his Looks, amidſt all his Diſſimulation. He can command his Tears; he can command his Tongue; but ſtill his very Features would betray him.

I know not what to ſay to one thing: That *Homer* makes Diſſimulation one of the greateſt Excellencies of his Hero. The Heathen Syſtem of Morality was incomplete enough to bear with this proceeding: and even Chriſtians of the greateſt Name have border'd much on the ſame Notions. One of our ancient Writers, who was as capable as any of them to do it, has (*c*) launch'd out into a long defence of *uſeful Frauds*; and *Father Paul*,

(*a*) *Od.* 19, 247.
(*b*) See Note, *ibid.*
(*c*) See *Chryſoſt.* Tom. 6. p. 5. Ed. *Savil.* ΘΑΡΣΕΙ, ἔφην ἐγὼ, &c.

to

to mention one not inferior among the Moderns, reckons Diſſimulation *(a)* expreſsly among the Virtues of *Pope Clemens* the *Seventh*. I do not mention this as any Argument for the thing; but to extenuate the Proceeding of *Homer*. 'Tis no wonder that he ſhould miſtake a counterfeit Virtue in the dark, which ſuch great Men could not diſtinguiſh in the Light.

But whatever Colour Diſſimulation may bear in the Schemes of Morality, it is certainly a great Excellence to paint Diſſimulation well in Poetry. The pretended Paſſion muſt appear moſt ſtrongly, and yet the real Paſſion muſt appear under it. It muſt be like the Drapery in Pictures, which ſhews the turn of the Limbs, at the ſame time that it hides them; and in particular, puts one in mind of that Veil in *Homer*, *which ſeems, and only ſeems*, to ſhade the Face of *Penelope*.

There is nothing more difficult in Poetry, than to expreſs juſtly Ideas in the Minds of Perſons whom we deſcribe.

(a) Where the Hiſtorian ſays, that *Pope* died "Con "allegrezza non mediocre della corte: la quale ben "ammirava le *vertu* di quello, che erano una gravita "naturale, & eſſemplare parſimonia, & *diſſimulazione*; "odiava peró maggiormente l'avaritia durezza & cru-"delta." *Hiſt.* del *Concilio Trid.* p. 68.

But

But tho' this be the leaſt obvious, 'tis perhaps the moſt agreeable of all Studies. The Poet muſt ſearch carefully into the Nature of Man, and the Working of his Thoughts in general: He muſt know what Emotions are natural on each Accident of Life; and on every ſingle Occaſion is to conſider, not only the Circumſtances of Actions, but alſo the Temper, the Education, and the very *make* of the Perſon concern'd in them. Theſe will alter Men's Views of the very ſame Point. When *Neſtor* talks of Atchievements in War, he will dwell chiefly upon the Prudence and Experience of a General; *Hector* will mention the great effects of Strength and Courage; *Tydeus* muſt place the whole on a bold daring Spirit, without taking the Body into the Account; while *Polypheme*, on the contrary, muſt ſpeak of nothing but the Advantage of a vaſt Size, and ſuperior Strength.

A Man's Notions of Excellence are form'd generally from ſome advanc'd Powers of his own. Each Man is apt to make himſelf the Meaſure of all the Species; and his Species the Standard of all Perfection. All Beings above him muſt be exactly like the ſuperior Moiety of his own Being, and all below him muſt be purely of the inferior. The Vulgar of

of Mankind form their Heaven hereafter out of thoſe things which have pleas'd them moſt in Life; and the very Notions of the Deity in moſt Men take a Turn from their own Complexions. The God of proud *tyrannical* Minds is a Being that delights only in the *Glory of being Terrible*; as with the ſoft and pitiful, the Deity is *all Mercy*: the Gods of *Epicurus* were mere pleaſurable Intelligences; and the Deities of the *Irroquois* are *mighty Hunters*. Commend me to that Philoſopher who ſaid, that *were his Horſe to give us his Notion in this Caſe, a broad Cheſt, and a flowing Mane would certainly be the principal things in it.*

One cannot eaſily apprehend how general an effect this has in the Actings of our Minds. I know not that it is yet deſignedly manag'd in any Syſtem of Philoſophy (for Mr. *Locke's Aſſociation* of *Ideas* ſeems to be ſomething very diſtinct from it); and as it wants a Name, give me leave to call it for the preſent, The *Aſſimilation of Ideas.*

If you would ſave me from a Fit of Philoſophizing, be ſo good as to reach that Volume of the *Odyſſey* juſt by you, that I may read you a Paſſage which ſtruck me particularly, on this Account. 'Tis where *Ulyſſes* has acquainted the *Cyclops* with his real Name and Character:

racter: this is part of the Monſter's Anſwer:

Oh Heav'ns! oh Faith of ancient Prophecies!
This, *Telemus*, *Eurymides* foretold:——
Long ſince he menac'd ſuch was Heav'n's command,
And nam'd *Ulyſſes* as the deſtin'd hand.
I deem'd ſome Godlike Giant to behold,
Or lofty Hero, haughty, brave and bold;
Not this weak Pygmy wretch, of mean Deſign,
(*a*) Who not by Strength ſubdu'd me, but by Wine.

Even the Excellence of thoſe things, with which we converſe chiefly, is apt to influence our Thoughts in the ſame manner. Hence the Eaſtern Writers image the Height and Statelineſs of any illuſtrious Perſon, by *Cedars*: *Homer*, by the (*b*) *Delian Palm-tree*; and *Virgil*, by what a *Britiſh* Reader will think the moſt noble, *a* (*c*) *large lofty Oak*.

There's a Paſſage which, I remember, I was mightily pleas'd with formerly, in reading *Cervantes*, without ſeeing any Reaſon for it at that Time; tho' I now imagine, that which took me in it comes under this View: Speaking of *Don Quixote*, the firſt time that Adventurer came in ſight of the Ocean, he expreſſes his Sen-

(*a*) *Od.* 9, 604,——516.
(*b*) *Od.* ζ', 163,——6, 193.
(*c*) *Æn.* 9, 682, and 12, 700.

timents

timents on this occasion in the following manner: *He saw the Sea, which he had never seen before; and thought it much bigger than the River at* Salamanca.

This Turn of Thought is not so commonly observ'd perhaps as it might easily be in Life. There are other occasional *Traces* in the Mind, which are known and obvious: Things that are common in some degree to all Men; and such are all those Apprehensions which follow from any *Master-Passion*. One might expatiate here very agreeably on each of them; but I am ever apt to be too tedious; and will therefore confine myself to one single Passion, that of *Fear*.

We may see in the Descriptions of the Poets, how this Passion acts on the Soul through all its different Degrees, from a *Wavering* and *Irresolution* of Mind, to the Excess of *Confusion* and *Despair*.

When a Coward (as most Cowards are vain-glorious) undertakes any Enterprize of Difficulty, the Moment he is engag'd in it, his Mind turns all upon the Danger of the Undertaking. He immediately wishes himself fairly out of it; his Body begins to tremble, and his Thoughts are all confus'd and irresolute. Thus it is with *Dolon*. That Wretch engages, under the Covert of the Night, to steal to the Camp of the *Greeks*, and discover their Motions.

Motions. Before he is got half way, the firſt tread of Men that he hears, *He hoped in his Mind* (ſays (*a*) *Homer*) *that 'twas a Meſſenger from* Hector *to recall him.*

The whole Book, where we have this Image, is nothing but one Picture of Fear in different Poſtures: The apprehenſions of diſtant Danger are very naturally expreſs'd in the *Grecian* Guard;

——Cautious of ſurprize,
Each Voice, each Motion draw their ears and eyes;
(*b*) Each Step of paſſing feet increas'd th'affright.

Mr. *Pope* ſeems to have improv'd this Deſcription beyond the Original, from (*c*) *Virgil*'s *Achemænides.*

Any near Danger has more viſible Effects; the Motions of a Perſon, thus affected, are (*d*) broken and diſorder'd; his Colour comes and goes; his Eyes are (*e*) diſturb'd; he cannot bear to look

(*a*) Ιλ. κ', 355.
(*b*) *Il.* 10, 221,——189.
(*c*) ——Vaſtos a rupe Cyclopas
Proſpicio, ſonitumque pedum, vocemque tremiſco.
Æn. 3, 648.
(*d*)—Ex oculis ſe turbidus abſtulit.—*Æn.* 11, 814.
——— Tum pectore ſenſus
Vertuntur varii. Rutulos aſpectat & urbem,
Cunctaturque metu, telumque *inſtare tremiſcit.* 12, 916.
(*e*) Tum primum noſtri Cacum videre timentem,
Turbatumque oculis.———8, 223.

(*f*) ſuil

(*a*) full on the Face of his Enemy: he approaches faintly, and winks even when he ſtrikes.

Fear has another ſtrange Property of *magnifying* our Ideas of the Danger. When we are poſſeſs'd with it, we are apt, like *Soſia* in the Play, to take every Shadow for a Man, and every Man for a Giant. If the Danger be preſent, we think it greater than it is; and to its real Terrors, add a Thouſand that are only imaginary. Thus the Suitors view *Ulyſſes*, when he is ready to revenge himſelf upon them: their Fears (*b*) aggravate every Fierceneſs of his Actions; they look upon him as more than human, as an incens'd deſtructive Deity.

If I miſtake not, there's a certain great Writer who calls Fear, *A natural Inebriation of the Mind:* it ſhews every thing double. I know not what the *Mythologiſts* may teach; but this, in my Opinion, might account for the Multiplicity of *Cerberus*'s Heads, and all the Hands of *Briareus*.

(*a*) ——————Οὐκ ἐτάλασσας
Στήμεναι ἄντα, κατ' ὄσσε ἰδὼν δνίων ἐν ἀϋτῇ,
Οὐδ' ἰθὺς μαχέσασθαι.——————Ιλ. ρ', 169.

(*b*) *Od.* 24, 201, to 208.

There

There is ſomething very expreſſive in a Thought of *Virgil*'s, if we might take it under this View:

——Se Turni media inter millia vidit,
(*a*) *Hinc acies*, atque *hinc acies* aſtare Latinas.

This ſpreading of any Danger in our Ideas may widen ſo far as to poſſeſs the whole Mind. Then it is, that it takes away all (*b*) Power of Action, even (*c*) of Flight; it fixes (*d*) the Eye entirely in one horrid Stare: and even (*e*) ſhuts up all the Senſes to any other Object, but that of its Terror and Amazement. It is this Exceſs of Fear which, in any imminent Danger, makes a Perſon (*f*) think it impoſſible that he ſhould eſcape; and

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(*a*) *Æn.* 9, 550.
(*b*) *Od.* 12, 245.
(*c*) *Od.* 18, 284.
(*d*) ——Subitus tremor occupat artus;
Diriguere oculi: tot Erinnys ſibilat hydris,
Tantaque ſe facies *aperit*.——*Æn.* 7, 448.
(*e*) Ὡς ἐφατ', ὐδ' ἐσάκουσε πολύτλας δῖος Ὀδυσεύς,
Ἀλλὰ παρήϊξεν, &c.——Ιλ. Χ', 98.
See Note on *Odyſſey* 10, 295.
(*f*) This ſort of Idea is ſtrongly expreſs'd in the *Odyſſey*:
Gods! ſhould the ſtern *Ulyſſes* riſe in might,
Thoſe gates *would ſeem too narrow* for thy Flight.
18, 427,——6, 385.

it

it remains ſo ſtrong and lively, that after he is got perfectly out of Danger, he can ſcarce perſuade himſelf, but that he is ſtill in the midſt of it———

——— With tim'rous Awe,
From the dire Scene th' exempted two withdraw,
Scarce ſure of life, look round, and trembling move
(*a*) To the bright altars of Protector *Jove*.

All theſe are Points which lie in common between Painting and Poetry; I would willingly touch upon one thing more under the ſame View: I mean, thoſe pieces in Poetry, which anſwer Copying in Painting; and each of which is really *the Picture of a Picture*.

You will give me leave by *Picture* here to underſtand any Artificial Images of things; from Embroidery, Emboſſing, or any other Method of expreſſing Nature by Likeneſſes of Art: And indeed 'tis of this kind, that all the Pictures ſpoken of in *Homer* are; and, I believe, all in *Virgil*. At leaſt, what we call Painting now, was not the Painting of the *Homerick* Ages.

It is to the Honour of the Art, (in this general Senſe) that the Poets, when they are copying from Painting, gene-

(*a*) *Od.* 22, 417, ——284.

rally

rally exceed themſelves. I believe there is not a more maſterly Piece in all *Virgil*'s Works, than his Copy of *Troilus*. Thus the ſame Hand in the Images of *Æneas*'s *Shield*: As in that of *Achilles*, *Homer* has all the Life and Expreſſion that Poetry is capable of.

In both of theſe, the Poets uſe a way of ſpeaking in relation to Picture, which is very ſtrong and emphatical; and which may ſhew the high Notions they entertain'd of this Art. They do not ſay, that the Images *ſeem* to perform ſuch Actions; but talk of 'em as *real Life*: They ſay directly, that they Move, and Act, and Speak. The Criticks, who have blam'd ſome Boldneſſes of this kind, ſhew only their own (*a*) Coldneſs, and want of Taſte. 'Tis a Figure as juſt, as it is daring: it animates the Deſcription; and where the Poet is (*b*) more cautious, he is leſs lively on that very Account.

(*a*) See *Pope* and *Dacier* on the Shield of *Achilles*, *Il.* Book 18.

(*b*) Thus where *Europa* is ſaid

——Terras ſpectare relictas,
Et comites clamare ſuas, tactumque vereri
Aſſilientis aquæ, timidaſque reducere plantas:

One ſhould forget it was only in *Picture*, did not the Poet take ſo much pains to inform us of it;

Ipſa *videbatur* terras, &c.——
——Verum taurum, freta vera *putares*. Met. 6, 107.

My

My want of Skill, in this noble Art, is the ſame diſadvantage in viewing theſe *Poetical Pictures*, as want of a proper Light would be to the *Real*; but with all this diſadvantage, they ſeem extremely beautiful: And I cannot reſiſt the Temptation of ſetting one or two of 'em before you.

The Deſign on the *Shields* affords ſuch a variety of Images exquiſitely well wrought, and diſpos'd ſo juſtly, that it would be perfectly *Gothick* and *Barbarous* to take them to pieces. Ignorant as I am; the (*a*) young *Romulus*, and *Remus*, and (*b*) the *Genius* of the *Nile*, ſtrike me particularly in the one; and in the other, the (*c*) *Ambuſcade* and *Engagement*, the (*d*) ſtill rural *Proſpect*; and (*e*) the *Dance*, conſider'd as a Poetical Piece of Painting.

To what Perfection muſt Embroidery have arriv'd in *Homer*'s Days, if its Works could equal his Deſcriptions of them? How full of Life is (*f*) that Figure in *Ulyſſes*'s Robes? And, I ſuppoſe,

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(*a*) See *Æn.* 8, 634.
(*b*) *Ibid.* 711.
(*c*) See *Pope*'s *Il.* 18, 595 to 626.
(*d*) *Ibid.* 677.
(*e*) *Il.* 18, 683.
(*f*) *Od.* 19, 268, —— 231.

the

the *Ceſtus* of *Venus* was of the ſame Nature, in which was——

——Ev'ry art, and ev'ry charm,
To win the wiſeſt, and the coldeſt warm:
Fond Love, the gentle vow, the gay deſire,
The kind deceit, the ſtill-reviving fire,
Perſuaſive ſpeech, and more perſuaſive ſighs,
(*a*) Silence that ſpoke, and eloquence of eyes.

Hercules's Belt, and the Deſcription of it in the *Odyſſey*, is the Reverſe of this. The Belt itſelf, perhaps, was of a different make, anſwerable to the Shield of *Achilles*; which, by the way, may intimate ſomething of an Art that is now loſt, which (if you will allow me in a mere Conjecture of my own) ſeems to have been a ſort of *Moſaick work of different Metals*; (*b*) Braſs, Stannum, Silver, &c. intermixt with Gold; (*c*) all varied, and (*d*) ſhaded, ſo as to expreſs the different Properties and Actions of the things deſcrib'd: But whatever the materials were, the Workmanſhip certainly excell'd them greatly. Any one, to be convinc'd of this, need only turn his Eyes on the *Hercules* in *Hades*, where

(*a*) *Il.* 14, 252,—127.
(*b*) See Iλ. σ', 475.
(*c*) *Ibid.* 480.
(*d*) *Ibid.* 549.

Gloomy as night he ſtands, in act to throw
The aerial arrow from the twanging Bow.
Around his breaſt a wond'rous Zone is roll'd,
Where woodland Monſters grin in fretted Gold;
There ſullen Lions ſternly ſeem to roar,
The Bear to growl, to foam the tusky Boar:
There War, and Havock, and Deſtruction ſtood;
(*a*) And vengeful Murder, red with human blood.

Theſe are all Copies: And I have done, if you will give me leave only to ſet *Virgil*'s *Troilus* before you; which is certainly as fine a Piece as any drawn by that great Hand:

——*Amiſſis* Troilus *armis*
Infelix Puer, atque impar congreſſus Achilli,
Fertur equis, curruque hæret reſupinus inani,
Lora tenens tamen: huic cervixq; comæq; trahuntur
(*b*) *Per terram, & verſâ pulvis inſcribitur haſtâ.*

How beautiful does this look in the Poem and in the Picture? Yes, the Painter and the Poet have one and the ſame *Art*, or rather one and the ſame *Power of Creating*.

Aut utramque putabis eſſe veram,
Aut utramque putabis eſſe pictam.

I am extremely oblig'd to you (ſays *Philypſus*) for ſo various a View of theſe

(*a*) *Od.* 11, 756,——608.
(*b*) *Æn.* 1, 482.

Beauties.

Beauties. Believe me, I have ſcarce known for ſome time, whether I was not got into ſome ſtrange Picture-Gallery, where one meets every Moment with new Subjects of Admiration and Delight. The Misfortune is, you have only led me thorough by the hand, and given me a tranſient View of them: when I could have dwelt Hours upon admiring each by itſelf. 'Tis juſt like ſome travelling Enjoyment of this kind; when we have been forc'd to run over whole Apartments furniſh'd with Pieces by the greateſt Maſters, too numerous to be obſerv'd particularly: You have delighted me in haſte; and I know not how it is, I find myſelf pleas'd and diſſatisfied at the ſame time.

I am ſure, ſays *Antiphaus*, I have dealt with you, like the *Connoiſſeurs*, which a Traveller often meets with in places, where there are the beſt Collections: Were you left to yourſelf, you would enjoy a thouſand Beauties in them; but I muſt be plaguing you all the while with pointing out the moſt particular; though after all, I know only where they ſtand, whom they were drawn by, and what they repreſent.

But we forget, *Philypſus*, that we are at preſent half Travellers in earneſt:

We are from home; and you see the Sun is just setting———No,——interrupted *Philypsus*, we have half an Hour good, at least; and if you have any thing farther on this head, I beg you would favour me with it: ——— As you please, says *Antiphaus*.———You know, we have hitherto been viewing those Points in which Poetry and Painting agree; there is one Method behind, which Poetry has of impressing its Images, peculiar to itself.——— The Poet can imitate the Colours of the Painter; but the Painter can never imitate the Sounds of Poetry: You may *see* the Hero fall in Picture; but in the Poem you *see* him fall, and *hear* the Clang of his Arms.

Yes, *Philypsus*, there is a natural Fitness in Sounds. Every Passion has its distinct Voice; each Action its proper Turn; and every Motion a particular Sound that may correspond to it.

Only observe the difference in the Sound of these Lines; 'tis as sensible as that of the real Sounds, which they describe: Compare this Couplet of Mr. *Pope*,

[vent

(*a*) Trembling the spectres glide, and plaintive
Thin hollow Screams along the deep descent;

(*a*) *Od.* 24, 6.

with

with this of the ſame hand,

———The ſtring let fly,
(a) Twang'd ſhort and ſharp, like the ſhrill Swal-
[low's cry.

Thus we might (b) compare in reading *Virgil* ſeveral Deſcriptions of Rivers: There we have the full courſe of the *Po*, and the windings of the *Tiber*; the (c) largeneſs of *Benacus*, the (d) ſlowneſs of the *Mincio*, the (e) murmuring of a Brook, and the broken (f) courſe of a River incumber'd with Men and Arms; in a word, every variety of ſtreams that can be conceiv'd, all imag'd in the various Numbers and Cadence of his Verſe.

In Poetry, the Bow *twangs*; the Arrow (g) *whizzes* through the Air; and (h) the Quiver *rattles* on the Shoulder of the

(a) *Od.* 21, 449,—411.
(b) *Unde pater Tiberinus, & unde Aniena fluenta,*
Saxoſumque ſonans Hypanis, Myſuſque Caicus.
Georg. 4, 370.
Or theſe —— *Fluvio Tiberinus amœno*
Vorticibus rapidis, & multa flavus arena
In mare prorumpit. *Æn.* 7, 32.———Fragoſus
Dat ſonitum ſaxis, & torto vortice torrens. *Æn.* 7, 567.
(c) *Georg.* 2, 160.
(d) *Georg.* 3, 14.
(e) *Georg.* 1, 109.
(f) *Æn.* 1, 103.
(g) *Od.* 21, 461.
(h) *Il.* 1, 64.

Warrior; even the particular difference of the ſame ſort of Actions, is to be diſtinguiſh'd in the ſound of the Verſe; and the Javelin, that (*a*) *flies impetuous* from *Ulyſſes*, *languiſhes* in the hand of the Suitors. This very Circumſtance, as I take it, is beautifully deſcrib'd by the Tranſlator of *Vida*, among ſeveral other (*b*) excellent Images of the ſame kind.

We do not only meet with a great Variety of theſe ſignificant Numbers in the *Odyſſey*; but are inſtructed too in the *Methods* of rendering our Numbers proper and ſignificant. Here we are taught how the Poet roughens his Verſe to imitate the Subject he is to expreſs. Thus the Note tells us, that his Deſcription of the Sea abounds (*c*) " with the " harſheſt Letter our Language affords. " It is clogg'd with Monoſyllables, that " the Concourſe of the rough Syllables " might be more quick and cloſe in the " pronunciation, and the moſt open and " ſounding Vowel occur in every word."

On the contrary, a gentle flowing Stream runs as eaſy and ſmoothly in the Deſcription: We then hear (*d*) " nothing " of thoſe rough Conſonants; inſtead of

(*a*) *Od.* 22, 292.
(*b*) See *Pitt's Vida*. p. 108, &c.
(*c*) See Note on *Od.* 12, 283.
(*d*) See Note on *Od.* 14, 1.

" them

" them we meet with several Liquids, " and those Liquids are soften'd with a " multitude of Vowels.

What a violent and strong Motion does *Homer* give to *Sisyphus*'s Stone in its fall?

(a) Αὖτις ἔπειτα πέδονδε κυλίνδετο λᾶας ἀναιδὴς.

Whence this Rapidity and Violence in the Numbers? (b) If we observe them, we find, that " There is not one Mono- " syllable in the Line, and but two Di- " syllables: Ten of the Syllables are " short, and not one Spondee in it, ex- " cept one that could not be avoided in " the close; (which perhaps too may be of Service towards imaging the stopping of its Course at last) " There is no *Hia-* " *tus* or Gap between word and word, " no Vowels left open to retard the Ce- " lerity of it: " and yet, tho' the Motion be carried on with such a vehemence, one seems to see the *bounding* of the Stone, as well as the *Impetuosity* of its Descent.

I should think, (tho' the Notes do not mention any thing of it) that the Transla- tor expresses this double Image in the *English*; when he makes the Stone

(a) Od. λ', 597.
(b) See Note on Od. 11, 736.

(a)——Reſulting with a bound, [ground
Thunder impetuous down, and ſmoak along the

At leaſt, in both we may ſay of the Verſification, as of the Stone it deſcribes;

Ipſa ſuis viribus ruit.

The oppoſites to theſe expreſs a Slowneſs and Difficulty of Motion; when a Hero ſtrains

——Some rock's huge weight to throw,
(b) The line too labours, and the words move ſlow.

Thus is *Siſyphus* deſcrib'd in the former Picture;

With many a weary ſtep, and many a groan,
(c) Up the high hill he heaves a huge round ſtone.

Never was a Tranſlator more juſt to his Original: The Obſervation which has been made on the *Greek* theſe Lines anſwer, will hit equally with the *(d) Engliſh*: "The Verſes are clogg'd with long "Syllables, and with Vowels open upon "one another; the very Words are "heavy, and, as it were, make reſiſtance "in the pronunciation."

(a) *Od.* 11, 738.
(b) Mr. *Pope*'s Art of Criticiſm.
(c) *Od.* 11, 736,——594.
(d) See Note on *Od.* 11, 736.

In

In the ſame manner *Virgil* and *Homer* deſcribe the Labour of the Giants, when they endeavour to ſcale Heaven: *(a) Virgil*, chiefly by the openneſs of his Vowels; *Homer*, by the reſiſtance of his Syllables, and the pauſes of his Lines; and his Tranſlator, by ſlow Syllables, burthen'd with ſeveral Eliſions, cloſe upon one another.

The Numbers are thus minutely adapted to the Motions deſcrib'd by theſe great Maſters; and we need not wonder if they obſerve like Rules in Points of greater concern: ſuch are all Occaſions where they ſpeak the Language of the Paſſions; or endeavour to touch the Soul of the Reader either with Pleaſure or Pain.

When *Homer* deſcribes any terrible Object, *(b)* "He rejects the more flowing "and harmonious Vowels, and makes

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(*a*) Ter ſunt *conati* imponere *Pelio* Oſſam
Scilicet, atque Oſſæ frondoſum involvere Olympum.
Georg. 1, 282. ſec. Ed. *Ruæi.*

———Ἀθανάτοισιν ἀπειλήτην, ἐν Ὀλύμπῳ
Φυλόπιδα ςήσειν πολυάϊκος πολέμοιο· [Ὄσσῃ
Ὄσσαν ἐπ' Οὐλύμπῳ μέμασαν θέμεν, αὐτὰρ ἐπ'
Πήλιον εἰνοσίφυλλον, ἵν' οὐρανὸς ἄμβατος εἴη.
Οδ. λ, 315.

Heav'd on *Olympus* tott'ring *Oſſa* ſtood;
On *Oſſa*, *Pelion* nods.———*Od.* 11, 388.

(*b*) See Note on *Od.* 6, 153.

" choice of ſuch Mutes and Conſonants " as load the Syllables:" Then long weighty Sounds, and Words of many Syllables, are proper; and often a deſign'd harſhneſs, unuſual pauſes, and a broken ſtructure in the verſe.

But the Lyre muſt be new tuned, when the Subject is agreeable or delightful. The Poet then ſoftens every Line *(a)* " with Vowels, and the moſt flowing " Semi-vowels: he rejects hard Sounds, " and the Colliſion of rough Words:" The Tone of the Verſe muſt be neither ſerious, nor majeſtick; but rather qualified by as great a frequency of ſhort Syllables, as can well be admitted, without rendring the Lines weak and effeminate: The Cadence is ſoft and gentle. His Words deſcend like a kind refreſhing Shower; or like the Snow that melts in falling.

The *joyous Verſification* admits of more ſprightly Notes, and a greater Mixtute *(b)* of Energy and Vigour: ſometimes ſhe riſes even to breaks, and pauſes: but they muſt be always, like thoſe in Muſick, pauſes of Delight; and the Verſe muſt ſpring on again, when it recovers

(*a*) See Note on *Od.* 6, 193.
(*b*) Exulting in Triumph now riſe the bold Notes. [Mr. *Pope's* Ode on Muſick.

itſelf,

itſelf, without loſing any thing of its Exultation and Vivacity.——Unleſs ſome *(a)* afflicting Theme breaks in, and turns our Thoughts away, to diſmal Scenes, where ſighs and melancholy reign: The Muſe, compaſſionate, ſpeaks all in Tears, and moves with the ſame *(b)* ſlow melancholy Air.

It is ſcarce to be imagin'd, *Philypſus*, how great the Powers of Sounds are, when adapted to the Subject, and the Paſſion. For my part, I ſhould think that our very *Bodies* are diſpos'd to receive them; that this Frame of ours is like an Inſtrument ready tun'd; and when the proper Key is touch'd, our Nerves tremble and anſwer it with a kind of Muſical Sympathy. How far this may reach in others, I know not; but as for my particular Make, 'tis ſtrangely ſuſceptible of ſuch Impreſſions.

(*a*) As *Virgil* from the glories of *Rome*, to the death of *Marcellus*, *Æn.* 6.

(*b*) Quantos ille virûm magnam Mavortis ad urbem
Campus aget gemitus! vel quæ, Tiberine, videbis
Funera, cum tumulum *præterlabere* recentem!
Æn. 6, 874.

This *Delay* alſo fixes the Melancholy on one's Mind; and for the ſame Reaſon *Repetition* ſeems to be particularly uſeful on theſe ſubjects:

——Ut vultum vidit morientis & *ora*,
Ora modis, *Anchiſiades*, *pallentia miris*;
Ingemuit miſerans graviter.——*Æn.* 10, 823.

After a Period ſet to Melancholy, I have been ſurpriz'd to find my Eyes full of Tears: There are ſome exquiſite Lines which I can never read without a certain *Shivering* thorough my Blood, that I cannot expreſs to you: I have felt my Spirits burn within me, upon hearing a Point of War, well wrote; and have been almoſt ready to ſtart from my Seat at the Poetical Sound of a Trumpet.

This Energy of Sounds, and the great and various Emotions they are capable of raiſing in our Breaſts, may ſerve partly to excuſe thoſe Criticks, who are very particular in laying down Rules, as to this part of Verſification; the Ancients, as well as Moderns, have left us whole Treatiſes upon it: and thoſe who have wrote in a more general way, are very diffuſive, when they come to this Part of their Subject. They ſpeak to every the leaſt Circumſtance; and Readers, who have never thought over this Point, would be ſurpriz'd to find the great *Cicero* very induſtriouſly *ſettling Quantities*, and *meaſuring Words* fit for ſuch and ſuch a Period. They would wonder, whence he is ſo peremptory for *Iambicks* on this occaſion; and on another, ſo great a Partizan for *Tribrachs* and *Dactyls*.

Why,

Why, ſeriouſly, ſays *Philypſus*, I have often thought him quite tedious on theſe particulars: The Orator, even the Critick, ſeem'd to be loſt ſometimes, and nothing but a mere Pedant appear in their room. I admire the force of Numbers (continued he) as much as any one; but when I have been reading the Rules at large in the Criticks, I could not help thinking them too minute and trifling. If a Man muſt be taken up thus in weighing Syllables, and ranging of Vowels, what Elegance of Language can we expect, or what Life in his Compoſitions?

What you ſay (anſwer'd *Antiphaus*) is what, I believe, moſt Men think on this Occaſion: and were a Poet always to be ſtudying his Rules, ſuch an Objection would be very powerful: But it is with this, which is only the Mechaniſm of Verſe, as it is in the Mechaniſm of Writing. We muſt learn to draw the Figure of the Letters, and ſtudy how to form the particular Turn of each, before a Man can write down a whole Sentence: By uſe this knowledge grows familiar: We then write by a (*a*) ſort of

(*a*) See *Quintil. Inſtit.* Lib. 10. Cap. 7. Eſt igitur uſus quidam irrationalis, &c. Or Mr. *Locke's Eſſay*, Lib. 2. Cap. 9. Sect. 9 and 10.

Inſtinct;

Inſtinct; and our Pen runs over each Letter, without our conſidering diſtinctly at each, which way we ſhall direct it. 'Tis much the ſame in theſe Arts of Verſification. When we have learnt the Force of Letters, and the Powers of Sound; when we know what Syllables are proper to expreſs ſuch a Motion, and what run of Verſe hits ſuch particular Images, Uſe makes the Mind ready in applying what is proper; and the Thought is as nimble in ſuggeſting Words of a ſuitable Sound, as the Hand is in Motions proper to ſet down thoſe words on our Paper.

But it will be half a life, perhaps, before the Poet can come to this Readineſs —— I do not ſay it is to be acquir'd immediately, anſwer'd *Antiphaus*, but acquir'd in ſome Meaſure it muſt be, by any one who deſires to be a true Poet: In the mean time, a Man may indulge his Vigour, he may compoſe his Lines with full Spirit, and ſet them to Muſick afterwards: Let a Man write with Flame, if he will but correct at Leiſure.

Beſides: this is not ſo difficult to be attain'd, as one would imagine. The fitneſs of Sounds to things is natural: *Invention* itſelf will go ſome way in the Work; and where there is naturally (what

(what we call) a *Good Ear*, Nature will do the Buſineſs almoſt without the help of Art. I do not ſpeak this in a declamatory way, Good *Philypſus*; I imagine Fact and Experience will go a great way in proving what I ſay. A Man, who thinks vehemently, will ſpeak ſwiftly; and when we are on a grave Point, our Words will of themſelves be in a great meaſure ſlow and weighty. This is yet plainer from the *Invention* of Languages: How many ſingle Words are there in every Tongue, that have been originally caſt in a proper Mould, and on the firſt Heat carried off the Images of things impreſs'd upon them? I was ſaying too, that the poſture of the Mind at the time of Compoſing, will aſſiſt the turn of the Compoſition: And is this more abſurd in particular Caſes, than that the Temper of a People in general ſhould affect their Language in the ſame manner? Yet has it been often obſerv'd, that the Diſpoſitions of a People are perceivable in that Turn of Words they chiefly delight in. Thus the *French* Tongue is brisk and voluble: The *Germans* talk in vaſt Syllables, and perpetual Conſonants: *Engliſh* is neither too ſoft, nor too rough; tho' our *Northerly* Situation inclines us rather to the latter: And,

as

as the *Spaniard* is the moſt haughty of all Nations, their Language is the moſt Grand; it prides itſelf in firm Syllables, in a frequency of the fulleſt Vowel, and the moſt ſonorous Terminations of its Words.

Nature certainly forms us within for fit Sounds: We ſee every Day, that even Brutes can expreſs their Paſſions by the *Tone* of their Voice; and is not an intelligent Being as well qualified by Nature to adapt Sounds to his Sentiments?

Indeed they are thus adapted already in a Multitude of Inſtances; our language abounds with ſuch words; and in many Caſes we need only utter our Sentiments in the moſt common Expreſſions, to ſpeak with this Significance. What was it that led the firſt Inventors into this frequency of ſuch words? Was it Art, or the natural Reſemblance, and their Obviouſneſs upon that Account? 'Tis in this Light we muſt underſtand our Maſter Critick as to this point, where he calls Nature (*a*) "The great Original "and Miſtreſs of propriety in the pre- "ſent Caſe: It is ſhe that leads us to

(*a*) *Dion. Hal.* Περὶ Συνθέσεως, ιζ'.

"imitate

" imitate things by Sound; and to ex-
" preſs what we conceive, by Words
" that are turn'd according to thoſe
" ſtrong Likeneſſes, which we form in
" our Minds."

'Tis plain the Uſe of Words is arbitrary: we might, if we had a fancy for it, call any thing by any Name: Yet there is ſomething from within, that has influenc'd all Nations ſo far, as to lead them to deſcriptive Sounds, in their giving Names to things; and that more frequently than one would readily imagine. What Nature has done in ſingle Words, the Poet carries on in Compoſition; almoſt all the particular Names of Sounds themſelves, for inſtance, are naturally ſignificant in moſt Languages; as with us, the *Roaring* of Waves, the *Whiſtling* of Winds, &c. Of ſuch Words, aſſiſted by a proper ſtructure of Quantities, and a ſignificant Cadence of Verſe, the Poet makes an Hurricane by Land, or a Storm at Sea. Nature firſt preſided in eſtabliſhing thoſe proper ſounds, and ſtill directs in the Aſſemblage of them.

Hence it is, that this Point takes ſuch a Compaſs in the Doctrine of the Criticks. Some of them, no doubt, carry the Matter too far, when they would require this natural Significance of Sounds to be kept

kept up in every thing we write. Such was *Voſſius*. It would make you ſmile to hear ſome of his Fancies: He talks as if every Language, like that of his Favourites the *Chineſe*, ſhould be nothing but Muſick: He would have our very Actions all Tuned: A Soldier can't run the Gauntlet, but he muſt be (*a*) ſlaſh'd *in Time*; and his very (*b*) Barber muſt ſhave him in a juſt proportion of *Dactyls* and *Spondees*.

Hermogenes is perhaps more trifling, tho' in a graver manner: He queſtions *whether this ſort of Sounds be not preferable to the Sentiments in a Poem.* This is to oppoſe two Things, that are in the ſtricteſt Amity and Concord. Theſe Sounds do not, like the Modern, pretend to rival the Senſe; their whole Buſineſs is to make the Sentiments more

---

(*a*) The Ancients (ſays he) us'd Muſick in every thing; *Adeo quod ipſæ quoque plagæ ad numeros harmonicos fontibus ingerebantur.* De Viribus Rythmi, p. 47.

(*b*) Non ſemel recordor me in ejuſmodi incidiſſe manus, qui quorumvis etiam *canticorum motus* ſuis imitarentur *pectinibus*; ita ut nonnunquam Iambos vel Trochæos, alias Dactylos vel Anapæſtos, nonnunquam Amphibraches aut Pæonas quàm ſcitiſſimè exprimerent; unde *haud modica oriebatur delectatio.* Ib. p. 62.

ſtrongly

ſtrongly perceiv'd, and more effective on the Mind.

I have heard it frequently objected to thoſe Gentlemen, the Criticks, that they find out ſeveral Beauties of this kind in the Works of *Homer*, which he never ſo much as dream'd of in compoſing 'em. In many Caſes this may be true; and in many the Lines may be juſtly commended, and really ſignificant, tho' that particular Beauty might not be deſign'd in compoſing them: But thoſe who can perſuade themſelves, that *Homer* never deſign'd any ſuch thing in his Writings, I ſhould think, might ſoon bring themſelves to believe, (what has been ſo frequently produc'd as an inſtance of Abſurdity) that his Poems might be made by chance.

The Notes of Muſick in a good Compoſition are fitted to the Subject; and a good Copy of Verſes wrote for Muſick will be fitted for Notes. I cannot once doubt, that the firſt Stanza in Mr. *Pope*'s Ode for St. *Cæcilia*'s Day has a *deſign'd* Harmony all thorough it. 'Tis juſt the ſame Caſe with *Homer*'s Poems: They were all made for Muſick, and have been all ſung to the Lyre.

As for my part, ſays *Philypſus*, I find Muſick enough in them, even now, without

out the Lyriſt. Neither have I any quarrel with the Criticks for giving me pleaſure, and pointing out Beauties of this kind, whether deſign'd by *Homer* or not. But I wonder at one thing: while they ſpeak of the Defect in this point perpetually, I never yet heard them ſpeak of any Exceſs in it: 'Tis certain, that the greater Number of Poets err in neglecting the ſignificant Turn of their Verſes: but is there no erring too by an Affectation of it?

I thank you, (anſwer'd *Antiphaus*) for putting me in mind of this particular. Undoubtedly there may be faults on both ſides: Even in the Poem before us, I imagine, this is ſometimes carried too far, and ſometimes uſed improperly: The Infirmneſs of a Couplet, mention'd on another Occaſion, agrees with the thing deſcrib'd, and may perhaps be blameable on that very Account.

(*a*) His looſe head tott'ring, as with wine oppreſt,
Obliquely drops, and nodding knocks his breaſt.

Terrible Images have ſomething engaging; and the Mind takes a ſecret Pleaſure even in *Melancholy: Diſagreeable*

(*a*) *Od.* 18, 282,—239.

(*a*) objects

(*a*) objects alone are the worse for being well describ'd: A Poet is to reject, as well as to chuse: 'Tis want of Art to set every thing in a strong Light; and there are many Objects, which, if they must have a place at all, require at least to be flung into Shades.

If this be true, there are some few Images of this sort, which I think are drawn too strongly, or too lavishly:

(*b*) Down dropt he groaning——
(*c*) He said: chill horrors shook my shiv'ring [soul.
(*d*) They curse their cumbrous pride's unwieldy [weight.
(*e*) There wallowing warm, *&c.*

To me the Screaming of the Ghosts, as describ'd at the end of the *Eleventh Odyssey*, is rather *disagreeable* than *dreadful*:

Swarms of Spectres rose from deepest Hell,
With bloodless Visage, and with hideous Yell,
They scream, they shriek; sad groans, and dismal [sounds,
(*f*) Stun my scar'd Ears, and pierce Hell's utmost [bounds.

(*a*) *Longinus* condemns a Passage in *Hesiod* on this very Account: *De Subl.* Cap. 9.
(*b*) *Od.* 14, 473,——425.
(*c*) *Od.* 4, 725,——538.
(*d*) *Od.* 1, 214,——165.
(*e*) *Od.* 4, 547,——405.
(*f*) *Od.* 11, 782,——632.

I leave this to your judgment; for it is very difficult, in these Cases, to discern the *True* from the *Faulty*. A *harshness* of Sounds is often proper and significant; but when and how far, is a knot that I will not pretend to untie.

I beg leave to repeat a Passage from the *Iliad*, in which some of the Lines may be strain'd too much, under this notion of rendering them significant:

First march the heavy Mules, securely slow,
O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks they go:
Jumping, high o'er the shrubs, of the rough ground,
Rattle the clatt'ring cars, and the shockt axles bound.
But when arriv'd at *Ida*'s spreading woods,
(Fair *Ida*, water'd with descending floods)
Loud sounds the Axe, redoubling strokes on strokes;
On all sides round the Forest hurls her Oaks;
Headlong deep-echoing groan the thickets brown;
(*a*) Then rustling, crackling, crashing, thunder down.

This last Verse in particular may be an Instance of employing descriptive Sounds too thick upon one another; but this, if it be a fault, is such an one as in the present state of Poetry, requires an unusual Eminence in the Writer, to be capable of committing it.

(*a*) *Il.* 23, 147, —— 120.

'Tis

'Tis much more frequent among our Poets to neglect the Sentiments in their Verſification; to give up the ſignificant Structure of Words, for mere harmony and ſoftneſs of Verſe; and even to make uſe of Numbers contrary to the Image or Paſſion they are deſcribing; tho' to deſcribe Actions of Rapidity, for inſtance, in ſlow ſolemn Meaſures, is as abſurd, as for an Actor to ſcold, or rant, with the tone and ſteadineſs of a Philoſopher.

We have not time, *Philypſus*, otherwiſe I ſhould have ventur'd on ſome farther Faults of our Verſification: But I muſt not now run out into Complaints on the frequent *Conſonants*, and frequent *Eliſions*, multiplied ſo much in our Verſes, tho' both ought to be particularly guarded againſt, in a Language naturally overladen with them: —— On the neglect of *Meaſure*, and taking all Syllables, whether long or ſhort, to be of equal Time; and the Lameneſs and Inequality from hence in Verſes of the ſame kind: —— The diſcord of the *Emphaſis* or Accent, and of the *Pauſes*: —— the repeated *Cadence*, and continued *Likeneſs* of Sound. I need only mention ſome other Identities of Sound, as all middle and double Rhymes, and all that are alike for two Couplets together. And methinks, *Philypſus*, as all theſe

going to an Engagement, 51. *of dying Heroes*, 43. *Hero of the* Odyssey, *his first Appearance in that Poem*, 70. *of a malicious Smile*, 78. *an uneasy Smile*, 338. *an horrid one* 77
Descriptions from the Turn and Management of the Numbers, *Sailing*, 153. *a Tempest*, 154. *a Calm at Sea*, 155. *a smooth Stream*, ibid. See, Versification.
Distraction between Hope and Fear 75
Double Passions 77, 80, 339
Doubt 208

Elevation 6, 311
Emphasis, 84, 178, 273, 278
Epithets, their Uses, 174 *to* 180. *Abuse*, 186 *to* 193. *in Allegories* 241
Exclamation 198

Fable 32
Fear 345 *to* 348
Figures, whence and what, 117, 196, 197 *and* 336
Finesses 11
Fustian 26

Grammar 117, 170

Hyperbaton 169 *and* 248
Hyperboles 346

Idea's, or Actings of the Mind described, 57, 67, 80, 346. *Assimilation of Idea's*, 342. *Clash of Idea's* 179
Imitation 92, 245, 319
Indignation 205
Infinitude 289
Insertion 246
Insulting 221, 223
Intimation 275
Joy, 128. *Excess of Joy*, 208, 209, 211

Love in Calypso, 206. Penelope, 209. *of one's Country* 71
Lowneſſes from Excess or Deject, 293. *from the Characters of the Person*, 295. *from aukward or nauseous Ideas*, 304. *from Brutishness*, 309. *from Thoughts being false at the bottom*, 313. *from improper Mixture of Idea's*, 294. *from raising too great Expectation*, 296. *from Affectation*, 311. *from too much ornament*, 110, 312 *from aiming at Simplicity*, 106, 108. *from the Use of Words too vulgar or debased*, 112, 300. *or burlesque*, 301. *from a prosaick Diction*, 172. *from the Rhyme*, 109. *from Monosyllables*, 299. *from sporting upon Words*, 314. *from imitating a lower Writer* 319

Lowneſſes in Homer, 105, 302

Melancholy 198, 213
Metaphor, 29 *to* 38. 218 *and* 219. *the emphatical*, 220. *the animating*, 224. *the audacious*, 221. *confuſed with the proper*, 31, 187 *and* 235. *forced and ill choſen*, 35, 242. *diſagreeing*, 34. *diſproportioned to the Occaſion*, 233. *too frequent*, 33. *continued too far*, 235. *dark or un-ideal* 37
Monotony, general 27
particular 137
Moral Heroiſm 264

Odyſſey, a poetical Treatiſe of Morality, 322. *as ſuch preferable to all other* (*human*) *Poems* 259
Odyſſey, Engliſh, *one great Beauty of it*, 135. *particular Inconveniences in tranſlating it*, 149. *improves on the* Original *in ſeveral Paſſages*. 47, 57, 61, 63, 85. 88, 93, 96, 177, 191, 196, 206, 211, 231, 248, 262, 307, 328
Oppoſition 274
Orientaliſm 214

Paſſions, 54. *the moſt eminent in the Hero of the* Odyſſey, 69 *to* 73. *contrary Paſſions* 74, 339
Poetry and Painting, 73 84, 348
Precipitation 209
Prevention 212
Prophecy ibid.
Proſopopeia 230

Rage 43
Rants 45
Repetition 88, 283, 361
Rhyme 117 *to* 123

Sanchoiſm 269
Scene of the Odyſſey 325
Self-praiſe 50
Sentences 257 *to* 267
Silence 203 *to* 207
Simile pathetick, 72. *exact*, 76. *ſhort and expreſſive*, 328. *adapted to the Place, Perſon, or Circumſtances*, 239. *unuſual*, 330, 331. *agreeable and free*, 332. *the continued*, 334 *the multiplied*, 333, 335. *the contrary* 334
Similes from calm Life, 327. *elevating*, 227
Sound, ſignificant of the Senſe. 149 *to* 152. 221. *Faults from affecting this, or carrying it too far* 371
Speeches of Calypſo, *wavering and tender*, 78. *of* Circè, *confuſed*, 53. *of* Agamemnon, *violent and enraged*, 43, 46. *of* Penelope, *tender and amorous*, 336. *of* Ulyſſes,

ſes, *narrative*, 47, 51. ditto, *neat and beautiful*, 59. *of* Tireſias, 60. *of* Theoclymenus, 214. *other, prophetical* 92
Starts 53, 199
Stile, the paſſionate, 55. *the flowing*, 60. *the juſt and ſimple*, 59. *the fabulous*, 30. *the raiſed and ennobled*, 112. *the elevated and over-wrought*, 6, 23, 311, *the un-ideal ſtile* 115
Suſpence 201

Threats 200
Tranſplanting 91, 244
Turns 320

Verſification muſical, 89. *too rough and embaraſſed*, 137. *ſimilar*, 61. *adapted to large images*, 282. *how to roughen it*, 356. *how to ſmoothen it*, ibid. *the rapid*, 357. *the heavy and embaraſs'd*, 358. *the horrid*; *and the delightful*, 360. *the joyous and the melancholy*, ib. *its great Excellence*, 151. *particular Faults in it*, 371. *its grand Fault*, 127.

Words debaſed by the Vulgar, 167. *ſporting upon them, mean*, 315, 318. *appropriated to particular Uſes*, 185. *technical, to be avoided*, 184. *new Supplies neceſſary*, 167. *old ones reviv'd*, ibid. *borrowed from other Languages* 172

THE

Natural Order *of the* PASSAGES

Quoted from the

ODYSSEY.

Od. B. 1. v. 75	p. 273	
77	273	
86	137	
188	8	
190	111	
214	371	
219	185	
292	183	
300	142	
309	140	
389	178	
408	9	
425	24	
449	180	
462	10	
482	108	
483	94	
553	27	
Book 2. v. 26	94	
28	234	
54	271	
55	94	
77	139	
179	35	
183	23	
201	142	
203	92	
259	139	
320	91	
347	108	
362	139	
378	116	
393	105	
737	30	
Book 3. v. 1	7	
17	112	
25	105	
96	62	
119	84	
126	94	
179	182	
190	ib.	
213	37	
221	112	
252	ib.	
311	136	
424	94	
435	294	
451	94	
493	9	
523	105	
601	8	
618	67	
628	ib.	

Book 4. v. 19 23
47 185
104 116
107 9
116 220
145 94
154 13
158 8
199 185
227 301
248 25
256 111
320 179
388 34, 138
406 136
411 7
438 94
480 26
509 94
543 305
547 371
548 305
587 238, 239
615 42
708 116
725 371
726 25
748 37
776 60
794 185
808 94
957 26
962 30
1096 9

Book 5. v. 65 141
80 94
85 176
92 64
96 88 & 94
124 140
159 37
192 112
204 70
213 242
224 141
227 175
246 71
265 ib.
288 94
296 112
305 106
356 66
365 31
380 154
391 37
393 109
395 37
417 331
420 328
480 31
515 36
521 63, 285
529 284
573 94
585 14
630 331

Book 6. v. 40 142
67 183
120 94
138 136
197 94
204 228
235 94
245 102
247 260
262 14
284 116
298 36
306

306 8
374 228

Book 7. v. 42 330
54 183
117 185
123 311
135 327
193 295
228 ib.
256 261
264 263
265 261
296 295
309 94
428 285

Book 8. v. 18 116
68 299
78 ib.
90 88
146 34
185 59, 183
256 109
362 108
380 180
437 23
474 14
580 72, 139

Book 9. v. 66 94
67 177
147 140
202 108
210 30
217 282
313 94
321 260
329 261
330 178
353 36
354 282
420 94
443 305
449 233
469 282
514 183, 185
515 239
534 94
581 229
604 343
618 31

Book 10. v. 93 92
131 294
144 ib.
172 137
173 65
190 94
204 182
205 315
226 94
227 302
259 105
277 111
281 87
282 94
285 305
288 204
291 178, 228
331 94
338 111
382 84
385 92
387 84
395 53
410 89 94
451 142
459 111
556 94
569 ib.
588 105

	591	94, 106
	593	311
Book 11. v.	130	92
	139	284
	151	26
	169	60
	239	94
	258	105
	286	155
	373	284
	388	359
	408	201
	415	94
	433	ib.
	486	34
	487	319
	490	85
	512	ib.
	528	43
	531	94
	540	46
	626	47
	650	51
	665	205
	725	94
	727	110
	735	154
	736	357
	738	358
	740	317
	756	352
	782	371
Book 12. v.	32	313
	35	8
	52	180
	78	137
	102	142
	183	67
	189	153
	201	92
	202	155
	216	67
	220	89
	245	347
	265	67
	280	154
	300	327
	379	154
	474	92, 285
Book 13. v.	22	238
	38	71
	94	67
	112	7
	115	66
	156	296
	164	297
	167	182
	177	85
	193	94
	400	37
	442	116
	453	16
	497	19
Book 14. v.	4	62
	76	94
	109	ib.
	110	84
	209	316
	224	94
	392	105
	416	13
	473	371
	499	233
	507	107
	519	94
	533	36
	572	92

Book 15.v.145 182
151 325
250 246
295 297
319 323
435 180
560 299

Book 16.v. 35 307
189 246
208 199
217 208
237 246
243 204
249 210
380 238
381 239
420 246

Book 17.v. 47 330
49 242, 243
55 211
200 183
227 246
230 325
400 299
471 262
506 230
523 246, 265
549 293
550 301
613 246
621 191
625 304

Book 18.v.121 246
158 ib.
171 264
194 338
207 182
229 330
250 177
282 304, 370
284 180, 347
299 273
308 219
412 308
427 347
443 271

Book 19.v. 22 243
85 200
99 246
110 178, 309
131 234
143 122
149 242
155 187
245 319
247 339
268 350
286 235
461 249
500 239
547 249
554 199
565 234
605 331
694 246

Book 20.v. 19 235
256 221
335 230
358 185
370 246
430 214
432 185

Book 21.v.104 217
240 204
449 355
461 ib.

Book

INDEX.

Book 22. v.	2	294
	13	315
	32	ib.
	38	217
	41	302
	81	200
	88	293
	135	189
	136	233
	166	199
	167	285
	186	185
	226	271
	292	356
	417	348
	430	327
Book 23. v.	47	312
	212	204
	215	336
	217	178
	240	209
	322	246
	336	324
	337	295
	369	287
	387	296
Book 24. v.	6	354
	14	328
	131	246
	201	346
	237	326
	272	220
	309	246
	339	198
	376	ib.
	404	204
	411	208
	498	246
	499	272
	504	311
	513	246
	540	231
	547	276
	558	231
	561	276
	610	271
	612	221
	618	231
	622	220
	632	246

ERRATA.

P. 142. for (*c*) B. 1. 102. read 300.
P. 182. for (*c*) *Od.* 13. 176. read 167.
P. 311. for (*a*) *Od.* 24. 704. read 504.